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index ✓

The QUARTERLY REVIEW

Edited by **HAROLD COX**

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Vol. 248

- I. Nicholas II of Russia. By C. Hagberg Wright, LL.D.
- II. The Mystery Religions. By the Rev. James Wall
- III. Did Wordsworth Defy the Guillotine?
By Prof. G. McLean Harper
- IV. Some Ideals of Reconstruction. By Martin G. Welsh
- V. The Haunts of the Raven and Buzzard.
By Douglas Gordon
- VI. Sixty Years of Canadian Progress, 1867-1927.
By Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy
- VII. Old English Furniture By Bohun Lynch
- VIII. The Glasgow Outrages, 1820-25.
By A. A. W. Ramsay, Ph.D.
- IX. Thoughts on the Nation's Education.
By Cyril Norwood, D.Lit.
- X. Feminism in Greek Literature. By Prof. L. A. Post
- XI. The Industrial Outlook in France.
By the Hon. George Peel
- XII. Ugo Foscolo. By L. Collison Morley
- XIII. The Labour Party.
- XIV. Some Recent Books.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 492.—APRIL, 1927.

Art. 1.—NICHOLAS II OF RUSSIA.

1. *The Emperor Nicholas II as I knew him.* By Major-Gen. Sir J. Hanbury-Williams. Humphreys, 1922.
2. *'Secret and Confidential.'* By Brigadier-Gen. W. H. H. Waters. Murray, 1926.
3. *Red Archiv* (Russian). Vols. 1-17. Moscow, 1923-26.
4. *Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexandra Romanov,* 1914-16 (Russian). Moscow, 1923-26.
5. *The Diary of Nicholas II* (Russian). Berlin, 1923.

ON the return of the Bourbons to the throne of France official and unofficial historians set themselves the task of writing historical and psychological studies of the late King Louis XVI. The material at their disposal, however, was scanty and unreliable; it was limited to half a score of memoirs by survivors of the revolutionary days or by repatriated émigrés, and the document containing the king's pardon to his executioners known as Louis XVI's testament. Owing to the absence of documentary evidence, and owing to the enormous mass of defamatory literature which poured from the press during the revolutionary period, contemporary authors were naturally unable to put either actors or events in true perspective; they also failed entirely in their attempts at psychological or historical analysis. The future historian of the reign of Nicholas II of Russia will be in a more favourable position. The present Government of Russia has made archives accessible which the student as a rule is not allowed to consult for many years, but most of the publications issued at the Vol. 248.—No. 492.

present time bear the stamp of these troubled days and will have to be remodelled in the future. Instead of a considered criticism of the text the introductions and prefaces to these documents present traits common to uncensored political pamphlets with an abundance of hatred and venomous invective.

The 'Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexandra Romanoff,' the primary source of all future historical research of this reign, is no exception to the general rule. Its very title has something intentionally contemptuous. In addition to this the method of publication is open to grave objection since the text is a Russian translation of the original English manuscript. The editor is guilty of lack of taste and tact. In his desire to give the most complete text at his disposal he has even printed those parts of it which have neither a political nor historical nor sentimental significance, and which no future editor will have the courage to reprint. The portions of the correspondence already published cover the period from April 1914 to August 1916 representing vols. III and IV of the entire publication as planned. Vols. I and II will deal with the years 1890 to 1914, while the fifth will contain letters from September 1916 to March 1917. From this date onwards the Tsar and Tsaritzza never separated until they met their tragic end together. The latter part of the correspondence is, however, available as a large part has appeared in a review in a substantially final form. In addition to this source, the private diary of the Tsar from 1890 to 1906 should also be consulted, as well as some fragmentary publications of his correspondence with various members of his family and his political advisers.

It should be possible on the basis of these documents to form a fairly accurate opinion of the character and outlook of the late Tsar. It is obviously desirable to discriminate between the wanton accusations of the daily press and printed books and the laudatory legends usually conceived in times of crisis. Otherwise we shall not be able to dispel the halo of sanctity or to attain to an approximation of historical truth. For the ordinary observer of events in Russia, which by their magnitude completely overshadow the personal tragedies involved,

there is room for more than one error of judgment. None would be greater, however, than to reverse the position and to place the personal tragedy of the late Tsar higher than the historical upheaval which ruined the country. The temptation, we admit, is great. One could easily draw a picture of him as a stubborn and convinced autocrat, a firm believer in the gospel of monarchy by divine right, fighting against formidable odds, and finally overwhelmed by circumstances, seeking and finding an heroic death amid the crumbling of his empire.

The ideas inherent in monarchy as a political organisation, as an aspect of life, have never, we may say, been fully worked out in Russia. Though the monarchy as an institution is now dead, the moral forces on which it relied are not totally exhausted. They may come into operation again. The future alone can decide whether they still possess that vitality and adaptability which is required from every political formula and organisation, if it is to assert itself. The reasons why the issues of monarchical rule have not been brought to a decisive conclusion in Russia, why its fall was easy, are, however, to be sought in the psychology of the late Tsar. This but confirms the old truth that monarchy, like any other political régime, stands or falls by the moral force of the leaders or representatives it is able to produce. Monarchy was certainly unable to organise the forces of the nation in a moment of stress; it did not succeed in gathering round the throne the best representatives of the country. The result was utter disaster. The monarch, unable to control the forces at work, fell an easy prey to the storm. If this is to be a correct estimate of the part taken by the personal element in any historical event of the magnitude of the Russian revolution, the characters of the principal actors acquire an importance greater than the organisation itself, which could easily have been modified.

An unexpected corroboration of this view can be found in the words of the Dowager Empress, mother of the late Tsar, recorded in the Diary of one of his cousins. They were uttered in a moment when very grave decisions had been taken. The Grand Duke Nicholas had been relieved of his post as Commander-in-Chief, and sent to the Caucasian front, and had

been followed into this species of exile by many faithful friends, while the Tsar himself had assumed the supreme command of the army. The decision may have been wise politically. The Grand Duke, who had withstood the painful retreat of the armies from the Carpathians, may have been the centre of a cleverly arranged attempt to bring about a change of dynasty. The future historian will have to solve this problem which, like many others, lies outside the scope of this essay. The opinion of the Dowager Empress is, however, worth recalling as emanating from the mother of the principal actor of the drama. 'It is not my dear boy,' said the Dowager Empress almost in despair, 'he [i.e. the Tsar] is too good for such a thing. It is all she [meaning the young Tsaritzza], she alone is responsible for all that is happening. It is too awful, who will be near him now . . . not a single devoted friend at his side. I understand nothing, I cannot understand. It is too awful for words.'* These words raise at once the principal psychological problem as to the causes of the general alienation of the nation from the Tsar.

Many accusations of duplicity, even cunning, have been made against the late Tsar. These accusations, as regards at least the circle of his relatives and closest friends whom he met outside politics, appear totally unfounded. Nicholas II knew how to love people and loved them dearly. The story of his love match, told in simple phrases in his diary, is an irrefutable proof of his kindness of heart. As early as 1891, when the first attempt to arrange the match was unsuccessful, he writes that this marriage 'is the dream and the hope which make him live.'† This love never faded. What, then, were the causes of the general alienation referred to by the Dowager Empress? A curious quotation from a letter of the Tsaritzza addressed to a friend soon after her marriage gives a partial clue to this problem.

'I feel,' she writes, 'that those who surround my husband are insincere, and that no one does his duty to Russia, all serve for the sake of their careers and personal profit;

* 'Diary of the Grand Duke Andrei Vladimirovich,' Leningrad, 1925, p. 78, English in the text.

† Nicholas II, 'Diary,' p. 24, note.

I am enduring agony and weep all day, for I feel that my husband is young and inexperienced, and that every one is making use of his inexperience.'*

The language of the Tsaritzza here seems rather exaggerated. Although it was common knowledge that she herself was unable to win the hearts of those around her, it is important as showing that she wished to persuade the Tsar that her views were correct.

Nicholas II ascended the throne unexpectedly, his father having been in good health until within a few months of his death. He stepped straight from a personal and intimate manner of life to the complicated work of ruling an enormous dominion. Encircled by relatives all much older than himself and all holding divergent views, he stood helpless and aghast among contradictory influences and intrigues. By the force of his will alone, Alexander III had succeeded in reinstating the authority of the throne, so badly shaken during the last years of Alexander II's reign. The legacy Alexander III left to his son seemed brilliant and secure, though no attempt had been made to solve the social and political problems of the day. These could not, however, be solved merely by ignoring their existence, and the new Tsar was not prepared to grapple with them personally. The memory of the autocratic rule of his father left an indelible impression on him, so that he never could reconcile himself to the idea that new methods entirely contrary to those employed by his father must be resorted to in order to deal with new problems.

His troubled mentality vitiated his entire policy and laid him open to the charge of duplicity and of want of sincerity. The policy he applied was certainly the worst possible; a policy of reforms granted half-heartedly when too late, and of stern repression calculated to provoke embitterment. These two opposing tendencies struggling against each other within one mind, could have produced the most dramatic existence imaginable had it not been for an intense religion which pervaded all his thoughts and feelings. This intense faith was, however, of a peculiar kind, the fruit both of tradition and of an inner invincible struggle. It was not that daring faith which

* Nicholas II, 'Diary,' p. 106.

inspires great deeds and great sacrifices; on the contrary, it was a faith which breeds passivity and makes the strongest will bow to the inevitable.

As years went on a strong belief in predestination took the place of calm passivity, ending in a complete lack of interest in things political. What remnants of energy existed in him were restricted to family matters, while the fate of the country, encased as it was in the Tsar's heart by a feeling of profound and devoted love, became entirely dependent on advice uncritically accepted and blindly followed. An outburst of manly reaction is only really noticeable in the Tsar's diary and letters, and chiefly in connexion with minor matters. As a rule, a calm, not to say insipid, tone is preserved throughout. Even the granting of the constitution is recorded in the same detached manner as the description of a lucky or unlucky day's hunting. Could it be otherwise, when instead of an unshakable faith there was only a memory of happier days; and when instead of a firm determination there was only a passive acquiescence or a passive resistance to the inevitable? It would hardly be just to blame anybody if this ended in disaster.

Another feature of this mentality should be insisted upon as it had a direct bearing on the policy adopted. The Tsar was convinced that once reforms were granted, all causes of discontent should immediately disappear, but the moment they were conceded the problem of governing many millions of subjects seemed to increase in difficulty. The Tsar misinterpreted the difficulties and regarded the demands of the country with growing distrust. He was unable to discriminate between those which were the inevitable results of the historical development of the country, and those which represented merely the unrealisable demands of revolutionary fanatics. Every reform was therefore followed by a period of stern reaction which belied the sincerity of previous efforts. An atmosphere of general uncertainty due to such vacillations was the inevitable result of this mentality and led to the general estrangement observed by the Tsar's mother. This description of the character of the late Tsar is certainly incomplete, but the narrow limits of the present essay forbid us to give a more detailed analysis. A short survey of the salient features

of his reign will offer us ample opportunity of gaining a view of this complex personality.

As indicated above, Nicholas II ascended the throne unexpectedly in 1894. His simple, not to say trivial, mode of life as heir-apparent had won him the reputation of liberalism. In 1895 the Zemstvos presented addresses with respectful references to possible participation in the Government by representatives of the people. Following the advice of his father's principal counsellor, Constantine Pobedonostsev, the young Tsar answered that these 'senseless aspirations' ought to be left alone. These words, however, could only be interpreted as a declaration of a severe and determined policy. The future showed that such a policy was neither congenial to, nor possible for, a man of the Tsar's character. As long as the inertia of the preceding reign was continued no real break in policy occurred. We must look for minor matters to form a judgment. We are met almost at once by a tragic paradox: an autocrat without a determined will, an easy prey of the influences at work in his most intimate circle of friends and relatives.

From the following letter we see that the Tsar was well aware of the weakness of his own character. It is written on the spur of the moment to his uncle the Grand Duke Vladimir, then in command of the regiments of the Guards, and deals with the nomination of a new commander to one of the Guards' corps. The Tsar, after having chosen his own nominee, accepted the nomination of the Grand Duke's candidate, but a few moments later he reversed his decision and wrote:

'... In the entire incident it is my kindness which is at fault, yes, I insist on it, my stupid kindness. In order to escape a quarrel, to avoid spoiling family relations, I constantly give in and end by being a fool, without will or character. Now I not only beg of you but command you to fulfil my former will. . . .'*

If vacillation can so easily be acknowledged in a matter where the authority of the throne was never questioned, we can imagine what pains the Tsar took to come to a decision, and if necessary to enforce it, in political matters, where not only Court intrigue but the incalculable forces of historical development were at work.

* 'Krasnyi Archiv,' vol. xvii, p. 220.

The strong sense of responsibility apparent in the Tsar, combined with his fatalistic ideas, is the dominant feature of his character. A few striking examples may be quoted. The Russo-Japanese war was the first lesson on an international scale. Started much against the will of the Tsar, it soon developed into a series of unfortunate battles ending in the disaster of the entire fleet at Tsushima. Internal troubles added to the difficulty of the situation, and peace seemed the only possible solution. The Tsar followed the advice of Count Witte and started negotiations for peace. He was, however, well aware that peace after an unsuccessful campaign could but strike a serious blow at his popularity. When peace terms were actually agreed upon, he had nothing but expressions of fatalism to enter in his diary. He notes on Aug. 18, 1905: 'It is only to-day that I begin to get accustomed to the idea that peace will be signed and that it is probably to the good, because it must be thus.'

The real troubles were, however, only beginning. The difficulties shifted from international relations to internal discontent. Revolution was approaching, a revolution with all that inevitable *déchaînement des mauvaises passions* which flooded the years 1917 and 1918 with blood. Two courses were open: either to try to fight the issue to the end and to quell discontent by military force, or to give way and grant political reforms. This naturally implied the abandonment of the autocratic principle and the inauguration of a new political era. Two parties formed at Court. The Tsar stood helpless between these two competing influences. At last he gave in to the party headed paradoxically enough by the Grand Duke Nicholas and inspired by Count Witte. The desired constitution was accorded. What his feelings were when he made this concession is a matter of surmise. It seems certain that he regarded it as a necessity and he hoped that it would satisfy the country. 'I signed' (he wrote in his diary) 'the manifesto at 5 o'clock. After such a day my head became dizzy and my thoughts confused. God help us subdue Russia.'

This latter desire was sincere, for in the meantime an event had happened which completely overshadowed everything else and gave a colour to the entire period. A son and heir was born to the Tsar on July 30,

1904. Since that date one thought, and one thought only, is uppermost in the Sovereign's mind and that of his immediate family: to preserve the throne and its authority unaltered and to act in a manner that would lighten the burden of government for his son. To the Tsar autocracy seemed equivalent to the welfare of Russia, and a happy Russia could only exist under an autocrat. Hence a new cause of struggle and a new reason for suspicion and for a charge of duplicity.

The granting of the constitution accepted in such a tragic manner radically changed the Tsar's feelings towards his advisers. General Kouropatkine's private diary gives us an idea of what a high official thought.

'Yesterday, no, the day before, I received the Manifesto of the 17th of October. Constitutional government is inaugurated. The autocratic power is limited. The plans of the revolutionaries are thus accomplished. Will they be satisfied with the result or will one tidal wave coming after the other rise higher and higher and shatter the very foundations of Russia? God forbid. . . . The poor Emperor. What must he not have suffered during these days! If one reflects that had it not been for such counsellors as pr. Mestchersky, Pobedonostsev, Goremykine, Sipiagine, Plevé, Bobrikov, Bezobrazov, and chiefly Serge Alexandrovich and Nicholas Nicholaevich, he would himself have desired freedom for his people. If only he could have been persuaded that the people would be happier with this freedom. His counsellors persuaded him that any shadow of freedom was a misfortune . . . that as an autocrat anointed by God he could not err. He was persuaded by those evil-minded misanthropes Nicholas Nicholaevich and Serge that he was not a man but a "superman" unable to err. Serge Witte is triumphing. To avenge oneself so completely did not seem to him feasible. In his library he may say, rubbing his hands, that by signing the shameful peace of Portsmouth he forced the Emperor to sign the limitation of his autocracy.' *

Can we wonder that in an atmosphere filled with personal grievances and intrigues the fate of the country was forgotten? Can we wonder that the Tsar, unable to cope with events, was entirely lost amidst such opposing currents and sought advice and comfort from others to whom politics were abhorrent, but who had at

* 'Krasnyi Archiv,' vol. VII, p. 55.

least the advantage of being disinterested? Fate decided, however, that they should also have a baneful influence. Relations tinged with mutual distrust arose between the Tsar and the newly created Duma. The Duma had no political experience and was unable to rouse the country to aspire to better things; the Sovereign was not sufficiently broad-minded to guide the new political machine. Anxious for the welfare of his son, he left the good of the country at the mercy of petty intrigues concerning prerogatives and a variety of unimportant questions.

There was, however, a short period which seemed to promise a better future. The Tsar had found an adviser in the person of Stolypine, who was able to reinforce the authority of the throne by his energy and tact. One illustration is sufficient to enable us to appreciate the difficulties with which this exceptional man had to struggle. The reorganisation of the naval administration of Russia had been pending for a long time. It was obviously a matter the Duma had a right to discuss. Stolypine had no doubt of this and was prepared to face a political debate even if acrimonious. An unexpected difficulty, however, arose. The Tsar, voicing the opinion of the Court, wrote to Stolypine on April 25, 1909:

‘After my last conversation with you I have thought constantly of the question of the Naval General Staff. Now, after having weighed everything, I have finally decided not to approve the draft bill submitted to me. The necessary expenditure will have to be met from the ten million fund’ (a fund which was permanent and beyond the control of the Duma). ‘There can be no question as to confidence or no confidence. This is my will. Remember that we live in Russia and not abroad or in Finland, and I therefore do not admit even the thought of anybody’s retirement. There will certainly be talk in Petersburg and in Moscow, but hysterical cries will soon quiet down. To you, in conjunction with the Ministers of War and Marine, I entrust the elaboration of the necessary regulations which will dispose of the present uncertainties in regard to military and naval bills. I warn you that I categorically refuse in advance to accept your or anybody else’s resignation.’

The Court had prevailed upon the Tsar to use his personal authority and to risk a conflict with his most able Minister on a question of prerogative. It is to the

credit of the latter that he did not resign but continued his arduous duties.

In the Tsar's correspondence with Stolypine we find numerous proofs that the welfare of Russia was his chief concern. 'I have only one object in view,' he wrote in 1907, 'the welfare of my country: all petty feelings against individuals disappear when I think of this.' The real difficulty lay in persuading the Tsar to take the right path. But a strong man like Stolypine was bound to win in the end, and in 1910 there were already signs that he had got the upper hand. When two Ministers resigned in that year the Tsar raised no difficulties in appointing Stolypine's nominees. 'Thus two Ministers,' he writes Sept. 22, 1910, 'having gone during my absence' (he was in Germany taking a cure), 'Sazonov and the unknown Kasso will fill their places.' He felt he was at least secure in the hands of Stolypine. It was impossible to guess if the latter could have withstood the intrigues of the Court, which dogged his footsteps at every turn until the war brought everything down with a crash. Things might have taken a different turn, but fate decided otherwise. Stolypine fell a victim to his devotion to the throne,* and also to the corrupt and pernicious ways of the police current in Russia.

Russia entered the war under unexpectedly favourable conditions. Both politically and diplomatically the position had never been so brilliant. With France and with England as allies she seemed at the zenith of her international position, while the entire people joined whole-heartedly in the conflict. Behind this veil of splendour, however, there were many reasons for apprehension and misgiving. The solution of social problems was in abeyance, the political situation was far from being entirely consolidated, while mutual mistrust of the throne and of the representatives of the country still existed. At a moment when the forces of the country demanded organisation, when the war required the union of all, for a common purpose, these unsolved questions were bound to cause a disastrous reaction on external events. Sooner or later reaction was bound to come to the surface. In such circumstances any political

* He was murdered at Kieff in 1917.

régime to stand the strain requires its most able ministers at the helm. Every country has had to learn this lesson. In Russia conditions remained unaltered; its hopes depended on the forces of inertia and tradition. The personality of the Tsar was unable to assume responsibility for the necessary changes, while both prejudice and bad advice prevented him from finding anybody to undertake it.

On looking through the correspondence between the Tsar and Tsaritzza in this tragic hour, we cannot but be struck by the outward calm and fatalism with which the Tsar writes to his Consort. While she has a keen sense of the reality of the danger threatening both the country and the Imperial family, the Tsar accepts every event good or bad with despairing equanimity. The character of the Tsaritzza does not concern us here. We cannot, however, refrain from giving a few indications of the influence she exerted, an influence as disastrous as it was loving.

The initial source of this influence must be attributed to the affection and adoration the Tsaritzza had for her husband and for her son. This love had continued through twenty-two years of married life and was as great at the end as at the beginning. Prompted by that feeling she undertook to direct her husband's political activity. Knowing his weak and vacillating disposition, she interfered with a motherly care in everything he did; she tried to infuse into his mind the force required by an absolute monarch. 'Be a Peter the Great, a John the Terrible, an Emperor Paul; destroy them all; do not laugh; I so passionately desire to see you such a man towards those who attempt to direct you.* 'Be a ruler.† This is her constant refrain, and discloses the principal psychological error lying at the root of her influence. In addition the Tsaritzza had neither the political education nor the intuition required to carry out the rôle she had set herself. Her political ideas were both rudimentary and naïve; her feelings were always stronger than her brains.

'We must hand on to our baby a strong country. We dare not be weak, for his sake, otherwise he will find it still

* 'Kr. Ar.,' vol. iv, p. 187.

† Ibid. p. 174.

more difficult to reign. He will have to repair our errors and tighten the reins which you are loosening. You must suffer for the mistakes of your imperial predecessors. God alone knows your terrors. May your legacy to Alexis be lighter.* 'I know it hurts you when I write this to you. It causes me pain, but you, baby and Russia are so very dear to me.'† 'We are placed on the throne by God, and must keep it strong, and hand it on unshaken to our son. If you will but remember this—never forget that you are a ruler, and how much easier it is for an autocratic monarch than for one who has taken an oath to a constitution.'‡

In her feverish desire to see her husband become the ideal autocrat she omitted to identify her own destiny and that of her husband with the country's fate. In her anger and passion she looks at the people as rebellious children, and advises her husband to use a strong hand in order to quell the meaningless rebellion. The deeper causes of discontent never interested her, and political propagandists appear to her as 'corrupt types.'§ 'Russia loves the knout; it is in her nature—a tender love and then an iron hand both repressing and directing.'|| 'Let them feel your fist. They ask for it themselves. How many people have told me lately, "We want the knout"!'

A pettier but no less harmful influence must also be noted, for the root of the general alienation from the Tsar lies here; it led him to accept and follow irresponsible advice. In her passionate and motherly love of her husband she hated anybody who was popular. The fame of a leading opponent, as, for example, Rodsianko, was as hateful to her as the popularity of a member of the Imperial family or a general. Her naïve mentality could not reconcile itself to the idea that the glory of a crowned head is dependent on its advisers and generals. In consequence, she sought advice from those who did not rely on the support of the masses. She made herself the channel through which this fatal influence reached the Tsar—we mean Rasputin. As the latter had acquired this influence first in a non-political matter, a matter which was dearest to a mother's heart—her son's health—she believed him to be sent by

* 'Kr. Ar.', vol. iv, p. 183.

§ Ibid. p. 211.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 188.

|| Ibid. p. 184.

God. Hence an intense hatred, shared by the Tsar, was aroused in her against every person who disapproved of this influence. The fatal circle was thus complete: the two paradoxes combined to produce the greatest tragedy in history—an autocrat without a will, directed by a loving but irresponsible consort, who laboured to destroy the very cause of her own influence, the weakness of the Tsar.

The war was accepted by the Tsar in that vein which was so peculiarly his—as God's visitation on his country. His love of his subjects was unquestionable, and every sign of prosperity that he could detect was a welcome indication of God's blessing. After a journey in South Russia he writes to his wife: 'This region of Cossacks is splendid. . . . They are beginning to get rich; there is an incredible, an overwhelming number of small children—all future subjects. This fills me with joy and faith in God's mercy; I must await with confidence and security what is predestined for Russia.'*

The auspicious opening of the war appeared a good omen of future happiness. Intrigues, however, began their work, and clouds began to gather over the head of the Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, as early as January 1915. The first reference to it is made in a letter of the Tsaritsa, Jan. 29. 'He' (the Grand Duke) 'is under the influence of others,' writes the Tsaritsa, 'and attempts to assume your rôle, which he has no right to do except in questions relating to war. This should be put an end to. Before God and the people, nobody has the right to usurp your rights as he is doing. . . .' Again and again references are made to the popularity enjoyed by the Grand Duke, until the Tsar was induced to take over the supreme command of the army against the will of his political advisers. The decision was fraught with danger. The most devoted friends of the Tsar were antagonistic to this step. Some retired and others were dismissed, while many gathered round the Grand Duke, thus giving a seeming foundation for the accusations that were spread against him.

What the Tsar must have felt in those fateful

* 'Correspondence,' vol. III, p. 68.

hours is difficult to say. He was persuaded that his action was right, and the opposition of his ministers and servants made him the more convinced. After twenty-one years he had learnt how much depends on personal interest in things political; he had seen his best advisers fall victims to political intrigue; he had contracted a lasting hatred of those who had compelled him to divest himself of autocracy; he well understood the responsibility of the task he had assumed, but, nevertheless, alone among contradicting tendencies he resolved to meet his fate in obedience to his religion.

To whom should he really listen? On the one hand, there stood a crowd of political counsellors, prompted by personal motives and ready to forsake him in the hour of need, and nothing loth to pass over to the camp of a chief suspected of treason; on the other, a loving and devoted wife whose very estrangement from all political advisers seemed a guarantee of the sincerity of her feelings; a wife whose blameless character imposed on his weak and loving disposition; a wife whose sole desire was to help him and who took counsel from a man without an ostensible axe to grind, the man who had apparently saved his son. Was this not an indication of fate? The Tsar at least took it as such, and accepted the new position. The letter he wrote to his wife is in its simplicity a document rivalling the greatest confessions known in history.

‘MY OWN BELOVED DARLING RAY OF SUNSHINE,

‘Thank God it is all over. Here am I with this new responsibility on my shoulders. But God’s will be fulfilled. I feel calm, a sort of feeling after the Holy Communion. The whole morning of that memorable day, Aug. 23, while coming here, I prayed and read your first letter over and over again. The nearer the moment of our meeting the greater the peace that reigned in my heart. . . . A new clean page begins, and what will be written on it God the Almighty alone knows. I have signed my first order’ (to the army) ‘and added a few words in a rather trembling hand. . . . Think, my dear wife, how to help your husband when he is absent. What a pity that you did not fulfil this duty long ago or at least during the war! I know of no more pleasant feeling than to be proud of you as I have been during these past months when you ceaselessly importuned me, beseeching me to be strong

and to stick to my opinion. . . . God bless you, my beloved treasure, my ray of sun. I kiss you tenderly and the dear children.

‘Ever your old hubby, NICK.

‘Aug. 25, 1915.’

This letter* gives a picture of the Tsar's character more vividly and accurately than any long analysis can do. The great decision taken by the Tsar proved fatal. Living far away in the isolation of military life he severed every connexion he still entertained with the political life of the country. Nothing reached him except through the perverted channel of the Tsaritzza's letters. The ministers who came with distressing news to make their reports to him, provoked only his distrust. The choice of new ministers was entirely left to the discretion of the Tsaritzza. The estrangement between him and the country grew, and the business of conducting the war, and organising the country for such a war, was clearly getting too difficult for those persons in charge of it. Again and again the Tsar writes of the growing difficulties of military supply, of food control, and of the railway transport. He stood helpless, unable to find the right men to fill the responsible posts. To entrust this task to the representatives of the people themselves seemed impossible, for it would have meant divesting the throne of the authority it still possessed.

Discontent increased, and signs of coming catastrophe were approaching. Every warning, every word uttered in favour of the introduction of a new policy, was met with stern opposition, inspired by the Tsaritzza. The murder of Rasputin itself, committed by members of the Imperial family, served no purpose. Letters of warning addressed by various members of the Imperial family resulted only in their authors being expelled from the capital. Outwardly the simple and quiet life of the Tsar remained the same. Inertia alone preserved for a short while the régime which was nearing its ruin, while the hopeless detachment of the Tsar went as far as considering the papers submitted to him for decision ‘disgusting papers’ taking up his time.

When at last the day of crisis arrived the Tsar

* ‘Correspondence,’ vol. III, p. 266.

stood quite alone, with nobody either to protect him or to uphold the banner of monarchy. The régime gave way as if it had never had any links uniting it to the people; it crumbled in a single day as a giant with feet of clay. In this tragic hour the character of the Tsar disclosed its best traits, verging on an almost super-human greatness. While the Tsaritzza in a hectic fever of excitement regarded every concession wrung from the Tsar as a clever political move to save the throne and monarchy, he accepted everything with an amazing fatalism and resignation.

A few days after his abdication, while still at army headquarters inspiring awe and apprehension in the revolutionary leaders, he despatched the following telegram to the Tsaritzza: 'At last; your telegram received. Despair is passing. God bless you all. Love you tenderly.'* Later that same day, after seeing his mother, he writes again: 'Thank you heartily for your telegram. Mother has arrived for two days; so cosy and nice; having dinner together in her train. Again snowstorm. In thought and prayers with you.' It is only just to record in this last hour of a dying régime the thought dominating the Tsaritzza which is seen in the last phrase of her letter: 'Only this morning we received the news that everything is handed over to M[ichael] and that Baby is now in safety—what a relief!'

Seventeen months later in a small provincial town, far away from all political life, the Tsar's family was living under the guard of a local Soviet. Late one evening the president of the Soviet came up to their room followed by Red guards. He warned them that it was time to leave as the approaching 'Whites' made it necessary. The whole family and the very few servants accompanying them dressed and descended the narrow stairs of the little house. The terrible tragedy that followed has left its lasting stain on humanity.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

* 'Kr. Ar.,' vol. iv, p. 219.

Art. 2.—THE MYSTERY RELIGIONS.

1. *The Mystery-Religions and Christianity.* By S. Angus, D.D. Murray, 1924.
 2. *St Paul and the Mystery Religions.* By H. A. A. Kennedy, D.D. Hodder, 1913.
- And other works.

IN the middle of the second century A.D. the Fathers of the Christian Church complained that the Mysteries then current in the world around them were but imitations of their own rites inspired by demons. For centuries this explanation was accepted in silence, or at least no alternative suggestion was made. When in more recent years the subject has been taken up again, the pendulum not unnaturally has swung in the opposite direction, and the thesis set up that there is at least a very vital connexion, and even that Christianity is but a sheer imitation of the pagan mysteries. Since the publication of the pioneer work of Sainte-Croix in 1784 and of Lobeck's 'Aglaophamus' at Königsberg in 1829, scholarship, erudition, and ingenuity have been lavished upon the question. Cumont, Frazer, and Farnell have supplied facts; Reitzenstein, Loisy, and Dieterich have brought to bear a wealth of brilliant theorising. There are two great English contributions now available, 'St Paul and the Mystery Religions' by Dr H. A. A. Kennedy, and still more comprehensive, 'The Mystery-Religions and Christianity' by Dr Angus of Sydney. With the appearance of Dr Angus's book the final verdict is not far distant. Before publication the work travelled American universities in lecture notes during four years; and the bibliography quoted at the end, eighteen pages of modern authorities and another eighteen of ancient sources, is proof that the treatment is sufficiently comprehensive and, on the whole, judicial rather than theorising.

What is a mystery? Even now it is difficult to say. A chief demand made upon one who had been initiated was a vow of secrecy; and so faithfully and scrupulously have those vows been kept that we have no direct account of any mystery in ancient literature or any intelligible disclosure. In spite of the number of refer-

ences, in spite of the greatness of the issues acknowledged to be involved, the material that has come down to us is wholly inadequate, and in Prof. Gardner's phrase, 'as fluid as water and as unstable as cloud.' The fullest account is that in Apuleius's novel, 'The Metamorphosis,' but that is only of the externals, public processions and so forth: when he is coming to what was 'said' and 'done' at the Isiac initiation, he would disclose it if it were lawful for the reader to hear and for him to make the disclosure; but that would inflict upon the reader and upon himself *parem noxam*. Pausanias narrated of the mysteries of the Kabiri: 'Demeter deposited something in their hands, but what that object was, together with the subsequent procedure, my conscience forbids me to disclose.' For our information we are forced back upon a little fact, and that in its most lucid assertions from the pens of Christian critics who fervently disapproved, finding in unmeasured abuse and statements of diabolic imitation the best way of accounting for marked similarities between the Mysteries and their own religion; and upon conjecture.

However, this much at least is known of the Mysteries; they were old-established and widespread, and existed and throve in one form or another, perhaps without much alteration, for nearly a thousand years. Even in Homer's time the Greek Religion of Olympus was on its last legs. Its gods suffered from being unworthy of the name; they were amoral, at least, and any kind of mystic communion with them was impossible. The Greeks were a thinking race, and at best these could only inspire their state cults. More fervent and genuine religious feeling demanded other gods; and by the middle of the first millennium B.C. the Mystery-worship of Dionysus had come down from Thrace and the hard-drinking North, to be fused in Greece with the cult of Orphism which, probably a little later, came up from Crete and the South. Thenceforward, and until well in the Christian era, Mysteries were prevalent all over the Mediterranean basin; those of Sabazius and the Great Mother from Phrygia, of Isis and Serapis from Egypt, of the Baals from Syria, and, to be developed more fully a little later, of Mithra from Persia.

They were all different, but the same in general

content. They enjoined secrecy upon the member ; they were for individuals rather than for nations or classes : and they were syncretistic, and in no way jealous of each other. A man could join one or many, or he could join one instead of many ; all the gods and goddesses were but the same deity masquerading under different forms. And that deity was the Life-force, describe it as you will, which has reached its highest expression in the Christian Deity, Love. All the Mysteries offered their adherents salvation, and a personal salvation. How far it was effective in this life is a moot point ; but in death it was a salvation from the demons who guarded the various gates from this life to the next, and rigorously excluded all who lacked the sacred passwords only to be learned in the Mysteries ; while in the world to come it offered an eternity of bliss.

Each Mystery had its legend, and in the comparison with Christianity one must remember that it was given and intended as pure myth, in no way subject to the canons of historical criticism. None of the Mysteries claimed the historical foundation of Buddhism, Islam, or Christianity ; while the early Christian Church owed its life and sustenance to the power of an historical character. Without the Jesus of History there could have been no Christ. Mystery legends were of varying content, from tales of the God up to theories of the universe, especially of that portion of it traversed after death. But all illustrated the Death of the God and his Rebirth, whether Dionysus or Persephone or Attis or Mithra.

‘ The Mystery Religions,’ says Dr Angus, ‘ were lowly and simple enough in their origin. They arose from the observation of the patent facts of recurring death and subsequent rebirth in nature, and from the attempt to see in these alternations of winter and spring, decay and generation, sunset and sunrise, a symbol of the life and hope of man, and a replica of the divine life, which in primitive thought was conceived merely as the all-vitalising energy resident in nature.’

Sacred books they had, and liturgies. But more than this cannot be said. To reconstruct from the fragments that have come down to us is to make bricks without straw, and those who make the attempt and supplement

with ingenuity are more bold than discreet. The 'Mithras-liturgy' which Dieterich has created in this way represents something neither Mithraic nor a liturgy. The evidence we possess suggests that the Mysteries possessed nothing in any way comparable to the Jewish scriptures or to the Christian liturgies. One of the prominent characteristics of the Mysteries was that they were religions of symbolism. It was an age which took readily to symbolism, and apparently could see in phallic representations the divine truths of life, with a vision piercing through the offence which would be caused thereby both to a primitive and to a modern. Through symbolic objects, acts, representations, and experiences they could be raised to the contemplation of the divine, a sense of the unworthiness of unregenerate man, and to the experience of *palingenesis*, rebirth.

The watchword of the age was Redemption. Never did the gulf dividing human from divine seem greater, and never was there a stronger desire to bridge it. Motives of piety were reinforced by motives of fear. While higher thought ranged the mountain tops of idealism, those in the valleys lived in the unrelieved darkness of astralism, of fate, of a sense of sin, and of death. Sorcery and magic stalked throughout the world. But by union with the Mystery Gods men could partake in the divine superiority over the baleful powers, and so men flocked to the Mysteries and their Redeemer Gods. The Mysteries were also systems of *gnosis*. Like many other of the phrases of modern religion, 'to know God' seems so simple and obvious that it is hard to realise the vast amount of groping and struggle and endeavour with which this simplicity has been achieved. The task which ancient thought set itself was to know God. It was not so much that the pure in heart should see God, but that those who could see God would be pure in heart. In the Mysteries groping finite minds were offered knowledge of the divine by a revelation, a revelation in sacramental form, in acts and prayers and liturgical formulæ, which afforded to philosophic and simple alike a full knowledge of God. And 'the secret,' says Dr Angus, 'when imparted, rendered men superior to all the trials of life and ensured salvation.'

But we may be fairly certain that the strongest hold

of the Mysteries lay in their eschatological hope. They brought light to play on the hitherto almost unrelieved darkness of death. Apollo and the other Greek gods could satisfy while it was yet day, and could help men to enjoy the sunshine; but they offered no staff to men entering the valley of the shadow. The melancholy of Greek literature is proverbially melancholy: only some fifty years before men were marvelling at Christ in Gadara, Meleager was there writing his epigrams, brilliant and cynical, destitute of all hope. Indeed, there is no word with the modern connotation of Hope in the Greek lexicon. Death was the end, and life intolerably futile. The Roman religion with its family worship of the *Manes* remained throughout steeped in gloom. The keen-minded tried to escape from the dreariness on wings of philosophy. But for the great multitudes there was no escape; or would not have been but for the Mysteries. These offered mankind knowledge of the unknown, often picturesque it may be, and further with this knowledge offered salvation from its terrors and a blissful immortality. They also offered men what had been almost lost, a sense of human personality. The Greek state cults, which had flourished with the city states and shared equally in their decline, and the Roman family religion, which oppressed individualities with the burdens of heredity, both these were easily supplanted by religions which reasserted the dignity of the individual and his power over his own soul, in spite of the stranglehold of family, state, and class. Master of his own fate, and captain of his own soul, the initiate in the Mysteries launched out on a fresh voyage through life, choosing his course and choosing his company.

Saved from evil and freed from shackles, he was indeed master of all, master it may be of the universe, through being one with it. Various factors had led to a deep and general interest in cosmology; Greek culture, anarchy, and at last the 'Pax Romana' turned men's thoughts away from the plane of earth to speculation about the universe. The Mystery Gods, 'ever sensitive to the Zeitgeist,' also held out to their votaries a comprehensive scheme of cosmology. The goddess was hailed as 'Isis, una quæ es omnia'; 'I am all,' she says, according to Plutarch, 'all, that has been, is and shall

be.' To know God was to know all, and to know all was to command all. Hence the Mithraic conception of Heaven, and eternity spent, in Dr Bevan's phrase, in watching the stars go round.

The features of the Mysteries Dr Angus classifies in the conventional threefold grouping, under rites of Preparation; Initiation and Communion; and Blessedness. The Probation ceremonies included vows of secrecy and confession, together with some kind of ritual purification. The earliest Eleusinian rites, before being taken over by Orphism and Dionysus, included the following acts: On the first day the candidates for initiation were assembled and those indicted who had 'hands unclean' or who were 'unintelligible of speech.' On the next day, to the cry of 'Seawards, mystics!' the worshippers betook themselves to the sea, and therein purified both themselves and their sacrificial pigs. Later came the offering, and partaking of first-fruits. And on the last day *plemochœ* were emptied, the one towards the East and the other towards the West. According to Tertullian, 'in certain mysteries, e.g. those of Isis and Mithra, it is by baptism (*per lavacrum*) that members are initiated . . . in the Apollinarian and Eleusinian rites they are baptised, and they imagine that the result of this baptism is regeneration and the remission of the penalties of their sins.' But the evidence allows us to conclude with Prof. Gardner that Baptism as we know it remains primarily Jewish, and that our own use can be fully accounted for from that source.

Passing over sacrifices and ascetic exercises, we come to the membership rites of Initiation and Communion. Underlying all these was fundamentally the wish for communion or identification with God. 'It was the great merit of the Mysteries that they established and cultivated a communion between the human and the divine, and that they opened ways in which man could draw nearer God.' Whether through the crude bath in bull's blood of the Mithraic *taurobolium* or through subtle philosophic speculation, the result is the same: 'I am Thou and Thou art I.' Even in contemplating the 'Sacred Marriage' which so annoyed the Fathers, we must remember that even if the worst and most material view is to be admitted, the participants were only in

quest of life—life more abundantly, through communion with the divine, and looked for it in a way mystically parallel to the physiological methods with which they were acquainted.

In nearly all the Mysteries an *agape* or sacramental meal preceded initiation. In the rites of Mithra, says Justin Martyr, 'bread and a cup of water are placed with certain incantations in the mystery rites of one who is being initiated. . . .' But as to the actual significance of this and similar practices, if we are honest we must speak with great caution. At all events we may, with Kennedy, Gardner, and Angus, refuse to be sidetracked with the red herring of participating in the god through eating his totem, ideas which belong to a far lower and more primitive state of civilisation than the Mysteries. And yet who could venture to assert any one explanation of parallel experiences current even to-day? The Mysteries appealed to the low mentality, as well as to the high, but the evidence is 'wholly inadequate.' Not but that the modern idea of symbol was practically unknown in ancient times. There was no such strict difference between the symbol and the thing symbolised, the outward sign and the inward grace, between the physical and the hyper-physical. Pagans, therefore, cannot have been any more definite, or any less indefinite, than their Christian contemporaries in appreciating the subtle varieties of opinion operative in things sacramental and non-sacramental.

After ceremonial communion the initiate was frequently worshipped as Very God, so undoubtedly had he partaken of the divine nature. His future experience was one of Blessedness. Freed from the bonds of past and present, he could look forward to a future of salvation—a salvation more religious than ethical, but at one with his Saviour God. Isis, the 'eternal saviour of men,' promises him: 'Thou shalt live in blessedness; thou shalt live glorious under my protection. And when thou hast finished thy life course and goest down to the underworld, even there in the lower world thou shalt see me shedding light in the gloom of Acheron and reigning in the inmost regions of Styx: thou thyself shalt inhabit the Elysian fields, and shalt continually offer worship to me, ever gracious.' Of the contact,

actual or hypothetical, Dr Angus has not much directly to say. He assumes that there was a competition and that Christianity won; but as to how far, if at all, captured Greece conquered her captor he does not argue. Not but that other attempts have amply demonstrated the magnitude of the task, and the difficulty of reaching ultimately any other position materially different from the conventional: which is one of parallelism.

The Fathers, however, by their so vigorous denunciation betrayed a feeling that all was not well, and the situation has had to be faced. Is Christianity a mystery? When we come to approach Christianity we find ourselves in the same incapacity for confident statement as when confronted with the Mysteries, but from the opposite reason—from the overwhelming masses of evidence. But to be brief, Christianity, or its officially recognised exponent, Catholic Christianity, can be traced directly back at least as far as Ignatius. And Ignatius, at the beginning of the second century A.D., wrote to the Ephesians of 'breaking one bread, which is the drug of immortality, the antidote that we should not die, but live for ever in Jesus Christ.' Here we find an early Egyptian cult phrase applied to the Eucharist, with every semblance of retaining a magical import. Whether or no it was deliberately borrowed we shall not yet say. At all events the Early Theology viewed the Eucharist in the 'magic' light of a mystery feast.

From the other end, Christianity can be logically developed at least as far as St Paul. Prof. Lake puts the break in between St Paul and his converts. He preached one thing, they read into it something else, and passed on the whole. But the ice is very thin. St Paul's teaching, even in its most crudely sacramental aspects, can all readily be accounted for by the facts of his life; and as for the views of his converts, which came to be crystallised in the Early Greek Theology, all can be explained as a logical development of Judaism with its Passover, without reference to outside influences.

Much play has been made with the early Christian terminology. In St Paul there are to be found a great number of the technical words of the Mysteries: *perfect, mystery, lighten, military service, justification, pre-existence, gnosis, pneuma, revelation, heavenly garment,*

transformation. But many of these words and ideas are obviously the common property of the age. What other words could he have used? What other metaphors than 'the prisoner of the Lord' . . . 'the armour of God'? The Septuagint and Late Judaism supplied many; the Book of Wisdom, admittedly Jewish, gives the sentence: 'Wisdom is initiate into the knowledge of God,' which reeks in word and content of Mystery terminology. But the similarity is tacitly explained in the latter half of Dr Angus's book, which is devoted to the appeal of the Mysteries, the qualities which caused their general and lasting popularity and diffusion, and the defects, which led, after a moment in history when it appeared that a toss of a coin might decide whether Mithraism or Christianity was to be the future religion of the civilised world, to the ultimate victory of Christianity.

The setting of the Mysteries was wholly conducive to their successful appeal. For centuries the leaven of Orphism had been working in Greek thought; Greek gods who might have offered resistance had atoned for their sharing in the prosperity of the halcyon days of the city states by sharing in their disintegration. The spread of thought and of syncretism was rendered all the easier by the fusion of mankind into one by the world conquest and world statesmanship of Alexander the Great and by the gradual spread of the Empire of Rome. Consequent upon this came the reaction of East upon West, wherein the illusion of the traditional senility of the East became dispelled, while the growth of popular movements and of astrology gave added strength.

Meanwhile, the Græco-Roman world was in a great and desperate need. Out of the ruins of nationalism grew an intense demand for the recognition of the worth of the individual. Jeremiah and Ezekiel in the development of Jewish thought were but the harbingers of what was shortly to arise throughout the known world. The city state was gone; world power centred in one man. The demand for individual values was insistent. And its satisfaction took at first a selfish turn. Men clubbed together in small guilds, and sought there first to realise their own values. But it was a syncretistic age, the greatest bequest of Alexander to history. Cosmopolitanism came into a real meaning, and defined

the illimitability of the Mysteries. They were for all men of all places and times, and themselves antiquated exclusivism and predisposed men to accept salvation wherever most effectively offered. Salvation from some quarter was imperative, for a sense of sin was lowering over the whole human landscape. Greek religion had proved the inadequacy of the natural, Roman religion the futility of a man's expecting to strike a fair bargain with the gods and adequately to fulfil his own part of it. Progressive thought opened up the vastness of the universe and the futility of human psychology. Consequently, a counsel of despair became axiomatic, that dualism was the key to philosophy and asceticism the only rule of life. And as amid all this despair and absence of hope mankind was stretching out hands in longing for the further shore, the Mysteries brought their good news of salvation: 'Rejoice, mystics, for the god has been saved,' and 'as Osiris lives, so shall his initiate live also.'

Scholarship is divided on the value of the Mysteries; but after giving praise where it is due for their sustaining mankind in its great crisis, it must be conceded that ultimately at all events they proved inadequate to meet the spiritual needs of men. Many of their prayers that have survived are strikingly beautiful, comparable in many cases to Christian liturgiology. But after all, most of their exponents whose witness has come down to us were of the higher kind. Into what the now popular plain man degraded them is another matter and can only be conjectured. Perhaps in this consideration the denunciations of the Early Church were based on fact. Their ethical value is doubtful; there is little evidence to show that it was at all appreciable. They were freighted with myths of primitive naturalism, from which they could never shake themselves free. They were linked with astrology, which lent temporary popularity but proved a dangerous ally, since it opened the way to Determinism and Magic. They fostered an individualistic-mystic form of religion, with its concomitant dualism and ascetic tendencies. And their lack of historical foundation left them weak and vague theologically; while the attempts of thinking men like Apuleius, Celsus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Proclus, and

Julian to work out a theology only exposed their weakness the more.

Lucian sneered at the 'gibbeted sophist.' But the Vatican now stands where the last sacrament of the Phrygian *taurobolium* was celebrated. Where the Mysteries failed to satisfy the needs of mankind, Christianity succeeded. Dr Angus acknowledges all the historic facts that led to the appeal of Christianity, its monotheism, its reasonable dogma, tremendous moral force, and admittedly historical basis, its originality, its compassion, its miracles, and so forth. He then goes on to consider the main factors which ensured its success and permanence. In the first place, while meeting the needs of the age it defied its spirit. Never was there an age more tolerant or a religion more intolerant. Gibbon assigns as the first reason of its success the enthusiasm of the early Christians; and the enthusiasm was one which admitted no other loyalty. It retained the narrow fanatical devotion of its Jewish forbears, and defied the world. It is all very well to insert the caveat that in dealing with St Paul and his converts we have not to consider what they on *a priori* grounds could or could not do, but what as a matter of fact they did; but it would be strange indeed if, with their so exclusive antecedents and so exclusive descendants, they did in point of fact lend an ear to any such syncretism. There was no doubt in St Paul's mind to whom his allegiance was due, nor was there any such doubt in his preaching. This intolerance may at first have repelled many and attracted the unbalanced, but it soon came to be seen that Christianity was indeed a universal religion, was *the* universal religion. No other religion has so transcended the barriers that divide classes, races, or intellects.

'Christianity made the double appeal,' says McGiffert, 'appealing on the one side as a religion with a practical message to every man, low or high, and on the other side as a philosophy, rivalling the great systems of antiquity, supplementing and correcting them, and at the same time assimilating many of their most persuasive features. No movement can spread rapidly and widely unless it appeals to the common man; and no movement can establish itself firmly and permanently unless it wins the thinking classes, the intellectual leaders of the world. Christianity did both.'

Christianity further gave a new meaning to faith. The word 'faith' had always existed, and the idea had played a greater or lesser part in religious thought at all times. But while no use could compare for intensity with the faith of the Hebrew religion, it was only in Christianity that faith as a religious principle came to its full fruition, by being rooted in a new thing, the Person of Christ.

The Mysteries had only legends, solacing and edifying, it is true, but admittedly legends. Isis was addressed by Lucius: 'Thou dispellest the storms of life, and stretchest out the right hand of salvation to struggling men.' Serapis was *philanthropotatos*. But neither Isis nor Serapis nor Dionysus nor Cybele could offer the answer to the world's sorrow that St Paul could in preaching Christ crucified. And all along the line it was the Personality of Christ which then as now won men to the new way. The Mysteries were the pedagogues which brought men to the school of Christianity, but they were only slaves. It was Christianity which has given the world what they essayed to give and could not, in Mackintosh's words, 'not by borrowing, or decking itself out in ancient symbols, but by the exhibition of a fact within the field of history, in which were more than fulfilled the inextinguishable yearnings of the world's desire.'

JAMES WALL.

Art. 3.—DID WORDSWORTH DEFY THE GUILLOTINE?

ONCE, at a party in London, Thomas Carlyle, who had not yet cooled down from the white heat in which he wrote his 'French Revolution,' got William Wordsworth into a corner and 'set him going.' The poet was seventy years old; the historian forty-five. In one or two previous conversations they had disagreed sourly, there had been no free exchange of thoughts, and no liking had sprung up on either side. On this occasion, however, Carlyle avoided literary topics and led Wordsworth on to giving him 'account of the notable practicalities he had seen in life, especially of the notable men.' People were always asking Wordsworth, after he became famous and old, what he thought of this or that poet; and between a desire to tell the truth and an uncomfortable feeling that he was being quizzed, he usually made a sad exhibition of himself as an oracle. But of 'practicalities' and 'notable men' he had seen full many, and the temptation to discourse unreservedly about them to the animated and persuasive Scottish celebrity was too strong to be resisted. And thus a very remarkable thing happened: he was taken off his guard and related to Carlyle an episode of his youth which he had concealed for nearly half a century from all except his wife, his sister, and perhaps a few other relatives or intimate friends.

The episode itself was infinitely creditable to him, a practicality of heroic value, very notable indeed. I mentioned the story eleven years ago in my *Life of Wordsworth*, calling attention to its significance while admitting that it seemed scarcely possible. Since that time I have been at some pains to learn whether it might not after all be true; and now the case appears stronger than I at first supposed it could be. There was the chance that Carlyle might have misunderstood or incorrectly reported the poet's words; I now feel almost certain that they were accurately recorded. Carlyle goes on to say:

'He had been in France in the earlier or secondary stage of the Revolution; had witnessed the struggle of the *Girondins* and *Mountain*, in particular the execution of Gorsas, 'the first

Deputy sent to the Scaffold'; and testified strongly to the ominous feeling which that event produced in everybody, and of which he himself still seemed to retain something: 'Where will it *end*, when you have set an example in *this* kind?' I knew well about Gorsas; but had found, in my readings, no trace of the public emotion his death excited; and perceived now that Wordsworth might be taken as a true supplement to my Book, on this small point.'

What does this mean? It means that Wordsworth, at the age of twenty-three, with no official connexions and little money, when his country was at war with France, had ventured to cross the Channel, had passed through hostile territory, had dared to appear in Paris, and had looked upon that busy instrument of destruction which a breath of suspicion would have caused to fall upon his neck. He must have been bold to the point of foolhardiness to run such a risk. He must have been as resourceful as an Indian scout to come off with his life. He incurred not only the ordinary dangers of a spy; the city to which he found his way was Paris under the Terror. His action will seem still more like that of a madman when we remember that he had come away from France but nine months before, after a sojourn there of more than a year, during which time he had been closely associated with leaders of the Girondist party who were now proscribed and hunted, Gorsas being the first of them to die under the guillotine. At any moment he too might have been recognised and denounced.

Assuming that Wordsworth really accomplished this perilous adventure, the reason for his conduct is perfectly plain and is adequate to account for it. His love-affair with Annette Vallon and the birth of their child on Dec. 15, 1792, are facts too well known to need recounting. The little Caroline Wordsworth was born at Orleans and baptised there, her father acknowledging her as his daughter in a document duly signed by him and attested by three witnesses. He was in Paris at the time, on his way home, 'dragged,' as he says in 'The Prelude,' 'by a chain of harsh necessity,' that is, by lack of money, as he much more frankly states in the manuscript of 1805 as edited by Prof. de Sélincourt, where the passage reads:

'Reluctantly to England I returned,
Compelled by nothing less than absolute want
Of funds for my support, else, well assured
That I both was and must be of small worth,
No better than an alien in the Land,
I doubtless should have made a common cause
With some who perished, haply perished too,
A poor mistaken and bewildered offering.'

His guardians, no doubt, having been informed of his misconduct, had cut off his scanty supplies. He had appealed to his elder brother Richard, in a letter from Blois, and perhaps the subsequent coldness between them grew out of Richard's refusal to help him on this occasion. So intimately was he bound up with the cause of the Girondist faction that he debated with himself whether he should not remain in France and plunge into the stream of political life. Though he was only twenty-two, he might have reflected that many of the deputies were also very young. Though he would have been penniless, he might have flattered himself that he would find occupation in the turbid whirl of journalism and pamphleteering. But common sense urged him to go to London and try to raise enough money to return and bring Annette to England as his wife. So he left 'the fierce Metropolis' before the execution of the king, which occurred on Jan. 21, 1793. What must have been his dismay when France declared war against England ten days later!

To his desire to make money for carrying out his plan we may attribute his haste in publishing 'Descriptive Sketches' and 'An Evening Walk,' as he did immediately, and perhaps with high hopes of pecuniary profit, though of course the money returns from such publication were trifling. Little is known about how he spent his time in London, but we find him in the early summer employed as a tutor by a rich young man, William Calvert. After hovering about Portsmouth for some time, they parted suddenly, the story, as Dorothy Wordsworth relates it in a letter to a girl friend, being that the vehicle in which they were travelling broke down and that her brother proceeded on foot into Wales. Was he watching in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth for an opportunity to sail to France? And

might not Dorothy have been misinformed? At all events that is the last we hear of him in England or Wales till February 1794, a period of about six months. It is not improbable that, having learned what his heroic purpose was, the generous Calvert lent or gave him the money to carry it out.

Annette had been begging him to return, writing not like a woman basely abandoned by a seducer, but in full confidence of his good intentions and full expectation that he would carry them out. We know this from one long letter to him and one to Dorothy, both written by Annette at Blois on March 20, 1793. This double epistle was found by Prof. Legouis in the archives of the Department of Loir-et-Cher, where it had been stowed away by the police who intercepted it nearly a hundred and thirty years before. Other letters got through, however. Though the war between France and England continued unbroken till the spring of 1802, we know from Dorothy's correspondence that he received at least one in 1795 out of half a dozen which Annette despatched, and from her Grasmere Journal that letters came quite frequently in 1801 and 1802. Terrible as was the danger of a journey to France, the motive was compelling. What true man would not have taken his chances?

But considerations of this kind; considerations based on a cloudy fabric of wishes and possibilities, should yield to facts, and we must now examine the evidence. Apart from the general probability that an honourable man such as Wordsworth unquestionably was, prompted by a sensitive, conscientious, high-spirited sister, and drawn by the memory of a decent, intelligent woman whom he had wronged but not betrayed, and by the thought of a child whom he had acknowledged, would spare no effort to make amends for the past and provision for the future, we find the following elements of proof: *first*, Carlyle's anecdote; *second*, the entire lack of anything to show that Wordsworth was in Britain between August 1793 and February 1794; *third*, the military situation in France which was such, during part at least of those months, that an Englishman might pass through the lines without being molested; *fourth*, the circumstance that many British subjects are known

to have resided in Paris and other parts of France during the Terror; *fifth*, certain passages in 'The Prelude'; and *sixth*, an anecdote recorded by an honest and intelligent though inconspicuous man of letters named Alarie Watts.

Carlyle's statement is quite explicit. It is vivid itself and stands in a natural relation to what precedes and follows in the 'Reminiscences.' And although these wonderful pages of portraiture were not finished till 1867, Carlyle's panther-like quickness to seize details and his extraordinary memory must be taken into account. Many a point in history or theology rests upon no stronger testimony. Furthermore, it is true, as he reports Wordsworth to have said, that the execution of Gorsas produced an ominous feeling. The other Girondist deputies, though proscribed, some being in prison and others heading an insurrection against the Jacobins, were still hoping for amnesty or merciful treatment, and they had many friends in Paris. The relentless attitude of Robespierre and his associates towards Gorsas, who was discovered in the city, to which he had returned in disguise from Caen, the centre of rebellion, told the other Girondist leaders what they might expect and what actually occurred when twenty of them were beheaded on Oct. 31. Gorsas, both on account of his own importance as a journalist and politician and because he led the way to the scaffold, was of sufficient note to be a distinct figure in Carlyle's mind; and of course if Wordsworth witnessed the bloody deed he would remember only too vividly the scene and the victim and the date.

So far as I am aware, not a scrap of writing exists that was addressed to Wordsworth or written by him between August 1793 and February 1794, and though Dorothy in her letter of Aug. 30 to Jane Pollard, says that he is then in Wales and expresses the hope of seeing him at Christmas, this is the last we hear from her until the next year. I have sought in vain through many a volume of letters, reminiscences, etc., by Wordsworth's contemporaries for any reference to indicate that he was in his own country between the above dates.

The military situation was confused. The armies of the Allies lay upon the northern frontiers of France, and

yet there was trade between France and the rest of the world through some of the Hanseatic towns, even in 1794. The Breton royalists in June 1793, were masters of part of the valley of the Loire. The British navy, not without assistance from French royalists and moderates, was operating in the Mediterranean. On June 2 the Girondist or moderate deputies to the Convention were declared by their enemies, the Jacobins, who ruled in that body, to be in a state of domiciliary arrest. Many of them escaped from Paris to Normandy, making their headquarters at Caen, which became the centre of a formidable insurrection against the extremists in Paris. Gorsas was among the leaders at Caen. General Wimpfen, who commanded the Jacobin army in and around Cherbourg, went over to the insurgents and became their military chief. A confederation of three of the departments of Normandy was formed. Military expediency tempted the insurgents in this sea-bound corner of France, crowded as they were by the Jacobin forces on the east, to establish communications with the English. Wimpfen admitted to his fellow insurgents that he had connexions in England.* Gorsas, who was a deputy from the Department of Seine-et-Oise, appears to have been particularly obnoxious to the Jacobins, who singled him out in a charge of treason against the Republic on July 28. He was detected hiding in Paris and immediately beheaded, on Oct. 7. Already, on July 13, Charlotte Corday, having left Caen on the first of the month and found means of passing through the loosely drawn lines to Paris, had stabbed Marat. Thus we see that communication, though difficult and perilous, was more or less open, both at the sea-coast and between Normandy and Paris. It was evidently quite possible for a man who spoke French fluently, as Wordsworth did, to make his way to the capital. The various accounts of the tragic wanderings of some of the proscribed deputies, all over the west of France, show that they had a long tether and a wide field, though they were nearly all sooner or later captured and killed. From 'The Diary of Raoul Hesdin,' who claims to have been a spy in Paris during the Reign of Terror, a book

* See J. Guadet, 'Les Girondins,' II, 329.

based on facts, though not what it pretends to be, it is evident that many *émigrés*, who were in less danger than the Girondist deputies, ventured back into France. 'I believe it is not uncommon for such men,' he says, 'to return in disguise, either to give a last regard on the reliicks of their former splendour or to fetch away concealed jewels and papers.'

Curiously enough, one of the most impressive pieces of evidence that even proscribed persons could move about in France during the Terror, is the list of nobles who testified in 1816 to the assistance Annette Vallon had given to them and their friends by hiding them and speeding them on their journeys. Their statement and names have been printed by Prof. Legouis in his 'William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon.'

Christopher Wordsworth, the official biographer, knew a great deal more about his uncle's early life than he permitted himself to tell. Referring to the poet's withdrawal from France in December 1792 or January 1793, he says: 'If he had remained longer in the French capital he would, in all probability, have fallen a victim among the Brissotins, with whom he was intimately connected, and who were cut off by their rivals, the Jacobins, at the close of the following May.' Brissot, who had been much in England and America, was notable for his culture and his philanthropic zeal, even among his fellow Girondists, many of whom were highly educated and disinterested men, and sometimes his name was given to the whole group. Since Wordsworth, then, had been 'intimately connected' in the previous year with the chiefs of the rebellion of 1793, he could count upon their assisting him on his way to Paris, whence he would have less trouble in proceeding to Orleans or Blois to rejoin Annette.

Very few persons ever learn a foreign language well enough to pretend with success that it is their native speech, and sooner or later an Englishman in France would have been detected under the Terror when suspicion poisoned all social relations. He might pass a sentinel, but could hardly expect to deceive a hotel-keeper. So we must consider to what extent Englishmen were tolerated. I find that a considerable number of English, in spite of very violent decrees against their

remaining in France, did nevertheless remain, enduring a certain amount of official molestation from time to time and in some instances imprisonment, but in other instances enjoying a good deal of freedom. Omitting references to many English persons earlier in the year, I will mention the petition presented to the Convention on Oct. 10, 1793, by Sir Robert Smyth or Smith, James Hartley, Edward Slater, and Thomas Marshall, protesting against a decree of internment. On Oct. 16, the Convention ordered that with certain exceptions all foreigners who were subjects of governments at war with the Republic should be confined till peace was declared.* But as a similar order had been issued earlier in the month, it appears that these decrees were not strictly enforced. Many instances of English people residing in France and moving about from place to place are given in a curious book, published in London in 1797, 'A Residence in France during the years 1792, 1793, 1794, and 1795; described in a Series of Letters from an English Lady,' though I suspect that it was in large part composed by its editor, John Gifford, a notorious anti-revolutionary hack writer. The poetess, Helen Maria Williams, was in France before, during, and after the Terror, being well known as a sympathiser with the Revolution. When Wordsworth crossed to France in November 1791, he carried a letter of introduction to her, and the belief that she was still at Orleans, whence, however, she had just removed, was no doubt one of his reasons for going there. Her friend, John Hurford Stone, went from France to England in February 1793, but returned to Paris in the following May. From a little manuscript book by Mrs John Davy, a sister-in-law of Sir Humphry Davy, entitled 'Memories of William Wordsworth,' I once copied out a conversation between the poet and Mrs Davy's mother, in which he seems again to have been taken off his guard, as he was in his talk with Carlyle, for he discoursed about Helen Maria Williams and indulged in reminiscences of the French Revolution.

In 'The Prelude' there is, of course, no admission that he returned to France in 1793. Indeed, so far as

* See Ernest Hamel, 'Précis de l'histoire de la Révolution française,' p. 303.

external facts are concerned, 'The Prelude' is not a safe guide even for the year 1792, for the poet deliberately and carefully blends Orleans with Blois and avoids exact statements of time. But in regard to his own emotional life 'The Prelude' is extraordinarily minute and trustworthy. There are two passages in the tenth book which are pertinent to the subject of this paper. The first, lines 62 to 93, obviously refers to his brief sojourn in Paris on his way home from Orleans to England at the close of 1792. But the emotions described, the distrust of the fickle city, the fear of massacre, the sense of lonely helplessness, were not such as he would have been likely to feel at that time; they were, on the other hand, precisely what he would have felt seven or eight months later. In an attic room of a hotel the young man kept watch at night, with a burning candle, trying to read, but haunted with dread, until

'The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.'

All careful students of Wordsworth, especially if they have examined Prof. de Sélincourt's edition of 'The Prelude,' know that he frequently transferred the record of an emotional state to some other time or place than those which had originally called it forth. However, I attach less importance to the above-mentioned passage than to another which begins at line 397 of Book X and continues to line 415:

'Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable;
Through months, through years, long after the last beat
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,
Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth
And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me

In long orations, which I strove to plead
 Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
 Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
 In the last place of refuge—my own soul.'

A variant reading given on page 580 of de Sélinecourt's edition contains phrases which are surely more applicable to the dispersed Girondists than to the prisoners of September :

'such hauntings of distress
 And anguish fugitive in woods, in caves
 Concealed.'

The massacres in the prisons in September 1792 were enough to have occasioned these revulsions in a sensitive mind, but strangely enough Wordsworth, who was at Orleans when they took place, accepted these horrible events as if they were the inevitable, though of course regrettable, by-products of the Revolution, which was in the main so glorious and so beneficial that they might be overlooked. This description of his dreams must refer to a later stage, the Reign of Terror in the strict sense, when his fellow-idealists, his heroes and former associates, were being dragged from their dungeons to the guillotine. He probably had no personal acquaintances among the victims of September 1792, while among those of October 1793, were men whose lot he had recently thought of sharing.

These five elements of evidence, only one of which is both positive and documentary, but all of which are congruous with one another, build up a probability that Wordsworth, anxious to marry Annette and bring her to England or live with her in France, left his own country in September 1793, landed on the coast of Normandy at some point where his friends the Girondists were in force, made his way through the lines of the Jacobin army to Paris, witnessed there the execution of Gorsas on Oct. 7, realised from that event the irresistible power of Robespierre, and was unable to proceed to Blois where the Vallon family lived. Annette Vallon, her two sisters, and her rascally brother Paul, who was a royalist spy, were themselves in great danger, for they were engaged in assisting nobles and royalist priests to

escape into Brittany. If the brave young Englishman had reached Blois he would only have added to the complications and perils of Annette's life. The complete victory of Robespierre's party, the extermination of the Girondist leaders, the rout of their followers, and the triumph of the Republican armies over the foreign foes of France, must have made it impossible for him to escape had he delayed longer, and he certainly could not have brought Annette and Caroline with him.

There is one other mention of Wordsworth's being in France at this time. It contains an inaccuracy, which may easily be accounted for, but appears otherwise trustworthy. Alaric Watts, who was the editor of an *Annual Anthology* and thus acquainted with most of the literary figures in England between 1825 and 1850, mentions an old Republican named Bailey who 'had met Wordsworth in Paris, and having warned him that his connexion with the Mountain rendered his situation there at that time perilous, the poet, he said, decamped with great precipitation.' The inaccuracy of course is in the mention of the Mountain, which was a name for the Jacobin faction, or in the substitution of 'connexion with' for 'opposition to.'

GEORGE McLEAN HARPER.

Art. 4.—SOME IDEALS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

An Inquiry into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Civilisation. By Thomas Lloyd. The 'Statist' Office, 1926.

To rearrange the world, to set the times right, has been the desire, and sometimes the endeavour, of all manners of men, angry, pitiful, quixotic or ambitious, since long before the Flood; and as the above work, a portentous volume, suggests, the provision of would-be reformers, as of pessimists and prophets, is far more certain than the future supply of coal. In this book the late Mr Thomas Lloyd has set himself an impossible task. His intentions were excellent—intentions generally are excellent—but it needs more than the equipment of an economist, even although it is fortified with hard reading in ancient history and a sincere desire to improve and to secure the conditions of human brotherhood, to fulfil the brave intention of this work, which is at once unwieldy and scrappy. After an interesting and suggestive account of prehistoric times and possibilities, beginning with the Piltdown man, Mr Lloyd inquires into the truth and certainties of the Ice Age, with its effect on such civilisations as had been established and lost during some hundred thousand years; and then, with a surprising flight and transformation, he comes to a close study of modern Banking systems, and incidentally pours scornful and not well-justified criticism on the Victorian teachers of Political Economy.

It is a pity that his work was not better co-ordinated, more carefully revised, and to some extent abridged before publication, by a considerate hand; for there are frequent repetitions. References are made to Ireland as if an Irish Free State had not been established, and to the 'last census' of 1911; while the hope is expressed that in the post-War settlement 'the Turks will be swept away.' These remarks show that the book was written some few years ago; since when, there have been many upheavals in a world of electrical and changeful political conditions, with very rapid progress, or retrogression, here and there. Bulky as Mr. Lloyd's work is, it is merely one brick in the edifice to be reared if his

excellent purpose of examining and afterwards improving our ordered existence is to be realised. His statements, as his palliatives, are far too limited and partial. While we appreciate his sincerity and good intentions we cannot help feeling that his purpose would have been served in a more general and compact book.

The volume is useful less in what it says than in what it suggests. It reminds us that Civilisation is ever in a fluid condition, changing with the times, geographical circumstances, and racial ideals. Ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, mediæval Florence, the Spain of Philip, the recent Prussian Empire, and the British Commonwealth of Nations, as it is and is to be, are complete expressions of elaborate civilisations as different from each other as well could happen. The ancient civilisations, whose remains adorn the drift of the wilderness in Asia, Africa, and America north and south, though the best known of them, Assyria and Egypt, flourished only some ten thousand years ago, were the cradles of practical science and learning. They were the pioneers of the discoveries of to-morrow. And with all our organised wealth and mechanical skill, the successful conquest of earth and sea and air, submarines and wireless, can we achieve greater intellectual triumphs than were the rewards of those earliest known masters with their primitive instruments? Can we improve on the works of Praxiteles and Socrates? Is the mind of the average European of to-day more cultured than was that of the average citizen of Greece who knew Leonidas? Are we able to build better than the Romans, who established roads still in service throughout Europe and built the Colosseum? Can we excel the works of those mediæval masters, Leonardo and Michel Angelo?

Modern civilisation has its victories, colossal victories; yet in some, and in many, respects it is inferior to the civilisation of thousands of years ago; in other words, as with the growth of a plant or nation, civilisations rise, flourish, are stationary; and then decay and die. There is nothing more simply pathetic sometimes than to discover on a buried wall the scrawled writing of a forgotten Roman soldier, or some fragment of pottery or pavement which speaks of humanity happy or usefully employed in an hour long lost. The hoarded

treasures of a Tutankhamen are rich with the pathos of fallen dreams. It is needless to sentimentalise over this evidence of the victory of Time and his dust; but it is well to realise that civilisation is a living circumstance; and that it is the natural process of living things, when they have served their purpose, to fade and die; unless they and their usefulness may be renewed meanwhile.

The modern world has its peculiar form of civilisation, slowly wrought through centuries of religious tribulation, the fight for individual liberty, gradual and extraordinary scientific advancement, and what is rather loosely known as the Industrial Revolution. It is based upon reason and organised wealth—common-sense and capital—and finds general approval through the instrumentality of free parliaments, acting upon the accepted principle that every man has the right to do his best for himself, so long as he does not thereby injure, or even infringe upon, the rights and happiness of others. Obviously, these principles are ideal, and in every country where they have been accepted, they are modified according to local precedents and traditions, intelligence and good-will. But even in Russia, under Tsar Lenin or the unhappy Tsar Nicholas, lip-service, at any rate, was paid to the rights of subjects to express themselves through popular institutions, the Duma or the Soviet; although, in both cases, when it came to a possibility of putting the promised ideal into effective practice the potentate did not permit.

The Great War was a supreme test of modern civilisation and almost broke it down. The trial was crucial, as it was bound to be when almost the whole world was involved in it, and the protagonists were Germany, elaborately organised, rich, powerful, prepared, and Great Britain, infinitely resourceful, dutiful, conscious of responsibilities expressed upon parchment—to her no scrap of paper—and in the long tradition which, with all her faults, mistakes, and committed wrongs, had made her the recognised champion of the enslaved and down-trodden. The vast consequent destruction of life and wealth, the mad exhaustion of capital, much of it spent in further efforts and instruments to destroy, and in large measure irreplaceable, were more than sufficient

to alter the values of social life; but the material loss was less than the spiritual.

For the first time it was brought home to the thoughtful in the great family of Mankind that the maxims they had tried, or pretended, to live by, too often were little more than mere words in their effect, and that the strongest and proudest conditions of earthly circumstance under that crisis proved a brittle vanity. Kaisers and Kings, whose power was based upon force and national pride alone—shining armour and the mailed fist (the wicked old phrases!)—were tumbled down wholesale, in collapse as absolute as that of ninepins in a skittle-alley. It is true that the shocks and their reverberations of the earthquakes of 1914, also proved that thrones based upon a people's will and faith, and the courtesy and simplicity of just and considerate government, were even strengthened by the common suffering, sacrifice, and courage involved. They stood, in the poet's phrase, four-square to all the winds that blew, and they endured. But see the contrast. Look first upon that picture and on this! The royal mission to Australia, where a gracious Duke and his simple-hearted Duchess are received rapturously, because of loyalty and home-ties, by the most democratic community in the world; with the unlovely solitude of the exile of Doorn, whose self-conceit and insufficiencies of heart, mind, and character in large measure brought crushing defeat to a confident people. Material might, after incalculable stress, catastrophe, and the illusions and parade of tinsel 'glory,' was brought to nothing; while constitutional monarchy was justified, and autocracies were swept away, to be restored only in ignorant and unhappy Russia. So, in ruin and doubt, the end came to a definite chapter of organised energy and material progress; and although much has been done in the nine years spent, and not too well-spent, since the Armistice of 1918, to clear away the débris and renew the world, the conditions need a vigorous and a bold rebuilding. The civilisation of to-morrow must be essentially different from that of yesterday. Our feet are standing on the threshold of the mighty future. What shall we do?

At the outset it is necessary to recognise what will be the first distinguishing note of the new conditions. Pre-

diction is futile, especially in the realm of politics; and is even more futile with international politics over a range world-wide. There is no limit to the future possibilities of racial development or endeavour, as is illustrated by Mr Thomas Lloyd's casual hope that the Turks were to be swept away. He was not alone in that expectation when his thought was written. Pretty well everybody in those hours of rapid optimism was confident that even although the Ottoman people would still exist, it would be as a fourth-rate state in Asia Minor; and that Constantinople at last would be wrested from them and occupied by a Christian Power. We now can wonder pleasantly which of the Christian Powers could have occupied Stamboul with the acquiescence of the others. Yet, we see, that not merely have the Turks refused to be swept away; but, reformed and apparently rejuvenated, under the leadership of Kemal Pasha, and through their own irrepressible vitality, they promise to become a new power in the Near East, possibly even, on the whole, a beneficent power: although, remembering, as we do, the hopes aroused by the successful revolt of the Young Turks, twenty years ago, against the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and utterly disappointing as the sequel proved, we cannot speak with confidence on that particular. In any case, the surprising refusal of the Turkish Government and people to vanish in compliance with the convenience of the West illustrates the truth that in international politics there is no sure prediction.

In spite of such uncertainties it is probable that the first note of the next stage in the renewal of Civilisation will be Order, Organisation. This is, indeed, not exactly prophecy; it is, rather, a simple deduction from realised experience. The League of Nations was a genuine inspiration and attempt of President Woodrow Wilson to put overturned, unhappy Europe into new order and to safeguard peace in the future; and although its author seems to have been little esteemed for it anywhere, mainly because his own countrymen, through their party politics, repudiated it and have remained aloof from the resettlement of the stricken Old World in a way which sometimes has looked selfish, it still should be regarded as an ideal realised, a splendid ideal, a risen star, pale as

yet, and far from the first magnitude, but, in its ascension from the bloody mirk, a light of hope for the future of the world; and Woodrow Wilson should be honoured as one of those, the great few, whose lives have resulted in the strengthening of human security and progress.

Not that the League of Nations is yet strongly enough established to resist any and every storm that might arise. It is a fortunate thing that, owing to the exhaustion of after the war, there is a desire on the part of the leading nations to try the methods of peace, and to turn some of their swords into factory machines and ploughshares; for if an angry and greedy quarrel between two proud, or foolish, nations did arise, with the means to make ill deeds done plentifully available, it is to be feared that those many ladies and gentlemen who meet periodically at Geneva for elaborate talk would have to pack and go homewards hurriedly, leaving the headquarters of the League to stand as pitiful an empty mockery of good intentions as the unused Palace of Peace built at The Hague by the last of the Romanoffs.

In spite of weakness and uncertainties, due to the greatness of the experiment and the circumstances that the nations at present comprising the League are almost as diverse in character and anticipations as humanity itself, the League has survived successfully the critical years of the doubtful beginning, and in industrial respects, at all events, has made good progress. It can be said, even now, that under the leadership of M. Thomas, the industrial section of the League has accomplished much which could not have been realised without it, at least for an incalculable number of years. That being so, and as nothing succeeds like success, we may take it that with time and experience and a better working mutual acquaintanceship among the delegated nations, it will gradually grow ripe enough and sufficiently strong to increase its scope, and to help to establish its pre-eminent purpose, a permanent peace. Already through the historic Conference at Washington the five leading nations have agreed to limit their naval forces; and already the tendency is moving towards the reduction of the organised forces of the world to the comparative dimensions of an international police, strong enough to ensure that the lesser breeds without the law, as Mr

Kipling has frankly called them; the brigand or the savage races, shall not presume on the weakness of those who had sacrificed their strength to secure an ideal.

So that we can regard the League of Nations, that brightest flower in the otherwise dark harvest of the War, as the promise of the order of civilisation next to come. The gradual co-ordination and union of nations is to be the slow process of the future, and probably will continue, doubtless with many fears and suspicions meanwhile; until, adding agreement to agreement and pact to pact, gradually strengthening international sympathies and confidence, as it goes along, it will be possible some day to realise that further unities and combinations of nations, following the example of the British Commonwealth, have come about. Already the more imaginative and serious statesmen of the Old World are sounding the possibilities of a European union of states; so that even although present incompatibles must belong to it—the Balkans in peaceful congress together, and France with Germany, Italy with Austria—it will be recognised even by the worst enemies in the old régime that in spite of inherited jealousies, traditional hatreds, jostling frontiers, and the pressure of the home populations, war is not the helpful cure to those conditions. War merely proves the old saying that 'Might (which may be wrong) is Right.' Mutual co-operation, inquiry, and adjudication, with compromise, are the only true means of securing a fair and lasting settlement. Every race has its right to a place in the sun; and the right to nothing more than a fair share of the sun and a suitable place. The dream of such a Union of the States of Europe may be, and must at present appear, Utopian to the less imaginative and more numerous citizens of the world; but many a Utopian dream has been fulfilled, in part at least, and the visionary who can foresee things and inspire them, is as true and permanent a builder of the better future as the man whose thoughts and eyes, however clever and practical he be, are fixed upon the present and do not soar beyond the limits of the day.

Organisation cannot be everything, or of itself do much, for the renewal of civilisation, as the problem is essentially human; and natural mankind is too fixed in

its ways and rightly obstinate to be easily docketed, put into departments, and so disposed of. The world will not be saved by Acts of Parliament; and 'Verboten' has proved a less effective word than 'If You Please.' Therefore, beside the necessity of order in the renewal of Civilisation, and even beyond it, is the need of a considerate and reasonable spirit among men. The end for statesmen to endeavour after should be the simple happiness of their countrymen. Confidence, security, peace, prosperity, happiness. This may seem a bald, poor way of expressing the purpose of all the labours and efforts, the elections, votes, and discussions of the Parliaments; but is it not precisely true? The proper purpose of life, when reduced to simple terms, for every man, woman, and child of us, is to cultivate the garden, according to the principle of Pangloss; to do the day's work honestly that dependents may enjoy their necessary nourishment, health, strength, and security; and so establish the enduring happiness of the common people. It is that and nothing more, whether the household be British, French, Burmese, American, or Peruvian. A civilisation which in the future does not produce and safeguard the happiness of its simplest citizens must be self-condemned; for anything other than that implies some form of selfish government, harshness, and cruelty, with penal laws and their consequences. The future civilisation, if it is not to fail, must bring a greater and wider unity to mankind, and mutual co-operation and dependence, practical and spiritual; but yet with the opportunity given to every human being to express his personality freely, so long as his right development does not unduly hamper his fellows. It is extremely doubtful if Socialism will be any part of that régime; for already its fatal weaknesses have been found out.

Again, and as before, commerce must be the most compelling link among nations and the principal influence in the new civilisation; and although there is no present view of such a far-off, desirable contingency being established, it is earnestly to be wished that real freedom of trade, and not such a nominal and partial system as existed here before the War, shall be the universally accepted rule and practice. England suffered unfairly through her former one-sided system of Free

Trade. She duly gave, but did not duly receive. As things were, the former system brought her some advantages—cheap food and raw material for her newly-sprung factories; but her great commercial and industrial progress in the 19th century was mainly due to causes other than freedom of trade; among them being her geographical position, an island with convenient natural harbours close to the continent of Europe and the nearest in access to the New World; her wonderful and easily available stores of mineral wealth, especially of iron and coal; her rapid development of railways, a circumstance stressed by Mr Thomas Lloyd—but it is needless to detail advantages compactly explained in every school-book of commercial geography.

Whatever Free Trade may have done for Great Britain in the past, such a restricted expression of it as then she knew was frustrated absolutely through the refusal of other countries to adopt the theory and to practise it. Cobden failed, although his purpose was a noble one. The nations of the world in his day were not ready to apply his teachings. They lived for themselves alone; but experience and the alliances of the War have stimulated a new vision and spirit of co-operation; and a complete and universal—a true—freedom of trade may some day be possible. It is certainly desirable; for if the mutual trust of competing nations could permit the establishment of such an agreement and practice, abolishing all protective tariffs and barriers, obviously the wealth, prosperity, contentment, happiness of the world would be enhanced enormously. It is an economic truism that as every nation differs from the others in climate and a particular capacity for producing certain goods—wine or cotton or tea—it would be foolish to produce inferior articles not natural to the new place of growth, when the same thing in the best form and value can be secured by exchange for one's own superior goods.

In the new chapter of civilisation, therefore, it should be recognised by statesmen that a real Freedom of Trade among nations is more than desirable—is, indeed, necessary; and the fact that the attainment of so great an advantage and guarantee of peace, is yet as distant and visionary as the shadowy mountains of promise looming

beyond the mists of international jealousy and doubts, should not discourage them; for statesmen, as distinct from mere politicians, are those who, looking across the years, foresee, plan, and persuade accordingly. These considerations belong, after all, to the practical politics of the comparatively near future and should be striven for. The free play of commercial activity and opportunity must greatly enrich the world; a condition of peculiar importance now when every nation which took part in the War is loaded to the neck with debt or the obligations of reparations. Until such burden is greatly reduced mankind will be as a giant with energies fettered by heavy chains on hands and feet. Therefore, let there be economy, retrenchment public and personal; and again economy.

In the renewed civilisation, it is seen, there must be greater cohesion and co-operation among the peoples. After all, why should races be for ever discordant and quarrelling with each other? While history provides numerous instances of conquering races that have absorbed those whom they had conquered, as well as of nations which, although conquered, were not submerged and ended by absorbing the conquerors, it shows as well how often ancient and bitter enemies in time have become fused together with one common sense of nationhood and ideals. The story of this island is evidence enough of that truth; so that it is possible to believe, under the necessity of coming to agreement or of failing to exist, that even such angry and suspicious rivals as Germany and France might—and must—join in mutual toleration, co-operation, and amity if the renewed Civilisation, of which they are to be parts, is to work. Undoubtedly, momentous changes first must come, the old contentions, fears, and narrowness, bitter and lasting as they were, must be forgotten in a world which, through more and increasingly rapid means of intercommunication, is yearly shrinking, and through complexities of banking and the spread of commercial organisations is being ever more closely interwoven. There is no resisting these tendencies in the end. They are inevitable; so that the sooner those who can influence thought and realise facts can get to work with it, the better.

To fulfil such a brilliant desire, of course, cannot be the province of statesmen only. Governments and the chancelleries, after all, at best can only administer and promote the obvious, practical, material needs and opportunities of their peoples. To touch the spirit, and the primal essentials of any renewed civilisation must be spiritual, Religion and the arts—the fine arts and humanities—are the paramount means. But religion! How is it that, with the beauty and simplicity of the example of Christ prominent before us, the mere thought of securing religious unity and mutual tolerance, and such serviceable loving-kindness as was the outstanding strength of the Saviour of the World, causes a feeling of hopelessness? For nineteen hundred years, and more, the record of Christianity has often been dreadful. It began under persecution; it continued largely through persecution; and to-day often it seems as if the majority were drifting to lethargy, lapsing to indifference over the supreme concern. If Civilisation is to be renewed the practice of those who believe in Christ, whatever their choice of Church may be, also must be renewed. This is not the place in which to examine, or condemn, the tendencies of the religious communities of Europe and the world as to-day we see them; but in discussing, however briefly, the great subject which has been suggested by Mr Lloyd's book, it is impossible to ignore the mightiest of all influences of human progress and moral betterment.

Religion as it was even in the days of the so-called religious wars, when parties strove through blood and treachery to establish what they held was the true faith in Christ, was the power most fully and profoundly moving and controlling the hearts and purposes of mankind; and, therefore, must be looked upon as the likeliest and noblest agency for procuring human good in the future. That being so, it stands to reason that if it is to be a stable influence in the renewed Civilisation and to make universal appeal, religion must revert to its original simplicity. It must appeal to all men and not to the eclectic few. Christ, and not His Churches, saved the world; therefore, if the Churches are further to avoid the drift to indifference and be again centres of spiritual and social service, of hope and ideals, they

must drop the excrescences they have put on; doff the ornate ritual and formalities of mediævalism and magic, and instead live faithfully according to the Gospel of Christ as taught by His apostles twelve.

The present condition has permitted endless unsettlements, uncertainties, and doubts, heart-breaking; with all manner of experiments and tricksters—Shakers and mediums, false gods, false guides and sentimentalists—to mislead those who need the lasting comfort of the divine. The superstitious and mental and moral riot and crankiness which in recent years have troubled the world must go; for who should presume to dabble in the mighty mysteries of which Christ said nothing, and thereby often lead the weaker of mind and fearful of heart to madness? But more important still, the true and truly accepted guides, the ministers and priests who are living and working according to the simple calls of their creed, must be outspoken, and shame the devil—which is worldly selfishness and cruelty—with all their hearts.

After Religion, as influences in building the renewed order of civilisation, come the 'Humanities'—Arts and Literature. Again, apparently, we are touching an obvious truth; for, of course, the Arts that realise the beauty and truth of life and make them permanent, a joy for ever, are essential to any uplifting of heart and spirit. But the application is not so obvious, after all; for, in a way, the arts will flourish in any civilisation, as they have done especially in periods of decadence. The history of Florence is the sufficient proof of that. The painters, sculptors, poets, romanticists, and musicians will remain with us as resolutely as the poor; but something more is required of them if the renewed Civilisation is to be established worthily. Greatness of aim, of vision, of thought, and greatness of venture—that is what especially is required, and nothing less than that in any age of nobler enlightenment. The ordinary stuff so easily outpoured from paint-box and word-machine may be sufficient for ordinary times; but if the renewed order is not to be loftier than this of the post-war and that of the pre-war years, it can only mean that the arc of human aspiration has passed the zenith and is descending: a conclusion intolerable, impossible to accept.

It may, however, be asked, But how to attain the greatness required of ideal and accomplishment? It is not to be realised by thinking of it, or merely by desiring it; any more than one is able to hold fire in the hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus. Greatness can only come from life itself. If the environment be sordid, mean, or entirely worldly, greatness of heart and purpose cannot spring from it. Therefore, slums and the mean streets, too often nests of foul disease and sin, must be abolished and decent conditions made. Nature and the beauty of the world are ever calling to humanity, offering their inspiration and refreshment. So why continue to endure base ugliness? There is a nobler wealth than riches, and it is really more useful. The money-grubber has never achieved anything but his pile of golden muck. The man of small thoughts was never of any lasting use to his fellow-creatures. It is true that often genius has come from lowly origins and circumstances of poverty. Shakespeare, Burns, Keats, Blake, Turner, occur, at once, as instances of that. But there was something behind their upbringing: healthy forbears, noble and serious purpose, strength of spirit which stimulated their powers; and, after all—there, in those words, we have something of the influences required supremely in the renewed civilisation.

Ideals are the absolute essentials of the future. Where no vision is, no civilisation can persist. Material security also is necessary; but it is not enough, for the merely material is bound eventually to pass beyond control and so become a dangerous greed. Trusts and combines in the future cannot be permitted to continue to spread and establish an autocracy of their own. An underlying and yet a governing principle of the new régime must be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Let that be the last word in this very brief and merely suggestive survey of vast and infinite possibilities.

MARTIN G. WELSH.

Art. 5.—THE HAUNTS OF THE RAVEN AND BUZZARD.

'It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent turn below.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.'

So wrote William Wordsworth, more than a hundred years ago, of one of the loneliest and most beautiful spots in romantic Westmoreland, and the lines strike a singularly appropriate note, for there is something in the raven's croak that accords well with the spirit of the Red Tarn and the jagged precipices of Helvellyn, over which history has cast an atmosphere of tragic gloom. Austere indeed, and magnificent in their loneliness, must those mountains have been when 'the shepherd' of the poem made his melancholy discovery on the shores of the sombre little lake, and the poet himself inscribed those other and equally famous lines upon the smooth rock which witnessed 'the brothers' parting.' In those days the golden eagle still terrorised the hills, and it was the harsh scream of the royal bird which 'by fits' broke the stillness when Scott in his turn

'... climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,'

to view the wonderful panorama of lakes and mountains spread wide below.

A century has passed. The eagle has gone ; while the tourist, the fell-climber, and other products of civilisation have robbed the mountains of much of their solitude, but, unchanged as the rugged hills themselves, the raven remains, possibly not so remote a descendant of the bird of the poem, for, if ancient accounts contain even a substratum of truth, the wild raven may attain an age little dreamed of even by the naturalist. Discounting the fantastic estimates of writers such as Hesiod, who ascribes to the bird a term of life exceeding by one hundred and eight times the three score years and ten

allotted to mankind, there appears to be no doubt that individual ravens in captivity have been known to live a century or more, upon the strength of which one might reasonably expect wild birds to enjoy an even longer existence. It is therefore, at least, within the bounds of possibility that the very bird whose croak awakes the echoes on Eagle Crag or the jagged Pikes of Dollywaggon, may actually have watched Wordsworth at work upon the rock, or, by a greater stretch of the imagination, have witnessed the memorable tragedy on Swirrel Edge, and even harassed the faithful solitary vigil of the ill-fated traveller's dog who remained

'. . . for three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.'

Romantic notions, perhaps, but the raven is essentially a romantic bird. His dark personality has figured conspicuously in the folk-lore of all northern lands, and, wherever he occurs, an atmosphere of romance invests him still. There is an ancient legend, not generally known, to the effect that when King Arthur passed 'to the great deep' whence he had come, he did not die, but by enchantment took the form of a raven, in which disguise he still guards these shores until the appointed time when he shall reign again and recover his kingdom. This legend, as W. H. Hudson suggested, may be responsible for the old idea that the killing of a raven by any Englishman will certainly bring misfortune upon all concerned. That the average countryman has long since lost faith in such a belief is testified only too clearly by the complete banishment of the bird from the greater part of England, and one must follow him to his main stronghold in the rocks and cliffs of superstitious Cornwall—a far cry from the Cumbrian hills—to find him still enshrouded in the gloomy dignity of 'Denmark's grim raven,' the terrible bird that

'. . . seldom boding good,
Croaks its black auguries from some dark wood.'

Whether the 'enlightened' Cornishman of to-day still firmly believes that evil fortune must descend upon the house over which a raven's shadow passes I cannot say, but, were such the case, the Dartmoor village from

which I write must be an ill-fated spot indeed, for every morning with clockwork regularity a pair of ravens from the Skaigh eyrie sail slowly over, flying wide apart, as ravens always fly, calling intermittently to one another, or, as the country people might well imagine, invoking curses of awful import upon the cottages below. Daily during the winter months they take the same route, quitting their eyrie at the prescribed moment, and beating steadily south until their voices are lost in the distance. Where they go, or with what purpose, I have never been able to discover, but in late afternoon, about sundown, or a trifle earlier if the weather is bad, they may be heard returning, travelling homewards by a somewhat different route a mile or two east of their outward course.

These two birds made their appearance in the district a few years ago, and my first encounter with one of them—the male—was somewhat remarkable. Returning from an evening walk over the moors, my way lay near a quiet little larch plantation which is a favourite roosting place, and, hoping to surprise a pair of harriers, I approached cautiously, and was well inside the wood before the inevitable pigeons discovered me and clattered out. I was still anathematising these over-watchful sentinels, and scanning the grey mist of twigs for more interesting perchers, when a mightier fluttering drew my gaze to a patriarchal larch not far away, from which a huge dark bird rose heavily. It might have been a big crow, but, as it mounted with a lusty flapping of wings, a deep bull-like note boomed suddenly over the darkening landscape. There was no mistaking it, though never before within the memory of living man had the cry of a raven sounded from that wood. But better was to follow. The big bird circled overhead, then, seeing nothing, and deciding apparently that it must have been a false alarm, he swung in again, folded sable wings, and dropped to a perch within fifteen feet of me.

There he settled, black and huge against the sunset, his long hooked nose and ample proportions proclaiming his identity beyond question. All seemed well. His steely eye, losing some of its keenness in the gathering twilight, could not pierce the soft brown gloom beneath

him. He heard no sound save the moan of the night wind in the larches, and, edging cautiously away, I left him preening his glossy plumes as though nothing had happened. Within a week his mate arrived, and they have haunted the place ever since, nesting each spring in some adjacent woods, where the sound of their voices has become a prominent feature of the country-side.

It might be worth while to remark that the wood-pigeons whose favourite roosting-place was invaded upon that first night have now forsaken the neighbourhood entirely. Indeed, I will go so far as to assert that, to the best of my belief, since the coming of the ravens not a pigeon has nested or even roosted within a quarter of a mile of the spot. This may be mere coincidence, none the less, ravens must be anything save desirable neighbours from a feathered householder's point of view. It is not so much their amiable habit of carrying away the contents of any one else's nest to feed their own young that other birds have cause to dread, though the latter is a weighty consideration no doubt. It is rather their insane jealousy of anything else upon wings that makes their presence so particularly unpleasant for all concerned. In the case of the Skaigh eyrie, which I have under constant observation, scarcely a day passes during the nesting season without some one getting into trouble. That a pair of ravens will put an eagle to flight is well known, and, as far as these particular birds are concerned, all comers fare alike. Affairs with crows or magpies are of almost hourly occurrence, but I have never yet been able to witness a passage of arms between them and a heron, for a simple reason that herons, though common in the neighbourhood, studiously avoid that valley. Perhaps they are wise. The most comical episode I have seen as yet was the chase of a kestrel, which by its exceeding nimbleness and aptitude at dodging made light of pursuers and pursuit.

Far more interesting, however, was a difference of opinion between the owners of the eyrie and two buzzards, which I had the good fortune to witness when crossing the hill one quiet April afternoon. Where the raven occurs nowadays the buzzard may also be found as a rule, the conditions which have tended to

preserve the one species proving equally beneficial to the other. It is not unusual to see four or five of the big hawks circling over some high tor. I was not surprised, therefore, upon this occasion to observe a pair passing overhead. They were bound for some woods a couple of miles away where they usually breed, and nothing would have happened, had they not—unfortunately for themselves—diverged somewhat from their ordinary course, and sailed straight over the raven-tree.

I anticipated some entertainment then, and was not disappointed. There was an angry *ka-ka-ka-ka* from somewhere near the nest, and a second later both blackamoors burst up to do battle. The buzzards at first did not appear to take their antagonists very seriously. Accustomed doubtless to attacks from crows, they began to mount in a slow incline, mewing a little but otherwise undisturbed, having perfect confidence in their own ability to maintain a higher level. Such tactics might have answered well enough against crows, but to evade *Corvus Corax* and his mate more definite action was necessary. The buzzard, 'noblest of aeronauts' as he has justly been described, has at least one formidable rival in the matter of rapid ascent, and with that rival the birds in question had now to deal. Within a few moments the ravens were level with them, and then began as wonderful a soaring competition as the most ardent bird-lover could desire to see. Round and round in a superb spiral swept the buzzards, much perturbed now, but graceful and still-winged as ever, while in close attendance, less elegant yet displaying marvellous powers of evolution, there wheeled and hurtled the two grim ravens, certainly not losing in the race, and directing their joint attack against either of the hawks as opportunity served. Their tactics were the same that crows and ravens always adopt in such cases. While one engaged the buzzard's attention, the other would endeavour to mount above it with obvious but futile intent, for invariably a quick swerve followed by a single flap of the buoyant wings would lift the big hawk well out of harm's way. And so they rose, up and away into the blue, until the unaided eye could no longer follow their gyrations. How the affair ended I

cannot say, but, when I returned by the same path an hour later, the ravens were again on duty.

But, formidable as he is, the lordly *Corax* does not always have things his own way. Two or more carrion crows will not infrequently unite to put him to flight, while rooks and doubtless gulls at times find it necessary to take combined action against the tyrant. Again, upon the sea-shore he has at least one enemy for whom he entertains a very wholesome respect, that being none other than the somewhat uninteresting and particularly harmless-looking oyster-catcher. Between these two birds there appears to exist a confirmed hostility—there is probably cause for it upon the oyster-catcher's side—and, by a curious inconsistency common among birds and beasts, even as a fox retires from the comparatively insignificant ferret, or the most courageous hawk from the seemingly inoffensive missel-thrush, so the indomitable raven goes quietly about his business elsewhere when an oyster-catcher appears on the scene.

There are times, too, when a rival claimant for the lordship of an ocean cliff arrives in the shape of the fierce and arrogant peregrine, who has no fear of pick-axe beaks and will not tolerate impudence from any one. Unlike the easy-going buzzard, the falcon is ready enough to join issue with the black bully, and in such a case the chances of battle are all against the raven, particularly if he presumes to act single-handed. A description of such an encounter, which was sent to me not long ago, reads as follows :

'I had seen no ravens since I went up Pen-y-fan to the Brecon Beacons in 1912, where there was a colony of seven, and very fine birds they were. They looked larger than those which I saw two or three times a week at Beer. They were generally with the jackdaws on the edge of the cliff, close to the Coastguard Station, and above the rock called Hookem Down, where they nested on an outstanding crag. One day I heard the well-known croak behind me, and there was one of my friends in full combat with a peregrine just above the cliff. The falcon had him down in about two seconds, and, mounting some forty feet, hovered over him for a few minutes, daring him to come up again, after which he sailed leisurely away.'

The raven, as stated in another part of the letter, was found to be dead.

The stock story of Gilbert White's raven who remained upon her nest while the tree was actually felled, and perished in the final crash, must strike any one who knows the bird as strangely unraven-like. One cannot but think that some little elucidating circumstances has inadvertently been omitted. It is often so with tales of the kind, particularly when the narrator was not himself a witness of the incident. However that may be, the brooding raven of to-day behaves in a very different manner. At all times wary and grimly observant, nothing can exceed her vigilance when upon the nest even as elsewhere, and, far from sitting tight until the tree is chopped down, she is off and away before an intruder is as much as in sight. No matter how guardedly one approaches the eyrie, whether creeping like an Indian through bushes or under cover of darkness, it is nearly impossible to surprise either the brooding bird or her equally watchful mate. It is always the same story. Up to a certain point one appears to be getting on very well. Half an hour of laborious creeping and stalking brings one within perhaps fifty yards of the nest. Its dark bulk is visible through the tree-tops. All seems quiet. There is no apparent reason for supposing that one's approach has been detected, until suddenly, high overhead, there sounds the challenging voice, and one realises that both birds are there, sweeping round and round on tireless wings, having dropped, as it seems, from the clouds rather than risen from the tree-tops. They have sensed—for they could not have seen—the danger while it was still far away, and, sliding silently off, the one from her nest, the other from his perch near by, have circled the hill, and, at a safe height, swept back to denounce the intruder.

So much for the ravens of cold reality, wild, wary, and self-preserving. Very little of the romantic Gilbert White spirit about them, one thinks. But wait! One advances slowly, and openly now, in the direction of the nest, and instantly there comes a startling change, a glimpse of another and very different side of the raven's character. The agitation of the big birds increases. The warning or protesting croak becomes an angry barking cry, with a note of menace in it as well as distress, and lower and lower they come, swooping in

rapid and ever-narrowing circles over the tree-tops. They no longer display the slightest fear for themselves. Their one anxiety is for the safety of that nest, or, rather, its precious contents, and one wonders what would happen were one disposed to undertake the hazardous climb, and actually inspect or handle the three mottled sea-green eggs. Probably nothing, for they are but birds after all, and rarely, outside story-books, can a bird bring itself to attack a human being. But another thought—a somewhat disturbing one—crosses the observer's mind. What if the keeper stood in one's place, his sole interest the destruction of these courageous, but admittedly mischievous birds, or the yokel, positively unable to resist the temptation to discharge his gun at so easy a target? Little wonder that the raven, shy, shrewd, and gun-wise as he is, has become nearly extinct in Old England.

The home of a pair of ravens can scarcely hope to remain undiscovered, thanks mainly to the publicity given to it by the owners themselves. In this respect they display an unaccountable lack of discrimination, and, not content with protesting when the nest is actually in danger, must needs thrust themselves into notice by challenging any one who passes within a quarter of a mile of the place. It is fortunate that another and more protective instinct induces them almost invariably to choose an inaccessible building site. Upon an ocean cliff, or among the high mountains the nest is usually placed on some projecting shelf or buttress, which entirely screens the structure from below, and cannot be reached without the aid of ropes and proper appliances. The rocky cliffs, however, represent the final refuge rather than the chosen home of these birds. For choice they are branch-builders, and when, as occasionally happens, a stunted yew or fir secures a foothold in some crevice on the sheer face of the cliff, the raven, like the eagle, is tolerably safe to make his nest among the wind-bitten boughs. In the case of inland eyries, my own observation has led me to suspect that the 'raven-tree,' about which old writers had so much to say, is something of a poetical myth. As far as I have been able to observe, a nest is used but once as a rule, though another may be built in the same tree the following year, or for two or

three years in succession. The Skaigh ravens nested for two seasons in a great oak, using in turn two huge crotches, one a few feet above the other, after which the tree was deserted in favour of an adjacent spruce—a far less secure position. Again, old pairs appear to have alternative eyries, which they use when the fancy takes them, and that is the probable explanation when favourite spots are forsaken for a few years without apparent cause. After the lapse of a season or two, an old site may be reoccupied, and a fresh nest built upon the remains of a former one, such being a habit common to the entire crow family. The ruin, however, if allowed to remain, forms no essential part of the new structure, nor have I known an instance of the same nest serving as a nursery for even two years in succession.

Under no circumstances can the raven truly be described as a bird who adopts solitary habits for choice, the apparent loneliness of his life being the outcome of circumstance rather than inclination. On the contrary, he displays a particular liking for companionship, as any one who has known him in captivity cannot fail to have observed. He is, moreover, capable of strong friendship towards other animals as well as human beings. Among many instances, Stanley* describes a remarkable attachment which existed between a tame raven and a dog, with whom the bird actually went hunting. The anecdote, as told in his 'Familiar History of Birds,' runs as follows :

'The landlord of an inn, in Cambridgeshire, was in possession of a raven which frequently went hunting with a dog that had been bred up with him. On their arrival at a cover, the dog entered, and drove the hares and rabbits from the thicket, whilst the raven, posted outside, seized every one that came in his way; when the dog immediately hastened to his assistance, and, by their joint efforts, nothing escaped.'

Knowing something of the raven's effective manner of dealing with a rabbit, one would imagine that he required very little 'assistance' in that particular department, and further suspect that haste upon the dog's part was not disinterested. Such reflexions, however, are

* Edward Stanley, D.D., F.G.S., Lord Bishop of Norwich. President of the Linnean Society (1838).

beside the point. In the wild state the bird is scarcely gregarious. Anything approaching a flock of ravens would be a distinctly unusual sight, but this is due rather to the scarcity of the species than lack of gregarious instinct. In districts where they are at all plentiful they assemble at times in considerable numbers, like magpies, for purposes known only to themselves, and I have counted as many as fourteen holding solemn conclave upon the crags and pinnacles of a high rock overlooking the Ockment valley appropriately known as Raven Tor. On the other hand, it is almost as unusual to see a single bird. Excepting the three weeks or so during which the hen-bird is sitting, they are almost invariably seen in pairs, or, during late summer and autumn, in little companies of four or five, consisting of the parent birds and the newly-fledged brood. So little indeed does solitude appeal to the raven's taste that an old hen-bird, who has lost her mate, and cannot at her advanced time of life procure another, will sometimes attach herself to a mated pair, and, stranger still, the younger birds appear at least to tolerate her presence. When first I noticed one of these detached females hanging about an eyrie, I regarded the circumstance as unique, but information from other quarters has since convinced me that it is not unusual. The most curious point, however, has still to be mentioned. The elderly relative—or whatever she is—not caring to be altogether out of the running, actually makes a pretence of sitting upon her own account, like a broody old farmyard fowl, using any forsaken nest which may happen to be handy for this queer purpose. She makes quite as much fuss when driven off her imaginary clutch as the genuine sitter, so that it is difficult at times to ascertain where the *bona fide* eggs are lodged. In such cases I have been shown two or three different nests within a short distance of one another by reliable observers, each of whom claimed to have watched the mother bird in her comings and goings, and, having already located the true eyrie, was frequently at a loss to reconcile the contradictory assertions until chance solved the riddle.

When the young ravens chip shell, the mother bird is given to absenting herself from the nest for considerable periods upon foraging expeditions, and the male,

delighted, as it seems, at regaining her companionship, invariably attends her. In this, I think, may be traced the origin of a curious old belief, recorded again by Stanley, whose interesting works, though ancient history now, are not perhaps as widely known as they deserve to be. Newly-hatched nestlings are seldom prepossessing little objects, and, when the unenlightened raven of olden times first set eyes upon her three or more little oddities, gaping and peculiarly uninviting in their scanty covering of down, she forthwith 'conceived such an aversion to them that she forsook them,' and did not return until a more becoming plumage asserted itself. The idea, moreover, appears to have been taken seriously, even to the extent of quoting Scriptural authority in support of it. There is, however, no reason for supposing that the Psalmist, when referring to the

'young ravens which cry,'

spoke from any knowledge of this alleged reprehensible trait of the bird's character. No suggestion appears to have been made as to the manner in which the nestlings were supposed to subsist during the stage between down and feather.

More often than not, the family party remains intact long after the young have become sufficiently strong on the wing to accompany the parents upon their aerial circlings. About mid-winter, however, they disappear and what becomes of them then is an interesting question. The Skaigh ravens, to which I have several times referred, have safely reared three broods within as many seasons, yet no fresh eyrie has been discovered anywhere in the district. New breeding-places are reported from time to time in remote corners of the hills, but these nests, upon investigation, reveal no more interesting occupants than the ubiquitous carrion crows—a mistake very easily made by the casual observer. We naturalists are apt to be a trifle optimistic, or to jump to desired conclusions somewhat too readily at times, and, in opposition to a former statement which I made in 'Wild Life in Devon,' I am beginning to doubt whether *Corvus Corax* ever built in the hawthorns and mountain ashes which overhang the turbulent Dartmoor streams, in spite of many tales current in the neighbourhood, and various

bulky nests still pointed out to the stranger as those of the 'ravven.' Building sites are rare upon the Moor, and a crow's nest reared upon the remains of an old one, acquires a size which at first sight might well deceive an experienced eye. Whatever may have happened 'years ago,' the raven of to-day is far too knowing to behave in so accommodating a manner, and, distance being so slight an object with the winged ones, I imagine that the young birds, when finally sent about their business, make for the coasts, to seek their mates amid more suitable surroundings.

A year or two ago, wishing to make sure upon this point, in the company of an old moor-man whose entire life has been passed on the Forest, I examined practically every possible nesting-site upon the northern ranges of Dartmoor without success, until at last, in a lonely little coombe near Tavy Head, we found—as we supposed—the object of our quest. It was a huge nest, newly built, and far too big, we thought, to have been constructed by the most industrious crow, and its site in a mountain ash, sprouting from a crevice between two big rocks, seemed ravenish enough. Any misgivings that I might have entertained were set at rest by the appearance of two ravens, who, sitting upon a mound a hundred yards away, croaked their disapproval of both us and our doings, and we left the place convinced that we had made a momentous discovery. When we returned a fortnight later, the inevitable crow was sitting comfortably upon five eggs, and there was something particularly irritating in the attitude of the two ravens, who, as before, took an unfriendly but complacent interest in our movements.

There is a world of expression in a raven's croak, which, once heard, cannot easily be mistaken for the note of any other bird. It is difficult to give an adequate rendering of any wild sound upon paper, but a guttural *purrck* seems to be as near a representation as possible of the common call. An old male bird frequently indulges in a much deeper note, a sonorous, far-sounding *rraunck*, peculiarly impressive when heard in some mountainous glen or, as I once heard it, on a wild hill-side in the midst of a snowstorm, to the accompaniment of the howling wind and the swish of unseen wings

overhead. The voice of the hen-bird when her brood is in danger, rises almost to a falsetto, and she breaks forth into a rapid and practically incessant *ka-ka-ka*, while wheeling to and fro along the face of the cliff. This note, quite unmistakable, may be taken as sure evidence that the nest is near. The cries peculiar to early spring, the festal season, are many and varied, but these baffle any attempt at reproduction. 'They've been calling *bravely*,' said my old friend the moor-man, one day, for sheer lack of more descriptive phrase, and, with the whole dictionary at my disposal, it does not seem possible to go one better. 'As talkative as a raven in springtime,' would make an apt simile.

The challenging croak of the male bird does not necessarily proceed from fear for the brood. An old raven is like a surly old watch-dog, resentful of anything that he is pleased to consider an intrusion upon his own domain, and as jealous of his store of gruesome relics as any dog of his bone. The stranger who unwittingly ventures upon forbidden ground, is frequently puzzled by the indignant behaviour of the old autocrat, and, before becoming acquainted with his idiosyncrasies, I wasted a considerable amount of time searching rocks and scrubs for imaginary nests, when the sole trouble in reality arose from some old bone or corpse of a rabbit which Mr Corax had concealed in a convenient crevice for future consumption. How often in this life do we worry ourselves and others unnecessarily!

It is little wonder that old tradition appoints the raven, keen-sighted, watchful, courageous, and uncompromising, the Keeper of our shores. The ocean cliffs and the mountain-tops will be the poorer for his passing, if pass he must. May he long survive to patrol the wind-ways, and guard our high places in his own strange, interesting way!

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 6.—SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS,
1867-1927.

THE life of a nation can least of all be estimated in terms of time. Were such a criterion valid sixty years would form a poor enough standard. When, however, we survey the Dominion of Canada, with the flush of youth still on its face, it can, I think, be said without fear of contradiction that its constructive accomplishments are, if not quite exceptional, at least remarkable and outstanding. Within sixty years, we have built up a satisfied and prosperous community, and that in spite of difficult geographical and economic differences within and the compelling pressure of the wealthiest country in the world as our only neighbour. We have satisfactorily solved political problems of a domestic and imperial nature which once were the nightmare of statesmen and of political philosophers alike. We have established a high standard of individual and public virtue. We have taken our place in a gigantic struggle for freedom and paid such a price as youth never before paid in history for the preservation of liberty. Of course, no foolish claim is made that we have not made mistakes. We have had our share of broken public faith, of errors in economic policy, of interpreting 'booms' as normal developments. We have often 'left undone those things which we ought to have done and have done those things which we ought not to have done.' All this, however, is merely to state the historical commonplace that we have been human as other nations. The remarkable thing, however, is that, with many shortcomings crowded into comparatively few years, there remain such achievements as to leave plenty of virile health within us. I shall attempt to survey these sixty years from various selected points of view: (a) population; (b) economic developments and potentialities; (c) our 'spiritual' life; (d) our political outlook, connecting each subject with some of the problems and issues which lie ahead.

The first Dominion census took place in 1871, the last in 1921. In the former year the population was 3,689,257, in the latter 8,788,483, representing an increase of over 138 per cent. It is important to view the census of 1921

from a comparative angle. The population of Canada in 1921 represented an increase of over 21·95 per cent. in ten years. When we compare this percentage with that for the United States, for England and Wales, for Scotland, for Australia, and for New Zealand during the years 1911 to 1921, we find that Australia alone grew more rapidly with an increase of 22·04 per cent. Our estimated population to-day is over 9,250,000. We must acknowledge that the figures are a disappointment compared with our remarkable progress from 1901-11 when the population increased 34·17 per cent. On the other hand, as we look back we may well be thankful that the extraordinary 'boom-days' before the war did not last—indeed, they could not last. In addition, the war itself severely curtailed population developments, while it cost us 60,000 dead and a casualty list of over 220,000 out of an estimated adult male population of 2,150,000, of whom almost half were married. Our war casualties must be taken into careful consideration in forming any judgment in connexion with our population.

Perhaps the next most interesting question is the racial origin of our people which can best be illustrated by a diagram.

Origins.	1871.	1921.	Origins.	Percentage of Population.	
				1871.	1921.
British	2,110,502	4,868,903	British	60·55	55·40
French	1,082,940	2,452,751	French	31·07	27·91
Foreign	495,815	1,466,829	Foreign	8·38	16·69

Now, it is impossible to view these figures casually and to say that we are in a dangerous position with only 55·40 per cent. of our population of British stock. It is always necessary to remember that Canada is made up of two great stocks, French and British, and that from every cultural point of view our only danger lies with the 16·69 per cent. of foreign origins. Of that percentage we are not afraid. I shall return to this point later.

Another interesting and illuminating point of view is the matter of birthplace of the population.

SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS 203

Year.	Canadian born (per cent.).	British born (per cent.).	Foreign born (per cent.).	
			U.S.A.	Elsewhere.
1871	83·04	14·24	1·85	0·87
1921	77·75	12·12	4·25	5·88

When it is remembered that we are a young country in rapid processes of development, I think the percentage of our foreign born is remarkably small. More interesting still are the figures for naturalisation. Of the total foreign born resident in Canada in 1921, 57·75 per cent. had become naturalised. Of this group we had 374,024 from the United States, and of these 63·63 per cent. had become naturalised. On the whole question of citizenship Canada compares more than favourably with the United States. It is a remarkable achievement to find at the end of sixty years that, in a country of almost dazzling economic possibilities, we have such a small percentage of foreign born who have not taken out naturalisation papers. The figure 57·75 per cent. should be compared with the figure in 1901 and in 1911. In the former year the percentage of naturalised foreign born was 55·27 per cent. and in the latter year 45·77 per cent. In addition another fact must be remembered in studying the 1921 figures. To-day the percentage would be much higher had we available records for a large group during a recent five years—five years being the time allowed for changing allegiance.

Before leaving this question of assimilation it may be well to give some figures illustrating literacy among the population. The figures from the 1921 census are important.

Total population, 10 years and over.	British-born population, 10 years and over.	Foreign-born population, 10 years and over.
Unable to speak English.	Unable to speak English.	Unable to speak English.
15·21 per cent.	15·71 per cent.	11·79 per cent.

294 SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS

In other words, 84.79 per cent. of the total population in 1921 over ten years of age could speak English. These figures are all the more impressive when it is recalled that Canada is a federation based on a bilingual system, that French is with English the official federal language, and that 27.91 per cent. of the population is of French origin. Other figures tell their own tale.

Nativity (1921).	Cannot read or write, 10 years and over (1921).
Canadian born . . .	4.80 per cent.
British born . . .	0.76 "
Foreign born . . .	12.11 "
Total for Canada . . .	5.10 "

This figure—5.10 per cent.—includes Indians; and if they were excluded the total percentage over ten years of age totally illiterate is 4.49 per cent. If it were necessary, the above 'nativity' groups could be broken up into 'age' groups, and such a process would disclose, according to the Dominion statistician, that the 'practical extinction of illiteracy in Canada is in sight.' He also points out that '50 per cent. of the illiterate persons in Canada reside in areas containing only 18 per cent. of the population, while 11 per cent. of the illiterates are residents of areas containing 1 per cent. of the population.' It would be superfluous further to analyse the situation. I venture to think that the figures, etc., which I have quoted in relation to the population speak for themselves. We do not resent criticism, provided we receive credit for achievements in this connexion which will bear extraordinarily favourable comparisons with the United States, with which comparison is alone possible and valid.

The transition at this point from population to the whole question of immigration is natural. Once more I wish to present some figures, prefacing them, however, with the sound words of our statistician:

'Immigration to Canada, as to other new countries, is generally greatest in "boom" periods when capital as well as labour is leaving the older countries for the newer in order to secure the more remunerative investments generally to be

found in virgin territories where the natural resources are still unexploited. In periods of depression, however, the sending abroad of both capital and labour is diminished, both preferring at such times to endure the evils which they know at home rather than take the risks of a new departure at a distance. This proposition is aptly illustrated by the statistics which show that during the past 25 years immigration was at its minimum in the year of deepest depression, 1897, that it steadily increased from that time forward to 1908, that a decline took place in the fiscal year ended March 31, 1909, on account of the short depression of 1908, that thereafter immigration steadily increased till 1913, while the fiscal year ended March 31, 1914, showed a decline due to the depression which occurred in the year preceding the war. In the fiscal years 1915 to 1919, political rather than economic conditions restricted immigration, but with the expansion of business at the end of the war our immigration was more than doubled, while the depression which characterised 1921 and 1922 is reflected in declining immigration of the fiscal years ending March 31, 1922, and 1923. The improvement in business conditions in 1923 has been reflected in an increase of immigration during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1924.'

With this preface it is possible to examine some of the immigration statistics for certain interesting years.

Fiscal year.	Immigrants from		
	U.K.	U.S.A.	Other countries.
1908	120,182	58,812	88,975
1909	52,901	59,832	34,175
1910	59,790	103,798	45,206
1911	123,013	121,451	66,620
1912	138,121	133,710	82,406
1913	150,542	139,009	112,881
1914	142,622	107,530	134,726
1915	43,276	59,799	41,734
1916	8,664	36,937	2,936
1917	8,282	61,389	5,703
1918	3,178	71,314	4,582
1919	9,914	40,715	7,073
1920	59,603	49,656	8,077
1921	74,262	48,059	26,156
1922	39,020	29,345	21,634
1923	34,508	22,007	16,372
1924	72,919	20,521	55,120
1925	53,178	15,818	42,366

296 SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS

These figures are of further interest if the figures under the heading 'Other countries' are carefully defined. For example, if we examine them under 'Nationalities and races' for the years 1918 to 1925 we find that they include the following number of British from other parts of the empire than the United Kingdom :

1918	.	.	1428	1922	.	.	562
1919	.	.	567	1923	.	.	1808
1920	.	.	994	1924	.	.	5784
1921	.	.	1411	1925	.	.	1728

Thus, taking the entries from the United Kingdom during these years and adding to them the 'Other British,' we find that the British subjects who entered Canada as immigrants were as follows :

1918.	1919.	1920.	1921.	1922.	1923.	1924.	1925.
4,606	10,481	60,597	75,673	39,582	36,316	78,703	54,906

To sum up, during the eight years ending 1925, Canada received

British subjects	360,864
American citizens	297,435
European continental nationalities	146,715
Total non-European nationalities	19,840

I shall return later to the question of British immigrants. Here I should like merely to point out that the vast majority of immigrants from the United States are of British stock. Seeing that we have been seeking settlers for the land, we have, I think, done well to attract our largest group from British (white) subjects among whom suitable settlers of this class are hardest to find among possible immigrants. Our total immigration from 1918 to 1925 is doubtless very small compared with our exceptional years from 1910 to 1914. On the other hand, we spent from 1922 to 1925 a great deal more money on immigration as the following figures will show :

SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS 297

1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.	1914.
\$960,676	1,079,130	1,365,000	1,427,112	1,893,298
1921.	1922.	1923.	1924.	1925.
\$1,688,961	2,052,371	1,987,745	2,417,374	2,221,123

Our most difficult problem is to retain our immigrants. It may be that we have not built ourselves a high enough tariff wall; but it is of remarkable interest that Canadian immigration to the United States has been stimulated by the American quota system of immigrant regulation which does not apply to Canada. In other words, the American system of limiting immigration has resulted, in the words of the Dominion statistician, 'in offering especially attractive inducements to Canadians to enter the United States during the period of that country's industrial prosperity.' Unfortunately, the outgoings and incomings of this movement have not been recorded. In March 1924, however, Canadian immigration officers were instructed to make records of Canadians returning to stay in Canada, with the result that we found a homeward movement of importance. During the months from April 1924 to September 1925, 62,057 Canadians returned from the United States, and the movement is still in fair progress. Of course, we can never expect to stop entirely the exodus under existing conditions; and our history shows that it has taken place right along from 1867. It is the result of an economic attraction whose varying intensity we cannot control. What is of interest is the fact that it must be studied in the light of those returning.

I have given special attention to various aspects of our population problem. I should now like to illustrate our national economic developments. The easiest illustration is drawn from manufactures, which show an astonishing record of progress. We shall take the early war year and the first five years since the war.

298 SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS

Year.	Establishments.	Capital.	Employees.	Salaries and wages.	Net value of products.
		\$		\$	\$
1915	15,593	1,958,705,230	—	283,311,505	589,603,792
1919	23,249	3,095,025,799	611,008	618,463,139	1,509,870,745
1920	23,351	3,371,940,653	609,586	732,120,585	1,686,978,408
1921	22,235	3,190,026,358	456,076	518,785,137	1,209,143,344
1922	22,541	3,244,302,410	474,430	510,431,312	1,198,434,407
1923	22,642	3,380,322,950	525,267	571,470,028	1,311,025,375

I have specially given these figures in order to illustrate an economic phenomenon in Canada which is too often forgotten. The amount of capital sunk in industry and the amount spent in salaries and wages constitute a feature in our economic life which deserves emphatic record. It is in this connexion that a serious domestic difficulty arises in relation to our tariff policy. It would be impossible here to do anything like justice to the issues. The truth, however, is that there is no 'free trade' party in Canada. Ordinary common sense would rule it out, as we absolutely resent direct taxation. Our national fiscal and economic demands require a tariff. For the lower tariff party there is strong support especially in the great prairie provinces. The differences between 'high' and 'low' do not vary in an emphatic degree in practice; but the issues serve to divide us severely. One thing is certain, as soon as our prairies fill up with primary producers, prairie industries will inevitably arise, and the divergence of economic interests will tend to disappear. Here, as elsewhere, immigration is our pivotal problem.

It would be impossible to illustrate in detail other economic activities. The following statistical summary will serve, however inadequately, to illustrate our position at the end of 1926:

	1926.	1925.	1924.
Canada's total exports (12 mos. ending Nov.)	\$1,305,715,729	\$1,219,861,088	\$1,058,544,153
Canada's total imports (12 mos. ending Nov.)	\$1,003,485,204	\$874,295,547	\$812,905,156
Canada's total trade (12 mos. ending Nov.)	\$2,309,200,933	\$2,094,156,635	\$1,871,449,309

SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN PROGRESS 299

	1926.	1925.	1924.
Western grain crop (bushels) . . .	*778,385,000	820,037,000	550,352,900
Western wheat crop (bushels). . .	*375,697,000	382,959,000	235,694,000
Value of Western grain crop . . .	*\$566,743,000	\$625,929,037	\$460,002,300
Value of Ontario field crops . . .	*\$247,389,000	\$250,465,600	\$260,534,000
Total mineral production of Canada (value)	\$242,886,000	\$226,583,333	\$209,583,406
Pig iron production (long tons) . . .	735,877	570,397	593,024
Steel ingots and castings (long tons) . . .	772,706	752,695	650,690
Copper production (lbs.)	139,451,860	111,450,518	104,457,447
Zinc production (lbs.)	147,814,074	109,268,511	98,909,077
Gold production (value)	\$35,749,000	\$35,880,826	\$31,532,443
Silver production (ozs.)	21,907,496	20,228,988	19,736,323
Coal production (short tons) . . .	16,105,000	13,134,968	13,638,197
Nickel production (lbs.)	67,351,300	73,857,114	69,536,350
Lead production (lbs.)	281,044,548	253,590,578	175,485,099
Asbestos production (tons) . . .	272,000	290,389	225,744
Ontario output of gold (ozs.) . . .	*1,484,000	1,461,039	1,242,029
Ontario output of gold (value) . . .	*\$30,674,000	\$30,206,432	\$25,675,000
Gold dividends . . .	\$11,829,982	\$9,832,668	\$8,158,000
Ontario output of silver (ozs.) . . .	*9,225,033	10,001,100	9,922,335
Ontario output of silver (value) . . .	*\$5,890,068	\$6,964,325	\$6,691,656
Silver dividends. . .	\$1,765,012	\$1,887,506	\$1,924,000
Bank clearings . . .	\$17,583,142,675	\$16,680,155,474	\$16,921,451,910
Deposits in Canada, Oct. 31 . . .	\$1,921,494,210	\$1,876,249,502	\$1,707,858,677
Current loans of banks in Canada, Oct. 31 . . .	\$983,440,760	\$906,249,140	\$981,111,418
Liabilities of chartered banks, Oct. 31. . .	\$2,913,009,993	\$2,864,338,565	\$2,788,831,472
Assets of chartered banks, Oct. 31. . .	\$2,934,302,477	\$2,882,720,853	\$2,809,850,356
Failures, number during year . . .	2,141	2,094	2,287
Failures, liabilities . . .	*\$28,575,573	\$35,538,547	\$42,279,820
New life insurance written in Canada in year . . .	*\$825,000,000	\$738,176,000	\$732,594,924
Canadian borrowings during year . . .	\$565,278,644	\$492,869,043	\$560,603,034
Government issues . . .	\$185,633,267	\$276,553,333	\$243,991,400
Municipal issues . . .	\$67,268,877	\$49,742,223	\$90,391,335
Railway issues . . .	\$34,500,000	\$41,762,987	\$161,125,000
Corporation issues . . .	\$277,875,500	\$124,810,500	\$65,095,299

Canada to-day is entering on an era of exceptional

* Estimated : 'The Toronto Globe Financial Survey,' Jan. 3, 1927.

prosperity. We are developing our natural resources ; unemployment during 1926 was at its lowest figure since 1920 ; our foreign trade has been expanding ; our domestic business shows every sign of sound progress ; and our national budget for February 1927 provides for enormous decreases in taxation. In addition, of our pre-war federal debt the vast amount was held abroad. To-day over 80 per cent. is held by Canadians. As an index of sound economic foundations it is worthy of distinct record that in twelve years Canadians have invested over two billion dollars in the bonds of their own government. For us, too, is the bright sign that our National Railways can earn operating expenses. I do not, of course, wish to leave the impression that we have no problems, no difficulties ahead, nothing to worry us. What is of value is that economically we are on a strong upward trend, and that we are building up a sound population in the best sense of that description.

With this review of what we may loosely call the material progress of Canada, we can now turn to a survey of what we may call our 'spiritual' or 'moral' life for want of a better term. First of all we may place on record some criminal statistics.

Year.	Criminal offences per 100,000 of population.	Total of criminal offences.	Minor offences per 100,000 of population.	Total minor offences.	Total criminal and minor offences.
1904	211	12,294	732	42,652	54,946
1914	397	30,543	1,982	152,492	183,035
1924	277	25,556	1,535	141,663	167,219

In the first class are included offences against the person, against property with violence, against property without violence, and other felonies and misdemeanours. The minor offences include small offences against police regulations and such-like. The figures as a whole are interesting in that they show a remarkable decline in the ten years 1914-24. For the years 1921 to 1924 this decline is pronounced : criminal offences decreased from 284 per 100,000 of the population in 1921 to 277 in 1924 ; minor offences from 1731 in 1921 to 1535 in 1924. It is

not unreasonable to say that we are on the whole a law-abiding people. There is a respect for law and order in Canada which speaks well for the traditions which we have inherited and renewed. In this connexion unstinted praise must be given to our judges and officers of the law who, for incorruptibility and a high sense of duty, will bear comparison with any in the world. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the success with which Canada has preserved on the North American continent the conception that no one living within our bounds, or sojourning within our gates, can lightly commit public or private wrong. It is a pleasure to say that our criminal record and judicial uprightness stand not only in challenging contrast with the United States, but that they call for the uniform admiration of the vast solid body of citizens of that country. Life and property are as safe here as in England. Serious and violent crimes are rare. We had 28 death sentences in 1919, 26 in 1920, 15 in 1923, and 22 in 1924. In every Canadian community women and children can go abroad unmolested.

Doubtless the strength of our judicial system and its remarkable purity have helped to create these conditions; but, after all, they necessarily reflect the popular will. This is almost of a 'puritan' colour. Among the French Canadians there exists a severe standard of morality in the broadest sense of that term, which makes them one of the least criminal groups in any part of the civilised world. Among Canadians of British stock exist high standards of personal responsibility which are so strong as sometimes to issue in attempts to bring the kingdom of heaven by the violence of restrictive legislation. Among our foreign-born population, we have taken care to select them so far as is humanly possible. It is one of the most remarkable of social experiences to visit schools where foreign children predominate and to find devoted and self-sacrificing teachers doing a work of high idealism, and children living and acting under its influence. Canada has little to fear at present from any serious decline in morality.

On the other hand, we are beginning to reflect modern attitudes in relation to divorce. I am obliged to put the figures on record, although as long as our

divorce procedure is as strict as it is we need not fear. Personally, I am entirely in favour of divorce provided that it is not granted for frivolous reasons or lightly dealt with in corrupt jurisdictions—conditions which do not prevail in Canada. Divorces increased in ten-year periods from 19 in 1904, to 70 in 1914, to 551 in 1924. The increase is remarkable, and present indications are that it is growing at an alarming rate. In some respects it is part of the war psychology which affected all countries, in other respects it is due to the fact that judicial process is now available in seven out of the nine provinces and that thus costs are lower. However, it would be foolish to lay it to these two causes alone. The truth is that we seem destined to share in the defects of a rapidly maturing civilisation. One thing, however, will save us from the distressing conditions which prevail in the United States, and that is the widespread conviction that, while anything like absolute prohibition is out of the question, facilities must be be grounded on proved infidelity.

Of the educational progress of Canada much could be said. University education is available for any one who can benefit by it. In the larger universities where honour and graduate schools prevail we are doing work which will bear favourable comparison with the universities of the old world. In the spheres, however, of creative literature we have comparatively little that is of great distinction, but in music and painting Canada already can claim a distinct place. It is unfortunately true that material success and material gains affect too largely our standard of values. This perhaps may be inevitable. We cannot escape the defects of the virtues of prosperity. Within my own experience, however, I have watched with pleasure the increasing appreciation of the things of the mind. Our greatest problem lies in the quantities of young people who come to the universities for pass schools. Many of them are too young and too ill-prepared to get much benefit from their work, which, in addition, stretches over too many years. We have not as yet learned that democratic education does not in truth mean easy facilities. We waste too much money on this class of student, who has not, broadly speaking, sufficient mental equipment to warrant the expenditure. In this

respect we have gone to somewhat democratic extremes, and as a consequence many are going out into Canadian life with pass degrees, and some with low honour degrees who are ill-suited to stimulate national appreciation for learning, or to create an atmosphere suitable for a sympathetic valuing of the spiritual and essential strands in the web of national life.

So much has been written of Canada's contribution in men and wealth to the Great War that any detailed references are unnecessary; but no review of the 'spiritual' values would be at all adequate were all reference omitted. The obligation can easiest be fulfilled by some simple statements which will speak all the more eloquently by their very simplicity. Canada enlisted 594,441 men, of whom 418,052 went overseas. Our total war expenditure was over \$1,050,000,000. The interest and pension payments constitute an annual charge on the consolidated fund of over \$76,000,000. In addition, the Canadian people subscribed by free gifts for war purposes over \$98,000,000, representing \$11.37 per capita of the total population. I have already referred to our casualties and their significance in relation to our adult male population. I refrain from further comment except to say that in that final ghastly test of a nation's worth, we have done at least enough to show that there exists in Canada a leaven of high endeavour and chivalrous duty which is sufficient for the everyday pedestrian lump of modern North American materialism. Nor is it idle here to point out that those who lightly criticise us for not spending money on defence and armaments would do well to recall at least momentarily that we have no reason to hang our heads in shame. Of a truth we went 'to the help of the Lord against the mighty' and we paid in full our debt due to imperial defence.

Our political progress essentially belongs to this division of our subject, and equally it must be treated lightly as it has received such wide public attention of late years. There are, however, some points which cannot be omitted. Canada taught the empire how to reconcile local self-government with imperial unity. More important still, we have preserved and developed the political principle of cabinet government and proved that

it can be applied to a federation. In matters domestic we have succeeded in balancing very delicate centrifugal and centripetal political forces, and have established a constitutional system based on fundamental justice and equity which is controlled by the adult population. As in England, party discipline and allegiance are strong and executive control is severe; but for sixty years we have avoided tragedies of civil strife, domestic broils, and widespread corruption. Externally we have preserved peace with our neighbour, and grown more and more sure of the fact that our destiny lies within the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is perfectly true, on the one hand, that vast amounts of United States money are invested in Canada and that almost of necessity American cultural influences have too great a force in our life. All this, on the other hand, must not be misinterpreted. There is no sentiment in Canada in favour of annexation. To talk or to write lightly of it as our manifest destiny is to outrage every sentiment of Canadian feeling and to ignore every expression of rational opinion. Our friendly relations with the United States; our use of American capital; the presence of a Canadian ambassador at Washington, are rationally to be explained as the common-sense and practical actions of a people profoundly convinced of their own political future, and, secure in that conviction, free to enter into international relations. Nor is there any sentiment, organised or unorganised, for independence. The idea is simply and absolutely outside and beyond Canadian political consciousness. We are loyal to two things: first, to the crown as the unifying force in the greatest experiment ever known in politics; secondly, to a Commonwealth of Nations in which liberty expressing itself in free association is the cementing principle. No greater harm could be done to human progress, to say nothing of imperial solidarity, than to allow passing whims, inadequate judgments, ill-formed prejudices to make pronouncements on our political aspirations. Canadians yield to none in their unequivocal loyalty to the throne—a loyalty based on neither law nor regulation, but on a sense of political realities shot through and through with the vitalising forces of freedom. Canada's loyalty to the empire is stronger far in 1927 than it

was in 1867. To say more would give the impression of protesting too much; but in this year of jubilee, I do not think that I ought to fail in writing emphatically.

Amongst the problems which lie ahead, one of the most outstanding is the debt on our National Railways. I have already referred to their progress in annual earnings; but there still remains the dead weight of debt which is the evil heritage, partly of bad management under private ownership, partly of unwise governmental Acts, partly of an uncritical belief that 'boom'-days had come to stay and that railway building was the first charge on statesmanship. Space and ordinary wisdom preclude me from entering into any discussion of Canada's obligations moral or otherwise to the private shareholders. That subject has been worn threadbare in every financial journal in the world. Our urgent necessities are a quick transference of the railway debt to the national debt of the country where it properly belongs, and an opportunity provided for the National Railways to work out their salvation without the incubus of debt hung round the neck of a first-class creative management.

Closely connected with that salvation is immigration. Each material increase to the population is a real help in the solution of our railway problem. In this connexion it is necessary to be quite frank. Canada simply cannot afford to go blindly ahead. What we need now, almost exclusively, are settlers who will go on the land. Broadly speaking, we shall welcome those of British extraction, but it is impossible for us preferentially to encourage immigration merely because it is British. We must face our immediate problem and solve it in the best way possible. Now, it is a fact that the vast proportion of possible immigrants available in Great Britain do not at the moment suit our needs. There is no use in mincing matters. There is absolutely no policy aiming at the exclusion of British settlers. Our recent policy will show that we have gone out of our way actually to help the British settler if he is of the type we want. On the other hand, it would be economic folly to sit idly by and to say that we refuse to have settlers because they are not British. Our policy is frank and free: we shall welcome any suitable settlers provided they conform to the general regulations, are of sound stock, and are

willing to go on the land. We cannot, again, be blamed if those of British race do not come forward. Our past shows us that we can make Canadians out of most people and that is of vast importance. Great Britain must not blame us if we cannot absorb her unemployed. The unfortunate thing is that the real problem of immigration is not political and social but *economic* absorption. The vast percentage of our immigrants are only too glad to submit to the former. The latter is our present crux.

I might add here two observations—one derived from close contacts with groups of unemployed in Great Britain, and one a surmise. I think the Great War produced a new mentality in Great Britain. Millions of men went out from an island home in an unprecedented experience of going overseas. I have found in the Old Country a widespread impression that many are 'fed up' with travel. In addition—and this I write with deference, as I do not care lightly to criticise British domestic life—the Home Governments seem to me to have so developed paternalism that the people of Great Britain are slowly destroying any pioneer spirit left. From the beginnings of the 19th century industrial developments were gradually robbing Britons of the land hunger which is the very essence of immigration incentive so far as Canada is concerned. That 'urge' has become less and less owing to the extraordinary growth of governmental and state benefits. We do not want in Canada any one who has not moral fibre. Canada is not the fabulous land of promise. We need men and women with stout hearts, strong hands, fine courage, and endless perseverance. We are not, however, in the charity organisation business. We are not a dumping-ground for people who will be an economic charge on us. In addition, given *suitable* immigrants from Great Britain, they were well pre-informed that we do not expect them to run the country. We have our faults, heaven knows, but our economic and social life is built up out of experience, and is attuned to continental conditions. The immigrant must realise that he is not passing merely from one British parish or county to another. He is coming to a nation with its peculiar economic organisation, its idiosyncratic group life, its characteristic culture. If he

does not at once realise this in the spirit of a learner and pupil, he had better not arrive. We do not want 'superior' people. For the honest, willing, sincere settler on the land there will be a glad and honest welcome. And that type we shall take from northern and central Europe—from anywhere. We can assimilate him economically, and that is the real point.

For Canada, on the other hand, the problem of immigration has its duties. We must encourage more and more community settlement and a diligent after care of the immigrant. This, I am glad to say, is in process of excellent development. There lies on us, however, a more serious duty. We must develop by downright individual initiative our natural resources. It is sometimes said that if we have our lands full, prosperity will follow. I should like to think that the true and sound process is to develop our limitless mineral and forest and other resources, and immigrants will flock to the country. Here Great Britain can help in a real way. There is no use sitting in some club and moaning that Canada is being overrun with American capital. We need capital and we are going to have it. It seems to me that there is a strange perversity, on the one hand, in blaming us for not using British capital and on the other in refusing to supply it. It is possible for any financial group in Great Britain to obtain as accurate and scientific reports on our undeveloped wealth as any American group. I have a profound contempt for criticism which is of a self-evidently captious nature.

In relation to political and social problems, I would once more make some emphatic appeals. Unity flourishes under personal contacts and wide knowledge. I want to see the day when the King will openly express his desire for a Canadian diplomatic minister at London, when there will be a regularly organised exchange of civil services between our foreign offices. There is no necessity to labour these points—their benefits are manifest. Of almost greater importance is a knowledge of our history and actual life. Every Canadian school child is taught British History. In our great universities every modern history school is based fundamentally on British, Australian, South African, and New Zealand history.

It is a deplorable fact that Canadian history is comparatively neglected in Great Britain. British universities will allow a student to read almost anything except an intimate, documentary course in the history and daily life of the British Nations. I am well aware that a certain amount of 'colonial' history is taught, but from the point of view of 'the expansion of England.' Any sensible man could grasp the essentials of that approach in a term. What is needed is something which will provide an intimate study of Canada or Australia and so on, as an organised nation—not a mere projection of Great Britain, for that we are not—with a fascinating past, with constructive contributions to politics, economics, and sociology, with a limitless outlook, with surging hopes, not a few fears. For this I plead in serious earnestness. From your universities you draw your largest number of statesmen, legislators, administrators. It is well that they should know the mediæval constitution, the French Revolution, the industrial revolution—all soundly studied history is of value—but it is better far that they know those nations that revolve with Great Britain in the orbit of a free associated union.

On that note, I should like to conclude. There need be no fear of the future—except that sober fear which teaches wise men to take heed, while standing, that they do not fall. Canada is free as the winds of heaven, but it is a beautiful and delicate freedom which binds it in a commonwealth not by statute or bond but by the common political language which we all speak and by the traditions of a deathless history. It is our duty in Canada to foster the state of mind making for unity—something transcending formalism and legalities. *En revanche*, a deep and serious duty lies with Great Britain—to understand us, to learn to know us, to realise that we are the political equals of her own people. Ever widening knowledge is for the future the essential principle of political obligation. In this, the 'diamond' Jubilee of our Federation, we can look back with solemn pride to serious accomplishments, and we can look forward into the years ahead with confidence and undimmed hope. In that confidence and hope Great Britain must be a well-informed partner. Great Britain must realise, among those especially on

whom will fall inevitably the honourable and glorious task of guiding her destinies, that she is only a small part of a political union greater than the world has ever known—*esto perpetua*—and that no swift triumphs of modern science can ever take the place of free human contracts, of personal activities, of the interplay and interaction of generous minds. I believe that we Canadians are creatively conscious of a spirit of unity. I believe we are trying to hand on to the newer generation a conception of political and social duty which will find its true complement in the Britannic interdependence. To England, as to our Motherland of freedom, we have one message:

'Ah, let us for a little while abate
The outward roving eye, and seek within
Where spirit unto spirit is allied;
There in our inmost being we may win
The joyful vision of the heavenly wise
To see the beauty in each other's eyes.'

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Art. 7.—OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

1. *The Dictionary of English Furniture.* By Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards. Vols. I and II. 'Country Life,' 1924 and 1925.
 2. *Early English Furniture and Woodwork.* By Herbert Cescinsky and Ernest R. Gribble. Two vols. Routledge, 1922.
 3. *Old Oak Furniture.* By Fred Roe. Methuen, 1905.
 4. *The Present State of Old English Furniture.* By R. W. Symonds. Duckworth, 1921.
 5. *An Encyclopædia of English Furniture.* With an Introduction by Oliver Brackets. Benn, 1927.
 6. *A Glossary of English Furniture of the Historic Periods.* By J. Penderel-Brothurst and Edwin J. Layton. Murray, 1925.
- And other works.

THE collection of old furniture and domestic objects of art, as such, is now so widespread as to be actually popular. It is, for the most part, prompted by a purely modern taste; though in this connexion taste is often too dignified a word to use, for craze or fashion is not infrequently the guiding principle behind the impulse to acquire 'old things,' so that objects æsthetically and intrinsically worthless are apt, nowadays, to command artificial and absurd prices. The Post Office London Directory of sixty years ago shows the names of less than twenty antique dealers as against upwards of five hundred at the present time: since the late Victorian 'renaissance' of the 'eighties (chiefly associated with the name of William Morris), about three times as many books on this subject—exclusive of books about pictures—have been published as have years elapsed, and by far the greater proportion of these have appeared in the present century. Indeed, as time goes on, the literature of the subject threatens to be reproduced to the same extent as the specimens with which it is concerned.

An interest in furniture began with a few connoisseurs and spread to innumerable experts; and now so complacent is the modern collector in the security of the prevalent taste that he is apt to forget that the acquisition of antiques, or specimens that are so called, is not to be

associated only with the period in living memory ; any more than is the rascality, its concomitant. The desire to possess objects of art for other than their intrinsic merits is an old one : as old, too, is the forgery of them. Michel Angelo is said to have damaged and then buried one of his own sculptured heads for several months in order that the stained and battered marble might attract a purchaser for whom a brand-new work of art, even by a master who earned some acknowledgment in his own day, would be of secondary importance !

'The Antiquary,' by Shakerley Marmion, which was performed at the Cockpit in 1641, might well, in essentials, have been post-dated three hundred years. The Antiquary's nephew, a young man called Lionell, derides the old man's passion, at the same time as, with an eye to the main chance, he wishes that he could profit by it.

' . . . Now I must travel, on a new exploit,
To an old Antiquary, he is my uncle,
And I his heir ; would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins : he is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date ; they say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose ; and dotes on the decays
With greater love, than the self-loved Narcissus
Did on his beauty. If I wist he were not precise,
I'd lay to purchase some stale interludes
And give them him : Books that have not attained
To the Platonick yer, but wait their course,
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again :
Then would I induce him to beleave they were
Some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies,
That were lost in the Adriatick sea
When he returned from banishment. Some such
Gullery as this, might be enforced upon him '

Several skilled craftsmen to-day who know that not even connoisseurs are always precise, and many a clumsy forger, relying on the ignorance of the majority, are more daring than Lionell ; while from the human standpoint the modern pawnbroker will, no doubt, be able to vouch for similar conduct, unbecoming in nephews, at the present time.

Antiquity and association have, it seems, shared equally the collector's attention before beauty, and long

before material usefulness. In 1728, Young, in 'The Love of Fame,' exclaimed :

'How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore !
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touched the ruff, that touched queen Bess's chin.'

In the same category of ideas, though not strictly to the point, is the story of the old military college at Cowley, on the occasion of an inspection by a Royal Personage and his lady. The rooms of a certain cadet were set aside as a cloak-room. 'I have taken the liberty, Sir,' said his servant later to the cadet, 'of bottling some of the water 'er Royal 'ighness washed 'er 'ands in. Tain't often one gets such a chance.' And we remember :

'A clod, a piece of orange peel,
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a princely heel
How beautiful they are !'

Peter Pindar, too, jeered at the antique collector's enthusiasm :

'Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.'

Johnson in an essay printed in 'The Idler,' under the title, 'Virtuosos Whimsical,' gives his benediction to collecting only 'if it be restrained by prudence and morality,' but it is clear that even in 1760 the passion for collecting had so advanced that he has cause to write of 'capricious emulations,' 'unnatural wants,' and the 'desire of accumulating trifles which distinguishes many by whom no other distinction could have ever been obtained.' He goes on to say :

'He that has lived without knowing to what height desire may be raised by vanity, with what rapture baubles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes a second necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be shown by many volumes of maxims and essays. . . . [The collector] when he comes is soon overpowered by his habitual passion ; he is

attracted by rarity, seduced by example, and inflamed by competition. . . . The novice is often surprised to see what minute and unimportant discriminations increase or diminish value. . . .'

We know to-day that a single misprint in a particular book will enhance its value from shillings to a corresponding number of guineas ; but also we must not forget that the modern carving on a bracket beneath an old oak side-board has genuinely detracted from its value, because it has spoiled its appearance. Nevertheless, Johnson's continued observations are often as just now as they were when they were written.

'Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice. . . . China is sometimes purchased for little less than its weight in gold, only because it is old, though neither less brittle, nor better painted, than the modern. . . . Whether this curiosity, so barren of immediate advantage, and so liable to depravation, does more harm or good, is not easily decided. Its harm is apparent at the first view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition ; fixes the attention upon things which have seldom any tendency towards virtue or wisdom ; employs in idle inquiries the time that is given for better purposes ; and often ends in mean and dishonest practices, when desire increases by indulgence beyond the power of honest gratification.'

The mean and dishonest practice we know ; but, alas ! what was true in comparing old with the modern furniture and china in Johnson's day is seldom true now. In an earlier contribution to 'The Idler,' he writes, as 'Peter Plenty,' of a wife who fills the house with bargains. 'The parlour is decorated with so many piles of china that I dare not step within the door. . . . A woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.'

Dickens seems to have regarded his Old Curiosity Shop with a certain implicit distaste, ' . . . a receptacle for old and curious things . . . musty treasures.' People who dislike old furniture always call it musty. 'There were suits of mail,' he says, 'standing like ghosts in armour . . . fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters : rusty weapons of various kinds : distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory ; tapestry, and

strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams'—not, however, may we add with all respect, designed in such evil dreams as some furniture that Dickens must have lived to see in polite drawing-rooms. In the 'eighties 'Punch' made fun of the collecting spirit and showed a young couple in earnest competition to nurse the newly acquired old china teapot: while at the end of the last century—'Come,' says Mr Beerbohm's Mr Flimflam, the novelist, 'you have yet to see my bits of old oak. Yes, oak is quite a hobby with me.'*

From such widely scattered quotations it will be seen that collectors from the 17th century to the present have been similar enough and common enough for other people to ridicule them.

We turn to a more practical consideration of the subject. The catalogue of the 'Museum Tradescantium' at Lambeth, the core of the Ashmolean Museum, was published by John Tradescant, the younger, in 1656. The elder Tradescant had been James I's head gardener, and the museum was begun with a view to preserving rare botanical specimens. The catalogue, however, shows that at one time or another all sorts of other curiosities, such as we see in private collections or displayed in museums to-day, had been brought together in the first half of the 17th century. There were coins and medals, arms, a suit of Chinese armour, 'divers sorts of ambers with (Flyes) (Spiders),' to say nothing of the knife 'wherewith Hudson was killed in the North-West passage or Hudson's Bay'; while 'The story of the Prodigall Son carved in wood: antient' is just the sort of thing that might have been (and indeed was) 'picked up' for a couple of shillings at some country sale in the last years of the 19th century.

In the 18th century, while antiquity and association were by no means neglected, collectors such as Walpole probably made beauty their first consideration. However commonplace a weapon, the knife in Tradescant's catalogue certainly was interesting because it had killed Hudson; and so we should perceive it to be now. Modern parallel instances are innumerable. It was in

* From the essay 'Arise, Sir . . .' in 'More,' by Max Beerbohm.

the 19th century that antiquity or association were combined with domestic utility as an attraction to collectors; for Beauty as a 'value' was ever a fluctuating quantity, and it is only too true that the collecting spirit—though collectors frequently deceive themselves and others—is independent of æsthetic appreciation. One of the earliest known specimens of domestic furniture to be bought for its intrinsic worth in the 19th century was Byron's famous picture screen which he and John Jackson, the pugilist champion of England, covered on one side with prints concerned with the Prize Ring and on the other with portraits of actors and actresses. This screen was bought at Byron's sale in 1816 by his publisher, John Murray the second, and remains in the possession of Sir John Murray at the present day, valuable as an article of daily use, as well as for its association; for a certain mellowness which comes very near to beauty; and for what in the rush of a century, as we see it, passes as antiquity.

A little later a widespread taste, apart from collecting, developed for ancient tradition which bore disastrous fruit. The novels of Sir Walter Scott had thrilled the public with images of the distant past, and a fashion arose for furniture which seemed to satisfy that taste. But instead of precisely copying old designs the joiners of the period must needs 'improve' them, so that there remain to us to-day a vast quantity of massive, grotesquely carved sideboards and tables which are veritable caricatures of the work of the Elizabethan craftsmen whose inspiration they were supposed to flatter. Indeed, 'Abbotsford period' furniture is now notorious, though it is still apt to be bought in ignorance by the sort of collector who, without taste for design or knowledge of proportion, yet feels the impulse of the modern craze for all that is 'old.' Oak furniture of the 'Abbotsford period' is usually stained quite black, while the too elaborate carving is in high relief, with lions' masks as a predominant feature. Occasionally a four-posted bed or an armchair is found which follows the true tradition at a nearer distance; but these are usually unmistakable by any one really familiar with genuine furniture of the implied period.

It is worth while to observe how the spirit of collecting

—by modern standards in admirable taste—was at work in the beginning of the period most scathingly derided in that particular by the present generation. In 'The Gentleman's Magazine' for 1842, the writer of an illustrated article on 'Ancient Domestic Furniture' discusses the magnificent collection formed by Mr Bayliss at The Pryor's Bank, Fulham.

'The prevalence,' he tells us, 'at the present period, of a taste for Antique Furniture is most decidedly manifested, not only by examples which every one may happen to know of either (in) ancient mansions, or modern houses in the "Elizabethan" style, filled with collections of this description, but by the multitude of warehouses which now display their attractive stores, not merely in Wardour Street, but in almost every quarter of the metropolis. Of course, these numerous dealers must be maintained by a certain number of customers, and there is no doubt that many of them have reaped a lucrative harvest. The stock of old furniture remaining in the obscure and poorer habitations of this country was soon exhausted; large importations have in consequence been made from the continent, particularly from Germany, and not only entire pieces of furniture have been brought to supply the demand, but great quantities of detached and fragmentary portions, and of architectural carvings, have been collected, and worked up into the forms now required by modern convenience, but which were perhaps unknown at the time when the materials thus employed were originally designed.'

In order to be fair to modern scoffers we admit that there is no doubt that early taste for antiques in the 'forties fell into abeyance; for the 'multitude of warehouses' had certainly decreased considerably by the 'fifties and 'sixties. It is interesting to know that Wardour Street was even then the chief resort of curio-hunters. By the end of the century that street had become a byword, though during the last five and twenty years it has been almost denuded of antique shops.

As to the 'stocks of old furniture' in the 'obscure and poorer habitations of this country,' the writer of 1842 was indeed mistaken, for these are not even yet exhausted. It is true that dishonest dealers 'plant' spurious and occasionally genuine specimens in farm-houses and cottages, so that they may be observed and

bargained for by tourists, and thereby, owing to the apparent authenticity of their source, may produce higher prices than they would fetch in a London shop. It is also true that for many years past, peasants have shown little simplicity in the matter of selling such things as actually belonged to their forefathers, and are, indeed, prone to put prices upon old chests and tables out of proportion to their value in the open market. Nevertheless, good specimens in various parts of the country have so far eluded the eyes of dealers and other antique-hunters, and remain in safety to the present day.

Germany was, no doubt, the most favoured foreign source, because there is a certain kinship between German antique furniture and our own. Later, Belgium and the north of France similarly supplied the English market; and after Italy, which had always been associated with more ornate workmanship, Belgium became the most prolific manufactory of spurious antiques. The 'detached and fragmentary portions' that I refer to are now, when found, used as they stand, and as they should be, purely for purposes of decoration. Many fine carvings in the remote, as in the more recent, past, have been spoiled by their inclusion in unsuitable and mongrel pieces of furniture—'forms now required by modern convenience.' With regard to the neo-Gothic revival which overlapped the 'Abbotsford period' and persisted after it, 'The Gentleman's Magazine' proceeds to quote from A. W. Pugin's 'The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture':

'A man who remains in a modern Gothic room, and escapes being wounded by some of its minutiae, may consider himself extremely fortunate. There are often as many pinnacles and gablets about a glass frame as to be found in an ordinary church, and not infrequently the whole canopy of a tomb has been transferred for the purpose, as at Strawberry Hill. I have,' he confesses, 'perpetrated many of these enormities in the furniture I designed some years ago for Windsor Castle. At that time I had no idea of the principles I am now explaining. . . .'

The debasement of the Gothic,* which was seen at

* It must not be forgotten that Thomas Chippendale made an attempt to introduce Gothic detail into some of his furniture, just as he adapted Chinese ornament, though with greater success. Chippendale's Gothic inclination was, fortunately, short-lived.

its worst in the middle of the 19th century, both in ecclesiastic and domestic architecture and furniture designing, was followed somewhat later by a corresponding debasement of the classic inspiration; though this never attained to the popularity of the former.

The 'Magazine' gives a number of small wood-engravings illustrating objects at the Pryor's Bank sale and states the prices realised by them under the hammer. A chair dated 1621 went for 3*l.*, and another, somewhat similar to it, for eight guineas; a third, carved with the arms of Bouchier, for 5*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* A German court cupboard, superbly carved if we are to judge by the engraving, brought 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; an English 16th-century chimney-piece went for 76*l.* 13*s.*; a desk of 1624 brought four guineas, another of somewhat earlier date, 1*l.* 3*s.*; and the 'whole fabric of a Gothic room, 31 ft. by 12 ft. with a lining of old carvings and stained glass windows,' was bought in at 185 guineas, 'which was considered below its value.' Apart from the many pictures, Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill, also dispersed in that year, included the same sort of antiques as are collected now: carved oak panels, an example of Grinling Gibbons's work, china, and snuff-boxes. Walpole, too, had a chimney-piece, said to have been designed by Holbein for Henry VIII, which brought 33*l.* An old oak panel, carved with the arms of Henry VII, was bought by the Earl of Derby for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; the same nobleman purchased a carved coat of arms of Queen Elizabeth; while he paid 21*l.* for a carved oak chair.

The prices quoted here are extremely interesting. It is true that for the most part they are ridiculously small when compared with the prices that similar objects would make now; but the discrepancy amongst the less important items is not nearly so great as might be imagined. For the Gothic room 185 guineas was indeed 'below its value'; but good desks of the first quarter of the 17th century have been bought within the last twenty years for not more than twice the larger sum named here, and occasionally for less. Before the war, dated chairs of the kind, as indicated here, were frequently bought for 5*l.*, and the same figure was considered then to be a fair price for any usual chest of drawers of the 17th century which did not come definitely under the

head of the finest craftsmanship. Even in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when taste in domestic decoration was perhaps at its lowest ebb, fine foreign specimens, particularly French furniture of the Louis XV and XVI periods, fetched high prices under the hammer. But to quote the prices made at almost any period in the last hundred years is likely to mislead, for competition in auction rooms necessarily varies, and really beautiful things are still liable to be grossly underrated at an ill-managed sale: just as it is often said that the best prices are given in the country for rubbish.

Whilst an interest in the collection of antiques persisted in some small degree throughout the Victorian era, the manufacture of pretentious and ornate furniture for the rapidly growing class of the moderately prosperous found ready acceptance. The usual form of household decoration of the mid-19th century has been too often described in recent and current literature to require mention here, though it is amusing to notice that some of its details, such as cut glass ornaments for candlesticks and even, it is said, wax fruit, are now coming to be collected in their turn as 'antiques.' In 1864 Signor Nosotti opened his Painted Boudoir in Oxford Street for the display of newly designed furniture and various schemes of decoration, which, judging from a print of the period, exceed in pretentiousness, over-decoration, and gim-crack discomfort, anything described before or since. The prevailing *motif* of this sort of furniture was cheap imitation: the designer set out in the most bare-faced manner to get spurious effects by the most economical means. Nosotti's vogue, if as such it can be described, was short-lived. Yet, if we are to find an earlier parallel for such over-decoration and flimsy pretentiousness, we must return to a name which to many a connoisseur will be regarded with horror in such connexion—that of Thomas Chippendale. It is true that his designs outran the discretion of his performance, for the workmanship for which he made himself responsible was always superb; but an inspection of some of the plates in his 'Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director' shows only too plainly that, as a modern authority* has

* 'The Present State of Old English Furniture,' by R. W. Symonds.

put it, he had passed from decorating a construction to constructing a decoration. It seems to be improbable that the worst of these designs of Chippendale ever bore fruit.

Since the beginning of the present century the collection of old furniture has tended to become more practical, in that its domestic usefulness on the whole is more carefully studied than in Johnson's day, or than it was a hundred years later, when in the 'eighties and 'nineties there was a marked proclivity amongst people of moderate means to overcrowd their rooms with an ill-assorted hotch-potch of all kinds of curios. The modern taste for bareness gives every object its value. At an earlier date it seems as though the collector was contented simply with the knowledge that he possessed many fine objects. It was impossible for him to see them to advantage. The tendency of fashion to combine antiquity with comfort naturally results in a preference for furniture dating from the last part of the 17th century, when, roughly speaking, in the reign of Charles II, mere joinery gave place to cabinet-making. From the time of Sir Christopher Wren—and indirectly even Inigo Jones—the influence of the architect upon furniture was manifest and remained so throughout the 18th century, though the brothers Adam did actually design furniture.*

* A brief survey of English furniture is admirably condensed in the following passage from Messrs Penderel-Brodhurst and Layton's 'Glossary': 'Confining attention to England, furniture may be said to have had little importance except in churches and feudal castles, until the Tudor period. Previous to that time the whole country seemed to be a field for civil warfare rather than for the arts and crafts. When, however, Henry VII reached the throne political affairs became more settled, and time and energy could be spared to commerce and a more luxurious manner of living. Thus the way was made clear for the influences of the Renaissance—a movement which began in Italy in the 14th century, and spread gradually through Germany, Flanders, and France. The patronage accorded to the movement by Henry VIII and the wealth of the merchants in the time of Queen Elizabeth caused much attention to be directed to furniture, both of the useful and the ornamental type, and this interest continued to grow even during the Commonwealth. The luxurious tastes which Charles II imbibed during his exile, his marriage with Catherine of Braganza, who brought with her Portuguese tastes and influence and the introduction of walnut in place of oak, were factors which made for a marked improvement in the beauty of furniture. This development was greatly promoted by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, which caused several thousands of the best French artificers to seek refuge and

By Anne's time domestic comfort had reached a stage comparable with our own standards. It follows, therefore, that while fine walnut-wood, mahogany, and satin-wood furniture is now largely used for its original purposes, the earlier, cruder, and certainly more romantic oak retains its place in collections more particularly as something curious and beautiful. A pleasure is to be derived from old oak furniture which no lack of ease or suitability can bate: it appeals to our historical sense in a manner that must for ever be denied to the foreign imported woods, long as is the record of their use in England, and even to walnut which has only been grown here since the 16th century. Oak, whether we regard the worn splendours of the Gothic, the richness of the Tudor and Stuart workmanship (though in the former period much of the finest carving was done by Flemings), or the homely simplicity of furniture made in the country throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, must necessarily appeal to our sentiments before, most justly, it arouses our appreciation; and it must arouse some sort of speculation in our minds as to the importance of taste in that regard as an indication of national character.

The collection of English furniture at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which until recent times was neither so comprehensive nor so pure as it should have been, is now good and is yearly improving: doubtful and flagrant specimens have been removed and many new acquisitions, both by bequest and purchase, are well worth a prolonged scrutiny. The various panelled rooms set up within the galleries enable the student to reconstruct for himself the dignities, as well as the discomforts, of earlier days. Both the London and the Soane Museums contain a certain amount of furniture; while a number of panelled rooms, carved chimney-pieces, and furniture on

a living in England. About this time a taste for Chinese lacquer furniture arose, which lasted for about a century. When William and Mary came to the throne, Dutch influences and artists brought about further important changes, and by the time of Queen Anne and onwards England had a body of cabinet- and chair-makers second to none in the world. In their efforts towards perfection they were aided or directed by a succession of renowned architects, from Sir Christopher Wren to the brothers Adam, and by such famous workmen and designers as Chippendale, Hepplewhite Sheraton. . . .'

loan are excellently shown at the Geffrye Museum, opened by the London County Council in the Kingsland Road in 1914. Until 1912 this beautiful building, founded as an almshouse in the reign of Queen Anne by Sir Robert Geffrye, Alderman and Ironmonger, was used for its original purpose. The institution has now, however, been removed to the country, and the museum, approached through a quiet formal garden divided by railings from the busy road on the outskirts of Shoreditch, is an unexpected and delightful setting for a collection of great interest. Most of the exhibits belong to the museum, but the lent furniture is changed from time to time. Amongst other items of historical interest is a door from Newgate prison and a fire engine of the late 17th century. It is interesting to observe that in this fire engine the stiles are fitted in the same way as in the oak chests of that period.

While acquisition of old furniture has developed almost to the proportions of a popular science, the accumulated literature of the subject is prodigious, and in an age of specialisation an interest has been found for everything even remotely concerned with the making of furniture; so that the student is sometimes hard put to it to see the beautiful wood for the family trees of the men who joined it. The chief historian of English furniture was the late Mr Percy Macquoid, who first published his great work in four volumes some twenty years ago, dividing his History into the Ages of oak, walnut-wood, mahogany, and satin-wood. In comprehensiveness this book is almost eclipsed by his monumental 'Dictionary' (for which he had completed the notes at the time of his death), which was written in collaboration with Mr Ralph Edwards and contributed to by a number of authorities. Two out of three volumes of the 'Dictionary' have so far been published. This work is extraordinarily valuable for its illustrations alone, which include, apart from photographs of specimens, many reproductions from cabinet-maker's designs and from paintings in early manuscripts. The second volume contains an admirable chapter upon Construction by Mr J. C. Rogers, illustrated with measured drawings. All manner of unexpected items are introduced, such as

standing bellows, Dummy-board figures, exercising chairs, and library steps, besides many specimens of furniture both elaborate and simple.

In 'Early English Furniture and Woodwork,' the authors are at pains to describe local characteristics in various parts of the country more especially as regards the development of timber roofs. In these two volumes there are copious illustrations from photographs, and for the first time the splendours of ecclesiastical as well as domestic woodwork are adequately exemplified. There are also illustrations of old tools and notes upon the early woodworker and his methods of cutting timber in order to show the grain to the best advantage. Marqueterie-cutting and 'pricking' are also illustrated and the process described. In 'Old Oak Furniture,' the author describes existing specimens in various parts of England. Many of these are delightfully illustrated by his pencil drawings. The earliest known woodwork in England, he tells us, is the coffin of St Cuthbert at Durham, the date of which is probably A.D. 699. St Cuthbert died in 688, and is known to have been re-interred eleven years later. The chain of evidence is complete and convincing. Mr Roe, too, reminds us that the study of pictures is profitable in fixing the date of a particular design, and cites the instance of the table in Teniers's 'The Card Players.' In this connexion in the Flemish exhibition held this year at Burlington House there was an engraving—No. 692: 'The School,' by Pieter van der Borch—which admirably illustrates a buffet with linen-fold panels. The linen-fold convention, Mr Roe reminds us, was used in France as early as 1460; and a later and more elaborate design was the *parchemin*, which, like the linen-fold, was reversible and consisted of a sort of double Y, the stem being often intertwined with grapes and vine leaves. In his discussion of forgeries and of good furniture that has been spoiled by the attentions of carvers, whether these have been amateurs or rogues seeking to enhance value, and of the mistakes made by them, he tells us how he once saw a fine old oak chest with 'God save the King. 1590,' incised on its front!

In the matter of spurious furniture Mr Symonds's book is the most valuable contribution to the practical

student, and though, of course, nothing written will supply the knowledge arrived at by actual experience, never before have the subtle as well as the simple details of the forger's art been so exhaustively explained. At the time of writing the latest work upon furniture is the 'Encyclopædia' mentioned at the head of this article. This consists of nearly 500 illustrations arranged in chronological order, with a brief introduction by an official of the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Here we find photographs of well-known examples in the national collection some of which appear in every illustrated book on the subject; but there are many others from private collections, and the mere illustration of genuine objects has a definite value in accustoming the eye to the fair proportions which were the principal virtue of the old designers. It was Wolsey, Mr Brackett reminds us, who brought over Italian sculptors to this country, and it was he, incidentally, who introduced pile carpets from the East. It is, no doubt, our long inherited familiarity with oriental floor coverings which make them 'mix' so well with old English furniture, especially oak. A most interesting inventory of the Castle of Arundel dated July 20, 1578, is quoted in this 'Encyclopædia,' which does enable us to imagine the Great Hall of this period:

'Imprimis, Hangings of sundry ancient stories iii pieces. Item, vi tables upon standing tressels, with benches next the wall. Item, one paier of great andyrans of yron. Item, hanging of olde stories vi pieces. Item, ii Turkie carpetts for the round window, and one olde one for the other window. Item, one great Turkie foote-carpett under the table, and one uppon the Table there. Item, ii Turkie carpetts uppō the cubberd. Item, one faire long quishion of crymson wrought velvet, and one little quishion of the same. Item, one for the windowe, with my lord of Arundell his armes imbrodered wth golde and silver. Item, i long quishion of crymson wrought velvet, and one little quishion of the same. Item, one chaire and quishion of blacke velvett, fringed with blacke and yellowe. Item, one chaire of blewe velvett. Item, ii long Tables of firre uppō tressels. Item, xvi joined stooles of waynescotte. Item, ii joined formes of oke. Item, i paier of andyrans of brasse. Item, ii cubberds of oak.'

It is deeply to be regretted that in these various

histories and other works no encouragement is offered to modern designers. Their work, if only in a few instances, is by no means negligible. Chippendale, in the Dedication of the third edition of his 'Director' to the Earl of Northumberland, refers to that nobleman's 'intimate acquaintance with all these arts and sciences that tend to perfect and adorn life' and his 'well-known disposition to promote them.' That was an age when the civilising influence of beautiful surroundings was being first fully realised. The frequent publication of old designs has no doubt helped to improve taste in the present century; but, on the other hand, it has also done much to exaggerate the importance of a fashion which is observed for its own sake, and, by lines of least resistance, to preserve that aspect of civilisation which merely implies material convenience. Except for the small following enjoyed by the late Ernest Gimson and one or two firms, it is simply worth no man's while to make designs for furniture that are not definitely and obviously based upon old ones. Until comparatively recent years there was little to be said for new designs, and in the history of furniture the monstrosities which came at the end of the 19th century under the name of *l'art nouveau* scarcely deserve more attention than the current hybrid rubbish which is associated—not always fairly—with the 'hire-purchase' system of payment. Some of the modern furniture designed and built by a few pioneers is simple, unpretentious, admirably constructed, and perfectly suited to present needs. It might well be the groundwork of a new and valuable 'period,' such as we have lacked since the days of Hepplewhite and Sheraton; but just now, beyond the encouragement of a few eccentrics, there is little hope of its development.

BOHUN LYNCH.

Art. 8.—THE GLASGOW OUTRAGES, 1820-25.

IN the year 1820 the cotton-spinners of Glasgow and its neighbourhood formed themselves into a secret society, the chief object of which was to raise the rate of wages and regulate the conditions of labour in the cotton-mills. The society was secret because it was illegal. The Combination Laws of 1799-1800 were still in force, and this trade union, like others, came under the operation of these laws as 'a conspiracy in restraint of trade,' while its members were liable to imprisonment with hard labour for two months. In Scotland, however—or at least in the counties of Renfrew and Lanark—it was not customary to enforce the laws against trade unions in general. Between 1800 and 1820 many such societies had existed, without objection from the master-manufacturers or interference from the magistrates. It was only when the members of the Union resorted to violence that the civil authorities intervened; and cases of this sort had occurred only twice during this period—that of the Renfrew Weavers' Union in 1812-14, and that of the Calico-Printers' Union in 1814. The new Cotton-Spinners' Union, however, soon drew general attention by a series of acts of violence far exceeding anything that had gone before.

The cotton-spinners were at this time the aristocracy of labour. The trade was young and healthy, expanding every year. The spinners' wages were lower in Scotland than in England, and varied according to district; but they were, for the times, good. In the Glasgow district they were from 20s. to 30s. a week, according to the skill and industry of the workman. These rates were lordly compared with those of the wretched handloom-weavers, who toiled night and day for 8s. or 5s. weekly; or with those of the miners in south-west England, who earned from 18s. to 30s., but were paid largely in truck. Moreover, the cotton-spinner was in a peculiarly favoured position, for the textile trades were then the only trades where the workmen were specially protected by law. It is true that Sir Robert Peel's two Acts, of 1802 and 1819, were intended for the protection of children only; but the limitation of children's hours involved in practice the

same limitation for the adult worker; and the provisions respecting cleanliness and ventilation were equally beneficial to all. The two Acts were not always observed; but they were not without influence. Generally speaking, the cotton-spinner worked from twelve to thirteen hours a day, knocking off a few hours earlier on Saturday, though he might be forced, when trade was booming, to work overtime up to seventeen or eighteen hours a day.

It was not an ideal position, but it was better than that of most contemporary labourers. It is, however, the best-paid trades which are most successful in agitation: the sweated worker is too poor to finance a strike, and too broken-spirited to hope for the future. Even in the ranks of the cotton-trade itself this was exemplified. The Union consisted of spinners—adult males—only. The women carders with their 8s. weekly, the hapless little piecers with their 2s. 6d., were not represented in it, and reaped no profit from its transactions. Indeed, they had all to lose and nothing to gain. Every spinner who struck threw from five to seven other hands out of employment; and these hands, not being members of the Union, drew no strike pay, and were at once reduced to the extremity of want.

The society, according to the confession of one of its members, John Kean, numbered about 800. It was divided into three districts, each with its own committee, which appointed two delegates to report to the central committee. The central committee consisted of three men, who were changed every two months, and whose identity was only known to the district committees. They met, usually at some inn or public-house, once a week, on Saturday night. The closest secrecy enveloped their proceedings. New members were introduced, we may guess, by some elaborate ceremonial similar to that used in the English trade unions—the candidate usually blind-folded, and the leaders wearing masks and official robes of a terrifying character. The oath imposed on members has been preserved, and runs thus:

'I, A. B., do voluntarily swear in the awful presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, that I will execute as far as in me lies every task or injunction which the majority

of my brethren may impose on me, as the chastisement of knobs' ('knobsticks' = blacklegs), 'the assassination of oppressive and tyrannical masters or the demolition of shops deemed incorrigible, and I will also cheerfully contribute to the support of such of my brethren as shall lose their work in consequence of their exertions against tyranny or renounce it in resistance to a reduction of wages. And I do further swear never to divulge the form of this obligation, unless I shall have been duly authorised and appointed to administer the same to persons making application for admission, or to persons constrained to become members of our fraternity.'

Some people may hesitate to believe that British workmen, barely a hundred years ago, consented to take such an oath as this; but an oath whose terms were almost identical with these was at the same time in use among the English cotton-workers, two copies of which, obtained from two separate sources, are preserved in the records of the Home Office. The form of the Scottish oath was communicated to Mr William Rose Robinson, Sheriff-depute of Lanark, in 1825, by members of the Union. It was laid by him before the Parliamentary Committee on the Combination Laws in that year, but the names of the informants were not divulged, for their lives would have been endangered. The Union did not indulge in vain threats.

The Glasgow Union was certainly led by able men, for its first steps were entirely successful. There was no general strike—the various firms of cotton-manufacturers were attacked separately, one after the other; and one after the other gave way, some immediately, some after a brief resistance. The rate of wages in Glasgow was probably even then higher than that of the surrounding districts; it soon became greatly superior. Most of the masters could afford to raise their men's wages without real loss; and such demands alone would probably have caused but little resentment and ill-feeling; but the Union, emboldened by success, proceeded to interfere with the management of the works in a manner that soon proved intolerably irritating. Here, for example, are the demands presented to Mr Henry Houldsworth of Anderston, on April 7, 1823, by his workmen:

'We wish all fines to be entirely done away with.' (These fines were for drunkenness, and were paid by the masters

into the men's sick fund.) 'We entreat you to take these two men back to their wheels, as we see no other man will take them, and we hope it will prove better for you and us both.' (The two men had been dismissed, after warning, for drunkenness.) 'We have too many masters, therefore we insist on you to give the power to one man, and we will abide by him, if reasonable. We consider that Mr Dyson and James Fisher are too vigilant by impairing on the general part of the men, therefore we wish you to give them a reprimand before us. We consider Mr Russell to be no judge of his business, therefore we insist on you to turn him off and get a man who is a judge of his business. We insist that you will make no examples on this occasion, as we are all involved alike and will stick to each other if done. Lastly, we insist that you will admit no indifferent characters to work among us, and that John Mackenzie Phillips may not be admitted with us in future.' *

John Mackenzie Phillips was a 'knob.' We shall hear more of him later. This nagging interference was more than any master could endure. Ill-feeling arose, and rapidly increased; and the Union, encouraged by its long immunity, and by the failure of all attempts to detect its headquarters, became more daring than ever. The best way to make its methods clear is to relate some typical incidents, selected from the evidence laid before the Committee of 1825 on the Combination Laws, and from a *Memorial* submitted by the Glasgow manufacturers to the Home Secretary, and preserved among the Home Office Papers. †

During the years 1820-22, industrial conditions were eminently suitable for a trial of strength between masters and men. Prices of all kinds were very low, and demand correspondingly great. Everywhere workmen were in full work, and unemployment was almost unknown. The rate of profits was exceedingly low. Large-scale manufacturers were doing well, the extent of the turn-over compensating for the low rate of interest. The small master, however, was in a much

* Home Office Records, H.O. 40. 18. Mr Houldsworth to Mr Secretary Peel, April 19, 1823.

† Home Office Records, H.O. 40. 19. Memorial by the Proprietors of the Corton Works of Glasgow, April 7, 1823. Also Report of the Select Committee on the Combination Laws, 1825, pp. 318 ff.; 327 ff.; 331 ff.

less happy position. He could not increase his production beyond a very limited extent: he was making a much smaller profit on sales than a few years before, and he was paying as high, or higher, wages. The temptation to reduce wages was irresistible; but the low prices of all the necessaries of life made the workmen able and ready to resist reduction by striking work. There was, as yet, no attempt at combination on the part of the masters. They had not learnt the lesson, already familiar to their men, that union is strength. The struggle was fought out in a series of isolated battles, and the men were, in nearly every case, victorious.

Messrs Dunlop and Co., Calton, Glasgow, finding their men unmanageable, decided to run their mills with women spinners, to whom they paid the same wages as they had previously paid to men. These women were repeatedly attacked on their way to work: their houses were broken into, several of them were beaten and abused, and finally an attempt was made to set fire to the factory. Messrs Dunlop then capitulated, dismissed their female hands, and took back the men on their own terms; but shortly after they set up a cotton factory in New York, and began to transfer their capital to the United States.* Messrs John Barr and Co., Bridgeton, Glasgow, reduced their men's wages. The Union called a strike, and Messrs Barr procured cheaper labour from the country. The 'knobsticks' were assaulted in the street, and were repeatedly shot at. Finally, one man, crossing the road in open day, was fired at from three different quarters, and wounded in three places. Messrs Barr decided to abandon the struggle, and took back the strikers on their own terms.

Messrs John Orr and Co., Paisley, summoned their workmen to an interview, and explained to them that owing to the low rate of profits they were obliged, though unwillingly, to reduce their wages below the Union rates. The reduction was from about 4s. 6d. to 4s. a day to about 4s. to 3s. 6d. a day. The men, on hearing the explanation, agreed to the terms; but later, after receiving instructions from the Union, came out on

* It is fair to remark that the conditions in Dunlop's Mills seem to have been very bad.

strike. The same course of events followed—black-legging, intimidation, and surrender. But John Orr, junior partner and acting manager, was a gentleman of determination, and did not mean to give in so easily. He waited quietly, but in the mean time busied himself in erecting houses for his workpeople in the immediate neighbourhood of the mill. The houses were barely ready for occupation, when the workmen realised his intentions, and, without waiting to be challenged, called a lightning strike. Mr Orr engaged new hands at lower wages, housed them in his new buildings, and hired armed watchmen to patrol the place at night. Notwithstanding these precautions, shots were fired through the windows, both of the mill and of the workers' houses, and Orr's was soon in a state of siege. The hands were only safe in the immediate neighbourhood, and dared not leave the premises. Mr Orr was warned that his life was in danger; but he had secured supplies, his mill was working at full pressure, and he considered his position sufficiently satisfactory to get married.

On the night before his wedding he dined at the house of his future father-in-law, and after dinner was seated in the drawing-room in conversation, when the maid-servant entered, and told him that a person was at the door wanting to speak to him. Entirely unsuspecting, John Orr jumped up and ran downstairs. The girl followed him more slowly, carrying a lamp in her hand, for the lobby was in darkness. He reached the door and called, 'Who is there?' and in reply three pistols were fired at him, by men standing on the doorstep. In spite of the close range, all three shots missed, for the assassins were confused by the swaying lights and shadows thrown by the lamp in the maid-servant's hand. The three—Cameron, McConnell, and Callaghan—believing that their shots had taken effect—for Orr, from the sudden shock, had staggered against the wall—made off, and betook themselves to a public-house in Paisley, where they met one Morrison, the emissary of the Union, who had employed them, and demanded the 10*l.* promised them for 'doing the job.' Morrison, not satisfied from their account that Orr was really dead, refused to pay them. In this manner he saved 10*l.*, but put a noose round his own neck. The landlord and his

wife had noticed that the men were carrying pistols, and were listening at the keyhole, and overheard the assassins' abuse of Morrison. They were able, not only to testify against Cameron, McConnell, and Callaghan, but, on a later occasion, to identify Morrison as the man who had employed them. In this case the criminals were all arrested, and were sentenced to transportation and flogging. It was easy to identify them, for they had spent the evening in hunting Mr Orr systematically through the town, having been twice to his home, to the factory, and to several other houses where he was in the habit of visiting.

This occurred in 1820. In 1823, a certain cotton-master dismissed a man, Fullerton, who had been arrested for some small offence, and took on in his place one William Kerr. Fullerton was a leader of the Union, as Kerr soon found to his cost. The knobstick received several warnings, which he disregarded, and his assassination was determined on. It was the custom of the Union, in such matters, to choose as their emissary a spinner from a different district, for the time being unemployed, for if the assassin was a stranger there was no danger of the victim recognising and denouncing him. The person selected in this case was our friend Morrison. Kerr lived in the upper flat of a house, entered by an outside staircase. Morrison concealed himself near by, on a dark evening, and as Kerr was going upstairs on his return from work, Morrison emerged and shot at him with a pistol. Luckily for himself, the knobstick happened to stumble in the very moment that the shot was fired, and the bullet, instead of striking him in the side, passed through the inside of the right arm and right thigh. Morrison was arrested, and was identified as the man who had employed the three men who attacked John Orr. He was sentenced to a public flogging and a term of imprisonment.

There was, even at this unpropitious time, no difficulty in procuring substitute labour in Glasgow. In the first place, there were always little piecers, growing into their 'teens, who had long experience of machinery, and could be set to a 'pair of wheels' if necessary; and young women employed as carders or cleaners could easily learn the same work. More important was the

fact that, even when reduced, wages in Glasgow were still higher than in the country districts, and men could always be lured away from the country mills. Lastly, there were among the regular hands individuals who refused to join in the strikes, and even refused to join the Union at all. Whatever motive actuated these men—whether personal ambition, domestic needs, loyalty to their master, or simply perverse independence—it was not cowardice; for they had to face a bitter and unrelenting persecution.

The first warning would probably be given, in an ostensibly friendly tone, by a fellow-workman: 'I am afraid you will get into trouble, you know, if you go on in this way.' If this were disregarded, an anonymous letter would follow, scrawled upon a piece of dirty paper, adorned with a crude drawing of a pair of pistols, a coffin, or a skull and crossbones, and signed by some such name as 'Captain of the Blood-red Knights,' 'A Thrasher,' or 'Arthur Thistlewood'—the last, of course, after the leader of the recent Cato Street Conspiracy. One such letter, written in 1820, runs:

'SIR,—I hereby intimate to you that unless you instantly leave them wheels which you so unjustly occupy, your blood shall answer for your impertinence; you are considered worse than any Nobstick that ever was in this place, although perhaps you do not think so, but if you do not desist before Saturday next I shall take care that you will neither spin there nor any place else. I do not often bark before I bite' (this is a favourite phrase), 'only I think it right to give you this intimation. I am your friend meantime who gives you such timely notice. If you take it well, if not you may depend to find me what I really am.—A THRASHER.'

A similar letter would, as likely as not, go to the master. Here is one sent to Daniel McNaught, superintendent of Crumbie's Mills, Anderston, where women had been employed instead of men. The chivalrous attitude of the Union towards women labourers requires no comment. The date is Nov. 27, 1822.

'SIR,—I am authorised to intimate jeopardy and hazardous perdicament you stand in at the present time by the operative cotton-spinners and lower class of mankind in and about Glasgow. By keeping them women officiating in men's places

as cotton-spinners and plenty of men going idle out of employ which would I [sic: be?] accept of them for the same price omitting the List which you knew is trifling, so they present this proposal as the last in corresponding terms so from this date they give you a fortnight to consider the alternative whether to accept of the first or the latter, which will be assassination of Body which you may rely upon no other thing after the specified time is run, for you will be watched and dogged by night and by day till their ends are accomplished, for you well deserve the torturing death that man could invent being so obstinate, more so than any other master round the Town and seeing poor men going about the streets with families starving, and keeping a set of —s as I may call them spending their money, drinking with young fellows and keeping them up, so mark the warning well and do not vaunt over it like your foolish neighbour Mr Simpson in Calton with his, for he was soon brought to the test and you will be the same in Murder. A. B. Signed by Captain Bloodthrust void of fear.'

Here is another to a master who employed a knobstick.

'Daniel Macphail, Green Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. SIR, as you have got a character in your works that is abominable to every man in my authority I am determined to have him out of that. Turnbull is his name so I hope this will save me from going to extremities. Yours with respect. Captain of the Vitriol Forces, Headquarters, Jany. 6, 1823.'

This letter was adorned with the drawing of a flask labelled 'Vitriol.' It was no vain threat: vitriol was the chief weapon of 'Captain Bloodthrust's' gang. There was more than one reason for this. It was a weapon that scarcely ever failed of its mark, and yet it could be used with very little danger to the assailant. Nothing could be easier, even in a crowded street, than to dash the liquid in the victim's face and make off. The movement of the assailant was scarcely noticeable, and the victim was at once rendered incapable. The perpetrators of these outrages were never detected.

Then, it was a weapon so deadly that it caused more terror than any other. A detailed report of two cases of vitriol-burning, by the medical officers who examined them, was laid before the Parliamentary Committee of 1825; but the details are too horrible to be given here. The sufferer was frequently blinded, and sometimes

permanently incapacitated for work of any kind. The knobsticks must have been men of resolution; for many of them continued to attend their work after being threatened with vitriol, and, in one case at least, rejected the guard that the master offered to provide for safety. Finally—and this was probably the decisive reason—vitriol-throwing was at this time only a misdemeanour, and could not be punished as a serious offence. A man could be hanged for stealing 40s., but he could only be sentenced to a short imprisonment or a small fine for vitriol-throwing, whatever the results. It was a favourite weapon of the trade unions all over Great Britain. A few years after this, men on strike in Manchester actually employed vitriol against women acting as blacklegs in a cotton-mill.* The Glasgow spinners do not seem to have gone as far as this; but it was one of their favourite devices against men.

‘If you do not attend to this we will serve you like Kenzie Phillips this we swear by the living God,’ said an anonymous letter to Gavin Wilson, an Irish ‘knobstick,’ in August 1823. We have heard before of Kenzie Phillips. He worked for Henry Houldsworth, the greatest cotton-manufacturer of the district, and he seems to have offended the Union in some unusually serious manner, so perhaps he had acted as informer as well as blackleg, though of this there is no record. He was twice shot at through the window of his own house, and on the second occasion the bullet, breaking the window, scattered broken glass over the terrified children crouching in the bed inside. Then he was waylaid on his return from work, and vitriol was thrown upon him. Face, hand, and arm were burnt to the bone, and the sight of the left eye entirely destroyed. After months of illness, he was discharged from hospital, and Houldsworth took him on again as a spinner. ‘Since my misfortune Mr Houldsworth has been very kind to me,’ the wretched man says in his statement of his case. Shortly after his return to work, he was shot at through the factory window, but again escaped unhurt. Finally, the Union men presented to Mr Houldsworth the memorial quoted earlier in this article, in which the dismissal of

* Home Office Records, H.O. 40. 26. Sir Henry Bouverie to Secretary Sir Robert Peel, Oct. 30, 1830.

John Mackenzie Phillips is demanded as an 'indifferent character.'

So alarming had the prevalence of vitriol-throwing become, that the magistrates of Glasgow considered it necessary to take special measures against it. On Sept. 26, 1823, they issued a notice to all chemists, advising them to take the names and addresses of all persons having the appearance of operatives who purchased oil of vitriol in small quantities; and they offered a reward of fifty guineas for information in each case of this kind that came before them. But these steps were quite ineffective. The chemists apparently did not rise to the occasion; no one claimed the fifty guineas reward; and the practice of vitriol-throwing continued unabated.

The growing lawlessness, the complete failure of the police to deal with it, and the repeated and successful strikes, at last showed the master-manufacturers of Renfrew the necessity of joint action. The time, too, offered a rare opportunity. The cotton-spinners in the adjoining county of Lanark—members of the same Union—were on strike. The Renfrew men had been obliged to contribute largely to their support, and were therefore in no condition to face a general struggle. The masters had already petitioned the Home Office under the leadership of Henry Houldsworth; and we may guess that his was the chief influence in the events which now took place.

On Jan. 3, 1824, the cotton-spinners, on repairing to work, found the gates of every mill locked against them, and were confronted with a notice to this effect:

'The Master Cotton-Spinners of Renfrewshire,

'CONSIDERING that, on the night between the 2 and 3 of May last, the cotton-mill of Messrs Robert Freeland and Coy., at Bridge of Weir, was wilfully set fire to: That on the night of the 9 of September last, Robert Todd, cotton-spinner at Arthurlie, was barbarously shot at when in his own house and severely wounded: That on the 26 of November last William Kerr, cotton-spinner at Bridge-of-Weir, was waylaid on his return home and severely wounded by the discharge of a pistol; and that on the morning of the 13 of December last, an attempt was made to set fire to the cotton-mill of Mr William Arrol, at Houston; and considering that anonymous letters have been sent to various operative spinners, and to several masters, threatening assassination if particular workmen remained in employment . . . and whereas it has

been ascertained that those atrocious crimes have been committed, and are intended, by incendiaries and assassins, hired and paid by an association of operative spinners in this county. . . .

'Therefore, the master cotton-spinners feel themselves bound . . . to adopt the strongest measures for the suppression of a system of crime so degrading to the character of the operatives, so injurious to their true interests, and so dangerous to the public peace. Accordingly, notice is hereby given, that this mill has stopped work, and the whole operative spinners who were employed in it are dismissed.

'And notice is further given, that as the mill will remain idle until the existing conspiracy among the operatives is completely subverted, it is in like manner determined, that hereafter, so soon and so often as any symptom of the renewal of such a system of conspiracy and contribution shall be discovered the whole mills of the county will instantly be again thrown idle, and work shall be suspended until the complete suppression of such renewed conspiracy and the detection of its principal instigators. The masters being resolved, that no consideration will induce them to prosecute their business while their servants are concerned in designs so criminal and alarming.' *

This measure was completely successful. Within a few weeks, the men were at work on the masters' terms, those known to be Union leaders were dismissed, and the Renfrew division of the Union had collapsed. The action of the masters was of course illegal, for the law condemned a combination of masters as much as a combination of men; but in this case one can hardly blame the magistrates for not interfering.

In the following year, 1825, the whole of the Combination Laws were repealed, and trade unions were completely legalised. Even this failed to revive the Cotton-Spinners' Union in Renfrew; but in Lanark the Union still existed, and it took a new lease of life, embittered, perhaps, by the late events in the neighbouring county. A conspiracy was discovered among the cotton-workers there to assassinate five unpopular masters. One, Mr Graham, was seriously wounded; and the witnesses summoned to the trial of his assassin were shot at on the road, the bullets passing through the coat of one of them. John Kean, the criminal, made a full confession, admitting that he had been employed with several others by the Union leaders to assassinate

* Report of the Committee of 1825, pp. 327 ff.

Graham and five more, and that he and his companions were to have been paid 100*l.* for doing so. The chief witness against him, Bell, a workman, had seized Kean with his own hands and held him until he could be arrested. Bell's life was known to be in danger, and a subscription was raised in the neighbourhood to send him away to a place of safety.

These events in Glasgow, a series of Union murders in Dublin, and strikes and disorders all over the United Kingdom, determined the Home Secretary, Mr Robert Peel, to bring the Combination Laws again before Parliament. Chiefly by his influence, the Act of 1825 was repealed, and, though combinations for the regulation of hours and wages of labour remained under the protection of the law, combinations for other purposes were excluded, and picketing and intimidation expressly condemned. In 1825 and 1829, Acts were passed making the throwing of vitriol with intent to murder, maim, or disfigure, a capital offence, punishable with death, but leaving the prosecutor power to restrict the pains of the law.

The collapse of the Cotton-Spinners' Union after 1826, however, was not due to these measures so much as to the general depression of trade that ensued, which made strikes, or indeed any resistance to the masters' requirements, hopeless for the time being. When the Union did at length revive, there was no proportionate revival of terrorism. This was in part due to the legalisation of the trade unions: the bitterness and violence of the workmen grew less, as they understood that they were, in part at least, under the protection of the law; and at the same time the position of the non-union, independent hand was correspondingly weakened. Much more important, however, was the establishment of a reliable and efficient police force (again owing to Mr Secretary Peel) which could crush disorder before it reached dangerous proportions. Happiest of all in its effect was the spread of education, and the growth of a sense of responsibility for their men's welfare on the part of the masters; so that a better understanding and a greater sympathy arose between the two classes that had lately been divided by so fierce an enmity.

A. A. W. RAMSAY.

Art. 9.—THOUGHTS ON THE NATION'S EDUCATION.

1. *On Education.* By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin, 1926.
2. *The Nation's Schools. Their Task and their Importance.* By H. Bompas Smith. Longmans, Green and Co., 1927.

THOUGH the need for economising expenditure has called a temporary halt in the extension and development of our education, it must be obvious that the halt is temporary only, and that on the basis of a reorganised and improved primary education the range of secondary and University education will certainly be still further widened in the next generation. Few realise how rapid has been the growth since the War. In the summer which followed the Armistice about twenty thousand boys and girls sat for their school certificate; in July last the number had passed the total of fifty thousand after a space of only seven years. The Consultative Committee has just presented a report on the education of the adolescent, in which it contemplates an organisation by which primary education will end with the eleventh year, and a four-year course of post primary, or virtually secondary, education will follow for all normal children. Their proposal has been temporarily laid aside by the Government; but few doubt that these will be the lines of the next advance, and that at no distant date. Mean-time books on education, and books on schools, pour from the printers, and discussions on education are warmly sustained in any ordinary society. In face of the present growth, and the certainty of future extension of our schools, it may be worth while to take advantage of the present pause, and inquire into the direction to which we are moving. General Smuts told the world after the War that humanity had struck its tents, and was everywhere upon the march. It is perhaps as true of education as of any other form of human activity; but it would be comforting to know more clearly what bourne, if any, we are striving to reach.

As a nation we have the peculiarity of making fun of all that we achieve; we take as the target for our epigrams our commerce and our empire, our art, and our religion. Our education has been no exception to this

rule. It has through the centuries been something at which it was easy to poke fun, and yet from the start it has had a definite ideal, and has never at any time completely failed to produce what it set out to produce. It was enshrined at the very start in the motto which William of Wykeham gave to Winchester when he founded the school, 'Manners makyth man'; from the start the object has been mainly to build character. Since his day there have been bad points and good, but the tradition has remained the same. It has reflected the national character, and has been responsive to the national needs. It has produced a type of school, and a feeling towards school, which is peculiarly English, racy of the soil, and not paralleled in the social history of any other people. It is much to be hoped that all that is best in this tradition may be preserved, and may leaven the whole lump of the national character of the 20th century, however widely that education may extend.

It is interesting to observe the remarkable manner in which William of Wykeham laid down the lines of future development. In the first place, he provided for seventy poor scholars, but added ten paying scholars from the sons of the noble and influential. He probably did not mean by 'poor' what is meant by that term in the present day; but it is certain that boys of very different social classes sat side by side in the mediæval schools, as indeed they did in the 18th century, and perhaps will do again. He appointed chaplains, and provided for a choir, making religion a part of education, and the corporate services a real thing. He linked the school to New College, and set up an educational ladder. He selected eighteen of his senior boys from the top of the school, and gave them authority both to rule and to teach the rest; he thereby established the prefect system. He looked forward to, and enjoined, a full corporate life; 'pro perpetuo,' he wrote, 'tanquam personæ collegiales vivant.' Finally, he gave to the school its famous motto. The history of the best periods of the English public schools since his day has been but the working out of his method and an endeavour to realise his ideal.

Space and the proportions of the argument will not permit of the proof of this statement in detail. It must

be sufficient to show that the renaissance of the schools in the 19th century which is associated with the name of Arnold of Rugby is inspired by the same ideal. Arnold, according to our more clever moderns, had his limitations, and Mr Lytton Strachey has presented him as a type of the puzzled; but in his school he knew what he wanted to do, and he strove manfully to do it. His prayer for his pupils was that they 'when they went forth amidst the strife of tongues and minds, might be endowed with the spirit of wisdom and of power.' His method, as he laid down again and again, was that everything should be done by the boys, and nothing for them, and that the school should be controlled by a Sixth Form strong enough and good enough to raise the character of the whole. He told his Sixth on one occasion, and doubtless on many, 'What we must look for here, is, first, religious and moral principles, secondly, gentlemanly conduct, thirdly, intellectual ability'; and it is important to observe the order in which he ranged these qualities. Yet, though his government can be represented as aristocratic, it is often not realised that his main preoccupation was the dull boy, and his main interest the average boy, that his system was designed for the good of the many, and not for the development of the few. 'I am sure,' he said, 'that in the case of boys the temptations of intellect are not comparable to the temptations of dullness'; and on another occasion, 'If there is anything on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.'

The world has become more complicated since those days, but the same ideal was sought by the great men who succeeded him, by Temple in his turn, and by Percival, and many another. None of these felt that they had succeeded, but all alike felt that the schools must strive to send forth, to quote Arnold's words again, 'amid the strife of tongues and minds, men endowed with the spirit of wisdom and of power.' When Percival preached at the Jubilee of Clifton College, where he began his career, and now lies buried, he voiced the ideal of the great schools of England as eloquently as any, and it is an ideal unfulfilled.

'I still dream of a time when from some school, under some influence which as yet we know not, there shall go forth year by year a new generation of men, who shall be characterised not merely by some social, athletic, or literary accomplishment, some conventional varnish or culture, but by a combination of gifts and strength and moral purpose which shall stamp them as prominent workers, if not as leaders and prophets, in the next stage of our country's evolutionary progress. There is still abundant room, to say nothing of the crying need, for these social missionaries of a new type . . . men in whom public spirit, public duty, and social purpose shall be practicable and guiding motives, not vague and intermittent sentiments . . . above all, men whose life shall be guided by a serious and humble and reverent spirit, who may fairly be described as true Christian citizens, strong, faithful, and not afraid.'

Our great schoolmasters have trusted to two forces, the force of discipline, and the force of love, and they have always seen their work as something primarily religious, a call to build the only city which has foundations, the City of God. The schools themselves have failed in varying degrees to fulfil the ideal, and Percival's lament is true. His vision is a vision of the future, which will never perhaps be fully realised until God's kingdom comes on earth. But those schools which have come nearest to it have very notably supplied worthy servants to Church and State, men imbued with the zeal for public service: those that have failed have taught social exclusiveness, contempt for the things of the intellect, and excessive glorification of the physical. '*Corruptio optimi pessima*,' but the contribution of the public schools to the national life during the last century is one which the nation, the Church, and the Empire could have ill spared.

This old tradition of English life at its best is threatened from more than one side; it is indeed threatened by enemies within and without. It is in danger, in the first place, from all the relaxation which follows from the decline of religion in the home. It is not necessary to stress this, and it is not wise to exaggerate its bad influence. The nation is not as a whole irreligious, but it is not in strong sympathy with organised religion; the teaching of orthodox Christianity,

and the appeal of the Churches both to the educated classes and to the great city populations, meet with but a partial and an imperfect response. Everywhere there is uncertainty, but everywhere there is movement, and it is by no means all of it away from a vital religion. In a transitional period of thought such as the present it is inevitable that the schools should tend to sound a less clear and confident note. The average boy brings little with him to school, and the average form master is himself indefinite and uneasy. But this does not mean that faith in spiritual values is being lost; there are many who think, not without reason, that it is stronger than it was. It means that there is new wine of a new vintage, and the new bottles have to be found, and are being found; but the schools and the Churches move slowly.

The old tradition of our education is threatened again by the changes that are in progress within our society. The answer of a large number of our fellow-citizens who are enrolled under the banner of the Labour party would be that the education to which Arnold and Percival gave their lives is an education designed to create 'bosses,' and that they have no use for bosses; that it is aristocratic, and therefore self-condemned; that men are equal, and if they are not, they are to be made equal. Here perhaps the greatest danger of the present time comes into view, and it is one so wide that the question of the schools is only a part of it. There is a great tradition of faith and culture in Europe, rooted in Catholic Christianity on the one side, and in Greek thought and Roman order on the other, which has made Europe what it is; has made possible all its achievement in art and science; has given expression to the human spirit, and dominion over nature, while throughout it has safeguarded the values which make life worth living. Now in every country there are many or few, but always some, who in their blind belief that the only real values are economic and that the only things worth fighting for are material, are ready and anxious to destroy the whole inheritance of human culture, and with it religion and civilisation. The danger in this country is not near or threatening, but it exists. The best way to avert it is to give to the nation's children an education which in

accordance with our best tradition shall put the spiritual values first as the values which supremely matter, and not suffer them to be cast away by the voting-power of ignorance. In the light of what has happened in Russia it is clear that only education can save the democracies of Western Europe from destroying, or allowing to perish, the most precious elements in their inheritance.

The tradition that it is the purpose of education to send forth men who shall seek to serve their fellow-men and the cause of the Kingdom of God, who will be ready to sacrifice themselves to a cause which they know to be greater than themselves, is threatened from within by a new psychology and a new theory of education based upon it. This makes the fundamental assumption that human nature is good, that from the earliest beginnings there must be no repressions, that under wise and sympathetic treatment instincts and desires will attach themselves to right objects, and that the whole character will unfold like a perfect flower. It teaches, moreover, that this perfect character is an end in itself, and for itself: not service, but self-development, not self-sacrifice, but self-expression, are to be the conscious aims. A very able book, 'On Education,' by Bertrand Russell has lately been published, and only differs from a good many others by being clearer in thought and more lucid in expression. It will be read by many. He sums up the four characteristics which in his opinion go to form the basis of the ideal character, and names vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence. He is obviously poles apart from the ideal of Arnold: all these are qualities of self-expression. You must be glad to be alive: you must be brave in the positive sense: you must be sensitive to the right things: you must satisfy an alert and open-minded curiosity, and become in the real sense intelligent. The Church and the tradition of education are wrong in attaching importance to virtue.

'The Church led men to think that nothing matters except virtue, and virtue consists in abstinence from a certain list of actions arbitrarily labelled "sin." So long as this attitude persists, it is impossible to make men realise that intelligence does more good than an artificial conventional "virtue."'

Or one may quote another passage :

'It is a bad thing for intelligence, and ultimately for character, to let instruction be influenced by moral considerations. It should not be thought that some knowledge is harmful and some ignorance is good. The knowledge which is imparted should be imparted for an intellectual purpose, not to prove some moral or political conclusion.'

It is not surprising to learn that the teacher should love his pupil better than his nation, and better than his Church, and that the individual is, in fine, to be the measure of all things.

This is the new gospel, and it has elements of fine idealism in it; but it is based on a wrong psychology. Human nature is unhappily not so good as it would need to be, if this is to be a safe gospel to adopt. The old psychology of Plato and of Paul is for the moment out of fashion, but it is sounder than the new teaching. There is a lower nature in each human being which he has to master, or else it will master him: there are thoughts and devices which the healthy mind represses and suppresses. Humanity would soon find its way downwards on an education which exalts and sanctifies the individual instincts, and makes virtue a matter of opinion, and morality a convention. The door would be wide open into the sty of Epicurus. Even with the higher and the better natures it would end in a life which did not satisfy, and would wither the spirit. When the soul cried :

'I take possession of man's mind and deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl,
I sit as God holding no form of creed
But contemplating all,'

it was not long before there fell upon that soul

'Deep dread, and loathing of her solitude.'

The tradition, then, that what matters in education is moral worth and moral vigour, first and foremost, and that intellectual and physical excellence, important as they are, are definitely secondary; that the object of life is the service of one's fellow-men, is threatened by the decline of the old orthodox Christian

teaching and the uncertain utterance of the new re-statements, by the existence of a large party in the state which thinks too highly of purely material values, and a small party in the state which denies the spiritual values, and finally by a new theory of education which exalts the individual, and spurns the old loyalties of social and moral obligation. What is happening in the schools themselves, and how far are they maintaining the tradition in the case of the old? and in the case of the new, how far are they creating it?

To take the Public Schools first, the schools which are the custodians of the direct traditions of Arnold, Temple, and Percival, it is only fair, as exception has been taken to the new theory of education which has been advanced by Mr Russell, that the Public Schools should be shown in the light in which he sees them. He begins his brief survey by saying that Dr Arnold's system was aristocratic, and its aim was to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the Empire. It set out to produce the virtues of an aristocracy, and in a large measure it succeeded. It sacrificed intellect because intellect might produce doubt. It sacrificed sympathy because it might interfere with governing inferior men or classes. It sacrificed kindness for the sake of toughness, and imagination for the sake of firmness. Its ideal was Sparta, but the Spartan ideal is no longer possible. 'The complexity of the modern world increasingly requires intelligence, and Dr Arnold sacrificed intelligence to 'virtue.' The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there.' The most that can be hoped for is that the older educational institutions may adapt themselves, but they have embedded in their core the aristocratic tradition which will be their bane.

This is a whole-hearted attack, and it has the merit of making those who are spending their lives within these aristocratic institutions rub their eyes; so difficult is it to see ourselves as others see us. Putting aside the fact that Dr Arnold would have been more puzzled than ever if he had realised that he would appear to be the author of so clear-cut a system of brutal aristocratic efficiency, and that Percival would have failed at any

point to recognise the causes to which he gave his life, this attack is simply not true. The public schools are not sacrificing intellect, but, recognising that its claim has not been sufficiently recognised, are doing their best, doubtless imperfectly, to meet that claim, though they still place it second to character. They are not sacrificing sympathy, but doing their best to inculcate it in a great variety of ways, by their missions, their camps, their clubs, by their visits abroad and their hospitality at home. They are not sacrificing kindness in these days; there are few more kindly and pleasant places for the normal individual than the public school of to-day, and a more frequent complaint is that they are too soft. Nor is it at all clear why kindness and imagination on the one hand, and toughness and firmness on the other, should be thought of as mutually exclusive. Whether the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton or not, the Great War was at any rate in considerable measure won on the playing-fields of the country, and that is a somewhat fresher example. Nor is the Empire being lost, but it is changing as living things do change, as they adjust themselves to fresh changes of their environment. And there is every ground to hope that the British public schools, which are undoubtedly alive, will exhibit the same power of adaptation.

In so doing it is to be hoped that the older schools will not willingly discard any portion of their moral tradition, that it is their duty to send out men to serve their generation. Some of them were once the schools of the aristocracy, nearly all of them in the 19th century regarded themselves as the training-ground for the ministry of the Church, the officers of the Army, the civil servants, statesmen, and administrators of the Empire. They still so regard themselves, but their view has widened and changed; they have to meet fresh demands from industry and commerce, and from a changed political world. Equally with Mr Russell they realise that the modern world requires more imaginative sympathy, and more intellectual suppleness, but they still think that it is as much in need of honour, firm justice, and straight leading as ever it was. They still inculcate the merits of effort made in common, and loyal self-subordination to a leader, still believe the old-

fashioned saw that the man who has learned to obey will probably in the long run make the best ruler.

They have their faults. Dr Arnold's son picked out as dominant classes in the English community the Barbarians and the Philistines, and the older schools have to educate the sons of these classes. If the Barbarians are less barbarous, and the Philistines less reminiscent of Philistia, than they were fifty years ago, may not something be set to the credit of the schools? For it has to be admitted that these sons of Philistia brought with them into the schools a certain amount of intellectual inertia, perhaps not yet wholly eradicated. It is doubtless true that many of the masters in these schools could improve their professional technique, by submitting to training at the start, and by taking their professional problems somewhat more seriously throughout their career. But the chief weakness of the older schools to-day is one that has been forced on them by the concurrence of unkind circumstances. Against their will they have been forced to become more expensive and more exclusive than they have ever been before. The cost of living has gone up, rates have gone up. The State has pensioned the masters in State-aided schools, the independent schools have therefore had to provide pensions as good or better. The State has awarded salary scales in all schools that it controls, the independent schools have had to provide salaries as good or better. The education they give is, therefore, more costly than ever before, and scholarships are more inadequate. They cannot elect to them boys from other secondary schools without appearing to rob their rivals, and they cannot elect boys from elementary schools because there is an unfilled gap between the curriculum of the top of the elementary school and the bottom form of the public school. But no aristocratic tradition would stop the great schools from opening their arms to promising boys of all classes, if a way could be found; for they seek to serve the nation, and not a class, and their present segregation, which has been forced upon them, will, it is to be hoped, prove quite temporary in its present completeness.

These schools are, then, at present behind a ring-fence not of their own building, and it is the way of democracy to break down fences. They have something

within that ring-fence which is of value, and fortunately there is nothing to prevent that thing of value from being shared with, and passed on, to those that are without the fence. It is being so shared, and is being passed on, but the question that makes many observers anxious is whether it is being passed on with sufficient rapidity. The something of value is the religion of the public-school, that which it really believes in, and which it strives to inculcate. It is summed up most nobly in the Fifteenth Psalm :

'Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? . . . Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart. He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour: and hath not slandered his neighbour. He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.'

This has been styled the 'gentleman's' psalm, and criticised as an inadequate expression of religion. And perhaps it is. But only a saint could throw a stone at it. It is what the public schools whole-heartedly believe and what their finer products live up to. Men with these ideals, and no more than these ideals, have left their mark for good all over the world, and if a tree is known by its fruits, the tree which has produced these men is sound and good. The schools have taught that the highest practical life is to live according to the light of this ideal in a community and for the service of that community, and so far they have never lost their hold on this practical religion.

But these schools are very few in comparison with the State-aided secondary schools which have arisen, and continue to arise, all over the country. The great hope for the future of Britain is that this same moral ideal may be driven home with equal force and permanence in the many tens of thousands which will in each generation pass through the secondary schools. It is to be recognised that the difficulties are great, and the opportunities are fewer. In many of them lip-service is paid to religious teaching, and little is given. Instruction is confined to one period a week, and devoted to the

notes on a selected gospel, or book of the Old Testament. School prayers are formal, and often in undignified surroundings. There are no other direct opportunities of religious teaching, and perhaps no help at all to be expected from the home.

Meantime, the main object of the school may be a pure intellectual efficiency: it would be natural if it were. It has to prepare itself for two kinds of tests. The first is that of the Inspectorate of the Board of Education, who will satisfy themselves that the curriculum is sound, and sufficiently well-balanced, the teaching reasonably effective, and the buildings convenient. Their tests will be of necessity external and intellectual, for there exists, and can exist, no calculus of the moral value of the school. That can only be determined by living within it as boy or master from term to term; and that is just what an inspector cannot do. The second test is that of the external examination. Examinations are attacked and defended, but that question need not engage attention here. They form, whether good or bad in themselves, a purely intellectual test, and indeed a purely mechanical test. The schools are, moreover, frequently created by a local authority and managed by an Education Office under an Education Committee. The headmaster and his staff complain with too much justice that they have little freedom. They have their pupils at their disposal for only a small part of their time, and their whole energies are taken up by purely intellectual instruction, and in meeting the demands of a mechanical system imposed on them by the Local Authority. They may borrow intelligence tests from America, and physical tests from Sweden; but they are still always busy between the intellectual and the purely mechanical. There is surely a great danger that the system may come to be dominated by a desire for a narrow intellectual efficiency, and aim at material success such as can be mechanically measured. There is not much in the action taken by the Board of Education or the Local Education Authorities to prevent this result from taking place.

Yet there is no need for pessimism. The strong personality breaks through all these fetters, and headmasters like Paton at Manchester or Rushbrooke at St

Olave's have left a moral impress on their schools as strong and as vital for good and for social service under the inspiration of true religion as any of the great headmasters of the public schools. And in many ways the newer schools have borrowed from the old, and have applied to their own circumstances, institutions and customs which help the expression of corporate life, and teach service to the community. They have learned, and apply with success, the lesson of organised games: they have taken over some of the good features of the house system, so far as they can be taken over: in music, in drama, in all manner of school societies, they teach the lesson of doing things together by corporate effort and in fellowship, all the more valuable because in each case it entails special effort and some sacrifice of convenience in the individuals who take part. This is the something of value that has been passed on from the older schools and should spread far and wide among the newer schools, if those who administer, but do not teach, will leave to those who do teach the necessary liberty and the necessary leisure.

The tradition of English education may be richer and nobler than it has ever been in the past, if the teachers of the country rise to the measure of their opportunity and the greatness of their responsibility. The teachers hold the future in their hands, and whether they will make the nation or mar it depends upon the reality of the religion which will be the basis and the inspiration of their work. Large masses of the population are beyond the present reach of the churches and institutional religion; but no one escapes the schools. If the nation as a whole is to have vision, and to maintain a firm hold on morality, the great part of its training must be done by the teachers. That the ultimate reality is spiritual, that goodness, truth, and beauty constitute the ideal, and are not only the sole values which endure, but the sole values which can be shared without being lessened, that material goods have their place only as the necessary instruments of a life which has to be lived well and in the service of others—this is a creed upon which all could be united, and which if it were taught and lived by those who teach, from the University to the elementary school, would ennoble the whole

352 THOUGHTS ON THE NATION'S EDUCATION

nation, and make it a fit instrument to promote that advance from which humanity is now debarred only by its blindness and the wrongness of its standards.

Only in this way will the balance and sanity of character be preserved, and it should be the business of the schools to resist to the utmost every attempt to make them the sphere of party propaganda or the seed-bed of sects, religious or political. The teacher has a right to belong to any Church or party, if he so wills, but he has no right to use his position of trust to promote the acceptance of its special tenets. Militarism and nationalism ought to have no more place within the walls of a school than socialism, communism, or individualism. Every 'ism' ought to be taboo. There are always some who want to use the children merely as means, just as there are always a few who would have them regarded as ends in themselves. It is a misuse of the children in both cases, but the first involves the greater danger in these days of unscrupulous propaganda. The children have to be respected as ends in themselves, and, therefore, goodness, truth, and beauty must be put before them as the ideals of which they must build their own vision; but they are also means, since they are each and all the servants of the nation of the future, membership of which alone gives to their lives meaning and power.

The schools are the schools of the nation, and it is fair to demand that they should loyally serve the nation's ideals, and give teaching which has reference to the nation's duty and opportunity in the world. Humanity stands at gaze to-day, for an unexampled vision opens before it. General education, and the continued application of the scientific method to inquiry into the secrets of nature by increasing numbers of trained observers offer the possibility of health, length of days, well-being, security, and refinement, in such measure as the human race has never seen. But, if that vision is not to be a receding and a vanishing mirage, the nations must free themselves from the two shadows which continually accompany their march, the shadow of industrial strife and unnatural class-hatred, and the shadow of warfare between nation and nation. Education, and education only if it is religious, can disperse these shadows. It is

not until all classes have a far firmer hold than they have at present on the truths that material values are a means to an end, and, if made an end themselves, inevitably divide a state, and are destroyed while men fight for them, that class animosity can be allayed. Nor can the will to international peace come about save by a change of mind, a repentance which will be essentially religious.

Yet in all directions this country can do much, if its citizens are fitted for their duty. The empire can by patience and by justice transform itself, as it has begun to transform itself, into a free association of peoples, a type of what the world may become. The education of Africa may be accomplished with success, a task of enormous possibilities as yet barely begun; races yet under tutelage and wardship may be brought to their majority. The barriers that hamper trade can be reduced, and barred frontiers can be unbarred. There is enough good-will still in this country to make industrial peace and co-operation not impossible, if all have an education inspired with a common ideal, if that ideal is an ideal of service to our country in the tasks which it is called to face.

If the teachers are to render this service to Britain, they must lift up their hearts, and seek their inspiration in high places. For much will depend upon what they teach, and the way in which they teach it, but more upon what they are, and what manner of ideals they follow. They are called to be the true shepherds of the people. The education which they give must be founded on discipline, but its methods must be the methods of love: the values they seek must be spiritual, and the purpose of all effort the building of the strong and noble character.

CYRIL NORWOOD.

Art. 10.—FEMINISM IN GREEK LITERATURE.

1. *Antimachus of Colophon and the Position of Women in Greek Poetry*. By E. F. M. Benecke. Sonnenschein, 1896.
2. *Primitive Love and Love Stories*. By Henry T. Finck. New York : Scribners, 1899.
3. *Feminism in Greek Literature from Homer to Aristotle*. By F. A. Wright. Routledge, 1923.

IN the great mass of literature produced by Europeans since the fourth century B.C., woman's position has been secure. The theme of love has held sway over author and reader. No other subject has been half so fascinating to the average reader as the story of a man and a woman finding their way through a maze of intrigue to arrive at last safe in one another's arms. And no form of this story is more popular than that which tells the tale of pride or prejudice or of some other psychological barrier overthrown in the end by a gush of tender feeling too strong to be resisted. Very often in such tales it is the man who is the offender, who has to learn that, whatever he may in his self-conceit have imagined, there is one woman at whose feet he must kneel, at whose altar he must consecrate himself, without whose benignant presence life is a silly farce devoid of savour. When such a tale is well told, the reader rejoices to see such a conversion wrought; he applauds the degradation and surrender of the hero, assuming that his life is enriched and renewed by the casting off of old prejudices and old habits, and that without the guidance of the eternal feminine the life of man would indeed be 'poor, nasty, miserable, brutish, and short.' Even in books love is a fire that fills the heart with a genial glow and mocks for a moment the inroads of chilly disillusion.

Before the fourth century B.C., there is hardly a trace of such a theme as this. Affection between husband and wife, between brother and sister, was recognised and celebrated. Passionate love was also known—known, however, as a force that, operating in the susceptible bosom of a woman, might produce the most disastrous havoc. As for the possibility of a man yielding to passion, such a thought could hardly be uttered except

in low comedy, and the man so affected must be presented as a weakling and a clown, a legitimate butt for the laughter and contempt of the groundlings.

Somewhere in the fourth century there came a change; some one discovered that love was respectable, that men might be great lovers and still be great men, and that the theme of men and women in love opened up endless vistas of creation and entertainment. In fact, so fascinating has this theme proved that nowadays a novel or a play without a love story is almost as undiscoverable as the opposite was in ancient times. One reason why such a play as Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' has somewhat the quality of Greek tragedy is that it contains no reference to romantic love. Man and fate, or woman and fate, is an older theme than man, woman, and fate.

A special interest accordingly attaches to the development of Greek literature, and, in particular, to the changing attitudes of Greek writers toward women and toward the influence of women and women's love over men. As we trace the feminism of Greek writers we shall find that some of them accord woman but a small place in their world and prefer to keep women's ways and interests out of sight as unheroic; that later there come champions of women, who, while presenting effectively genuinely feminine characters, tend to emphasise their defects and aberrations instead of idealising feminine qualities; that the next step is for writers to base their recognition of woman's equality, like the modern feminist, on a resolute denial of fundamental differences between men and women; and that at last in the fourth century appears a tendency, culminating in Menander, to glorify women as women and to represent their sway over men's emotions as a blessing rather than a curse. Our study of Greek writers will end with Menander; it may well begin with Homer, for in these two we find a broad humanity, a universal sympathy, a gift of eloquence, and a genius for presenting men and women of all types with startling vividness, that are unequalled throughout the history of literature except in Shakespeare. With Homer, then, we begin our consideration of women in Greek literature.

Among Homer's characters are two women unsurpassed in literature; in the 'Iliad' Andromache the wife,

and in the 'Odyssey' Nausicaä the maid. The tale of Hector's doom before the spear of Achilles is fraught with potency because the Hector who lies low is the Hector for whom Andromache with loving care prepares the bath in vain, the Hector whose parting words to his wife had been :

'The day shall come when sacred Ilios shall be laid low and Priam, and the people of Priam with goodly spear of ash. Yet not so much doth the grief of the Trojans that shall be in aftertime move me, neither Hecabe's own, nor king Priam's, nor my brethren's, many and brave who then shall fall in the dust beneath the hands of their foemen, as doth thy grief, when some brazen-coated Achæan shall lead thee away weeping and rob thee of the day of freedom. Then haply in Argos shalt thou ply the loom at another's bidding, or bear water from Messeis or Hypereia, sorely against thy will, and necessity shall be laid upon thee. And some man shall say as he beholdeth thee weeping: "Lo, the wife of Hector, that was pre-eminent in war above all the horse-taming Trojans, in the day when men fought about Ilios." So shall one say; and to thee shall come fresh grief in thy lack of a man like me to ward off the day of bondage. But let me be dead, and let the heaped-up earth cover me, ere I hear thy cries as they hale thee into captivity.' *

The 'Iliad' without Andromache would lose half its charm. Similarly in the 'Odyssey' the radiant figure of Nausicaä enhances mightily the charm of the tale. Nausicaä, the princess, sets forth in her mule-cart to do the family wash and returns with a shipwrecked mariner—a mariner who turns out, when fed and clothed, to have the manners and the godlike beauty of a hero. The young lady's self-possession and her busy care for others, the fact that she glows with the joy of living and cherishes the romantic fancies of a full-blooded untamed maiden, make her by far the most charming apparition in Homer, if not in all Greek literature.

There is no denying that in both 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' woman's power is felt; in the former faithless Helen is the magnet who leads a myriad men from home; in the latter faithful Penelope is the goal for which Odysseus strives. Yet Homer was enough of a realist to make it

* 'Iliad,' 6. 448-465 (Murray's translation).

perfectly plain who ruled in the world that he describes. It is men who give orders and women who obey them. After the affecting scene of parting between Hector and Andromache, Hector reminds his wife that war does not concern her. 'Nay, go thou to the house and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their work; but war shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me, of them that dwell in Ilios.'* It was essential to the character of a man that he should know when to put his women-folk in their places. Penelope is thrilled with the knowledge that her son, Telemachus, is grown up, as soon as he begins to give orders to her in stern masculine tones. 'Nay, go to thy chamber and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks; but speech shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me; since mine is the authority in the house.'† Goddesses like Circe and Calypso may, of course, have their way with mortal men, but apart from the goddesses, women in Homer are not allowed to influence genuine heroes either for good or for evil. The crucial instance is that of Helen. Surely she held men in thrall by her feminine spell if anyone ever did. But no; Helen has found favour with Paris, he counts her amongst his valuables, but he pays no court to her. She despises him in her heart because he returns from the battlefield in the middle of the day, yet so strong is her sex complex, or, to put it in Homeric language, so stern are the commands of Aphrodite, that she must needs go to him and scold him for his lack of valour. Whereupon he, without more ado, shows that at least he can rule in his own house. He orders Helen to do his will, and she obeys. He is perhaps courteous, but not gallant, and Helen is submissive. When there are negotiations between Greeks and Trojans, Helen is not the only subject of discussion, she is merely the most valuable part of the property that Paris has stolen from Menelaus. There is no romance about love in Homer. Romantic love had not yet been born, or at least it had not been recognised by literature.

It is highly appropriate that we should pause here to

* 'Iliad,' 6. 490-493.

† 'Odyssey,' 1. 356-359.

consider the work of Sappho, the one woman whose fame as a poet is universally assured. What did she think of women's rights? That she was a great woman and that she was honoured by her contemporaries, there can be no doubt. In her native island of Lesbos, amid the charm of Greek air and hills and sea, she lived a noblewoman among nobles and gathered about her a group of girls whom she loved with passionate frankness and whom she instructed in the arts of the Muses—poetry and dance and song. Was she, then, not sufficiently emancipated to be termed a feminist? Certainly not in the modern sense, for in Lesbos of that period she enjoyed such freedom as a matter of course. No struggle was necessary. Other lands and other times looked upon her liberty as license; but there was really nothing unfeminine in the freedom that Sappho enjoyed. She never trespassed on the prerogatives of men in her choice of subjects for poetry. She leaves war and politics to the other sex and speaks as a woman, usually to women, about intimate, feminine interests. She loves her girls and she hates her rivals for their favour; she hates bitterly the harlot who has impoverished and estranged her brother far off in Egypt. She is interested in men chiefly as necessary adjuncts to a wedding, and when men took her girls from her in marriage, she looked upon them too as rivals and mourned her lost loves with a feeling that left no place for any romantic thoughts about men. Not that Sappho was not romantic; her world, however, was a world of women in which men had no part save as despoilers.

When we come to the three great writers of tragedy at Athens, we can analyse more completely the Greek view of woman's position and of the possibilities of love for good or evil. If we define as feminists those who believe in the equality of the sexes, we shall find that there are two kinds of feminists, those who maintain the essential similarity of the sexes and the equality of woman with man in man's own sphere; and, secondly, those who find an essential difference between the sexes, but feel that each in its own sphere has independent and equal value and that either alone is incomplete without the other. Feminists of the first type belittle the femininity of women and insist on relegating sex to

the category of non-essentials. Love in particular they scorn, for love makes both men and women forget the universal for the particular; in lovers' eyes the distant goal melts away and all the glamour of which life is capable is concentrated in one individual and in one instant. Certainly, if sex is to be treated as unimportant, people must not be allowed to fall in love; hence love becomes the hated foe, productive of naught but evil, ever to be assailed with reproaches and revilings.

In contrast with the two types of feminism are the corresponding ways of *not* believing in the equality of men and women. One may frown upon love and emphasise the masculine in women, but still hold that women, though not essentially different from men, are in all things weaker than men, and therefore naturally subordinate to them. One may, on the other hand, admit that women are not as men are, that they are not only weaker, but essentially different; one may treat the feminine sphere as a lower one to which it is degradation for a man to fall. To such writers, love is a danger, and a danger to which women are particularly susceptible. It was long before the spectacle of a man in love was presented upon the Greek stage with anything but condemnation or disgust.

It is an important item in the greatness of Æschylus, who more than rivals Shakespeare in the moral grandeur of his presentation in tragedy of the fundamental problems of human existence, that he treats the sufferings and problems of women with the same sympathy and insight that he shows in the case of men. In the 'Suppliants' he deals with a troop of hunted women seeking sanctuary from the pursuit of lawless men who would marry them against their will. In the 'Seven against Thebes' the fate of the chorus of women is emphasised again and again. In the 'Persæ,' Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, is the chief character. In the 'Prometheus,' Æschylus' discussion of the ways of God with man, the only mortal character is a woman, Io. Prometheus, the male, endures the atrocities of Zeus' vengeance because he has with full knowledge disobeyed the tyrant's edict. He has given fire to men, and no punishment will make him recant or yield. The woman Io presents a graver problem. Here is one who is

altogether innocent. At no time had she been free to choose her path, and yet she is led through sufferings which almost equal those of Prometheus. She knows nothing, has chosen nothing, can only suffer in bitterness of heart, seeing no end of all. Æschylus, with his interest in the problem of sin and suffering, finds in the woman's case the greater problem, because her suffering is greater and her responsibility less.

Moreover, Æschylus' best-drawn characters are women. There is the old nurse of Orestes in the 'Choephoroe' with her realistic reminiscences of his babyhood. Greatest of all there is Clytemnestra whose moods of unrelenting vengeance, of revolt, and of appeasement, are subtly presented in the 'Agamemnon.' In the 'Choephoroe' Clytemnestra meets her fate at the hands of her son Orestes, and in the 'Eumenides' her ghost is still present awaking the furies when they slacken in the pursuit of the son who has slain his mother. Orestes, however, in the end is freed from the stain of blood and attains at last to peace. There was vengeance for Agamemnon, but no vengeance for Clytemnestra. Such is the double standard in Æschylus. Here, again, as in Homer, we have sympathy for women; here, moreover, we have a more than Homeric interest in love as an elemental force; but the fact remains that women are helpless sufferers, who appeal strongly to the poet's religious sense and to his all-pervading sympathy, but who may not attain independence. When they are driven by overmuch suffering to desperate strokes for freedom, they sink deeper into the mire and are lost eternally. The man who loves, in Æschylus, is fierce and brutal toward the object of his desire, unless, like Ægisthus, he finds in a pliant woman the stepping-stone to his ambition.

Of the Greek writers, Sophocles, for all his greatness, is the least satisfactory in his treatment of women. He is not in *any* sense a feminist. In his plays the characters are drawn in heroic proportion. They are idealised by the omission of the insignificant, the transitory, and the commonplace from their features. As a result, they have the semblance not of ordinary mortals, but of inhabitants of a higher sphere where only the great and the noble may dwell. As a matter of course, slaves and

children play no great part in such a world. Their concerns are not significant. So it is with women; their characteristic traits and interests are kept in the background. Sophocles idealised women by making them submissive, patient, silent, foolish, and repentant. One play, the 'Philoctetes,' has no feminine character. Here it is worth noting that Plautus, writing in Latin, when he wished for once to present to the Romans a decent play, took the precaution of omitting all female characters. Sophocles, too, found it possible to dispense with women. Of the women in the 'Ajax,' the 'Œdipus at Colonus,' and the 'Trachiniæ,' one can almost say what Lowell said of Fenimore Cooper's:

'And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
As sappy as maples and flat as a prairie!'

The most notable example of a Sophoclean woman is found in Deianeira of the 'Trachiniæ.' Deianeira had, after a stormy courtship, married the great Heracles. He took her to the distant land of Trachis and left her there while he pursued adventures from one region to another. He was seldom at home and never for long. On the day of the action represented in the play, her anxiety is increased by the knowledge that that day is to mark the end of Heracles' labours. If he survives the final conflict he shall have rest from then on. So, when she hears that he has sacked a town and is returning, she is overjoyed and prepares to welcome him. When, though, she discovers that the sack of the town was undertaken with the object of capturing the maiden Iole, who is to be Heracles' mistress and to share one house with her, his wife, it is too much even for the most submissive. She desperately desires to secure for herself the love of Heracles and with the best intentions employs as a magic ointment the blood of Nessus, a centaur whom Heracles had slain with an arrow poisoned in the venom of the hydra. A robe is smeared with the ointment and is despatched to Heracles. As soon as the robe is gone, Deianeira bethinks her that the venom of the hydra is still in the ointment and that when Nessus recommended his blood as a salve, he may have intended to beguile her into executing his *post-mortem* vengeance upon Heracles. Her second thoughts are soon proved

correct by the arrival of a messenger who describes the horrible tortures that assailed Heracles when he donned the poisoned robe. Deianeira has no heart for further struggling. By the irony of fate the act, which was meant to make her once more important in the eyes of Heracles, had destroyed all hope of happiness. Heracles must hate her; she must be known as her husband's slayer. A good woman could only acquiesce in her own abasement, could only go within and slay herself, and so Deianeira did.

The play is nearing its end when the dying Heracles at last arrives on the scene. There is the barest mention of Deianeira. She is forgotten in the death-struggle of Heracles, represented in gorgeous pageantry and ending with his final apotheosis on the funeral pyre of Mount Oeta. To the modern reader this scene is superfluous; to the ancient spectator it was the climax. Modern critics have consequently condemned the construction of the play, which seems to focus the reader's interest on Deianeira for the greater part of the play, then to desert her entirely. The truth is that Sophocles' audience knew all the time that the play was about Heracles. Deianeira counts only as her movements affect the fate of Heracles. He dominates the audience as he dominates his wife's purpose, even when he is absent from the stage. When he arrives, the interest of her less important fate is swallowed up in the world-wide significance of her husband's passage from this life. It is characteristic of Sophocles' heroines to go out quietly and slay themselves. For the most part, they keep their thoughts to themselves as good women should. According to Thucydides this was the ideal of Pericles. 'To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or evil among men.'

There are, however, two plays of Sophocles which take their name from the female protagonists, the 'Antigone' and the 'Electra.' Here we have a crucial instance of Sophocles' treatment of women. Antigone and Electra are not shrinking, patient creatures, as are their sisters, for each is confronted on the stage with a sister, designed expressly to embody ordinary feminine virtues and to supply a contrast. But neither Antigone

nor Electra is fighting her own battle. Antigone is inspired by devotion to her brother, whom she buries in spite of Creon's prohibition. Electra is loyal to the memory of her father; it is for him that she becomes an incarnation of the spirit of vengeance. Furthermore, neither Antigone nor Electra is chiefly concerned in the final catastrophe of either play in which she appears. Antigone is buried alive; Creon's son loves her and slays himself; Creon's wife slays herself. At the last the successive disasters react upon Creon, and his abasement provides a climax for the play. So in the 'Electra,' it is the fate of Ægisthus, murdered by Orestes, which ends the play. Orestes' murder of his mother Clytemnestra is a preliminary episode. Contrast this treatment with Æschylus'. In Æschylus, Clytemnestra absorbs all the poet's interest and her murder provides the climax. These considerations are, however, insignificant in comparison with the damning fact that I am about to mention. Antigone and Electra, the famous heroines of Sophocles, have nothing essentially feminine about them. To become heroines they completely discard their womanhood. Their one feminine trait, the singing of dirges, Antigone for herself and Electra for her brother, is largely conventional. The truth remains that a heroine in Sophocles is hardly distinguishable from a hero; Sophocles finds it impossible to idealise the essentially feminine qualities except by omitting them.

Very different from Sophocles is Euripides. He centres the attention of his audience on countless aspects of life that Sophocles felt to be unworthy of presentation. Decorum is thrown overboard; heroes behave like ordinary men; women and children and slaves become significant, their sorrows and their passions become prominent, and no one, least of all a woman, suffers in silence. Love is made a subject of serious dramatic treatment. The Phædra of Euripides, who yields to illicit love and brings disaster upon herself and others, marks an epoch in the development of literary subjects. The scandal was at least as great as that caused in modern times by 'Madame Bovary' or 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' Euripides became known to his contemporaries as a woman-hater. Now it is a curious and illuminating fact that Euripides has in

modern times, on the contrary, been adopted as a patron by the feminists. The 'Medea' of Euripides was, not many years ago, played by women as a manifesto of the party of women's rights. The very same features that the ancients considered derogatory to women were taken as evidence in our day of an interest in woman's emancipation. Aristophanes, who was Euripides' contemporary, represents the women as his bitter enemies. They are said to hate him because he disclosed the truth about them. To be sure, one modern critic has tried to avoid the dilemma by supposing that Euripides really was the women's representative and that Aristophanes was angling for laughter when he stated the contrary. This is sufficiently absurd; for there can be no doubt that the ancients thought it no compliment to women to stress, as Euripides did, their feminine traits. The only way of dealing with them kindly was to do as Sophocles did and leave out either the women or their traits.

What is the truth about Euripides' feminism? We can best deal with this question by considering not the bad women that he depicts, but the good women. The good women, curiously enough, are nearly all women who give their lives voluntarily for some cause. Alceste consents to die that her husband may live. Macaria, in the 'Children of Heracles,' is willing to be sacrificed for the salvation of her family. Iphigeneia, in 'Iphigeneia at Aulis,' goes gladly to the altar of sacrifice that the hosts of Greece may not be thwarted in their expedition against Troy. Evadne, in the 'Suppliants,' leaps upon her husband's funeral pyre and perishes with him rather than survive his death. All this is rather obviously theatrical and in many cases it is apparently the exigencies of the plot that determine the character. Euripides' actors are never quite alive in spite of the interesting things they do and say. Here we have, however, the conspicuously good women in Euripides' plays, and it is notable that the quality of their goodness is distinctly strained. Their self-devotion is too prodigious. Must a woman lay down her life without a murmur in order to be entitled to praise? Can it be that Euripides expected so much of women in the ordinary way that they could do no more than their

duty only by the most extraordinary self-immolation? Just as a spirited horse when driven with a tight bearing-rein can show his breeding only by tossing his head still higher than it is already held, so Euripides' women can glorify themselves only by surpassing the most exacting standards of conduct. This fact tells its own tale, and I venture to say that Euripides views women with a jaundiced eye because they did not often come up to his exacting standard.

We need not pause here to consider such of Euripides' women as are not definitely either bad or good. Such characters as Helen in the play of that name and Iphigeneia in 'Iphigeneia among the Taurians' derive their interest almost entirely from their adventures. The women in Euripides, who are interesting in themselves, are his bad women, or women in revolt. Phædra in the 'Hippolytus,' who loves her step-son; Hecuba, who barbarously mutilates her foe and gloats over his torment; Medea, who murders her rival and her own sons, and Creüsa in the 'Ion,' who revolts against the gods and their brutality, are all striking studies, and, what is more, they are not the least bit masculine. No man in Euripides commits such crimes for love or revenge as do his women. His men are in comparison cool, reasonable, and consistent. His women become raging furies when prompted by passion. Euripides studied women; he gave them a voice, as he did to the slaves, but he found in women weaknesses and vices and perversions which apparently he did not find in men. Euripides was a feminist in his presentation of women as different from men. In his failure to idealise woman as she is—or was—he was true to the anti-feminist tradition.

The passion of love Euripides no more idealised than did Sophocles. In the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, the death of the heroine leads her betrothed Hæmon to slay himself. Love is a terrible force that brings death and destruction upon the unwary. In Euripides, especially in the 'Hippolytus,' the operation of passion is depicted on the stage; but it is still a terrible tragic force, not an ennobling sentiment. Moreover, in Euripides it is women who love, not men. There is perhaps an exception in Menelaüs who is seen in the daughters of Troy to be very much under the influence

of Helen. He has spared her for her beauty's sake on the night when Troy was sacked. Menelaus, however, is always represented as a very mean creature. The crucial instance in this case is that of Achilles. He is filled with admiration when Iphigeneia at Aulis goes voluntarily to the altar of sacrifice. It is, however, admiration, not love, that Achilles feels. Love is too ignoble an emotion to move the great Achilles. There is no breach of decorum in his words. He first offers to prevent the sacrifice and explains:

'It is not for the bride's sake—brides untold
Are eager for mine hand—that this I say.
But King Agamemnon hath insulted me,
He ought to have asked my name's use first of me
To trap his child. Chiefly through trust in me
Did Clytemnestra yield her lord her daughter.' *

In the end he is, to be sure, moved by Iphigeneia's heroic decision to go voluntarily to the altar and declares his willingness to fight alone against the host of Greeks in order to save her and marry her. It is only necessary, however, to compare Euripides' slight hint of a possible romance with Racine's characteristic episode of passionate expostulation in his 'Iphigénie' to make plain the great gulf that is fixed between the propriety of Greek heroes even at the end of the fifth century, and the frank portrayal of men in love in later literature. Achilles in Euripides loves wisely and not too well. He offers to help, if help is desired, but he is not the Achilles in love that we see in Homer. *He*, when his beloved Patroclus falls in battle, becomes the most passionate, headstrong fury imaginable. Euripides' Achilles is in comparison an iceberg.

There is ample evidence that the claims of women to equality with men were debated at the end of the fifth century in Athens by philosophers and laymen. Socrates and the sophists probably left no tenet of customary belief unassailed. The fundamentalists were alarmed, and watered the seed of science with the blood of Socrates. A new group of radical thinkers arose, among them Plato. Within a few years, he had published the

* 'Iphigeneia at Aulis,' 959-964 (Way's translation).

outline of an ideal state, whose constitution was based on a searching investigation of the springs of human conduct. With regard to women, he came to the conclusion that, while they are weaker than men, they are not essentially different. For political purposes, there is no more reason for classing women apart than for making a special class of bald-headed individuals and assigning them different functions from the rest. Neither was Plato afraid to practise, so far as possible, what he preached; for we read that among Plato's pupils were two women, Lasthenea of Mantinea, and Axiothea of Phlius, who used even to wear men's clothes. About the same time, we read of a woman philosopher, the daughter of Aristippus of Cyrene, who trained his daughter in his own philosophy. It should be noted that these women all came from Doric communities, where girls were given in any case much the same education as their brothers. No woman of Athens attains fame in this generation except the notorious Xanthippe, who showered Socrates with slops, doubtless for the very good reason that he was a perfectly impossible husband.

We are, however, concerned here with the literary treatment of women. Plato is probably the most radical preacher of the equality of women who has ever arisen. He assuredly did not believe in the superiority of women, for he ignored in women any distinctive traits. He even proposed to abolish marriage and to apply to human procreation a régime of strictly scientific eugenics. Passionate love was to be rigidly excluded from his calculations. Plato is the high priest of unsentimental feminism. In his discussion of ardent loyal friendship in the 'Symposium,' he is speaking of comradeship between men, though he suggests that now and then there *may* be a rare woman capable of real devotion. Plato might have been surprised if he could have foreseen that in our day we should apply the name platonic only to friendships in which women are included. Plato did not marry; he probably never loved a woman. He speaks of women always in a cold-blooded way which suggests that his concern with them was purely Academic. In this connexion Aristophanes' attitude is worth noting. He was probably burlesquing Plato's political theories

when he wrote the 'Ecclesiazousæ.' By way of burlesque, he outdoes Plato and represents the women of Athens as taking complete charge of the government on the ground that every other possible constitutional change had been tried and found futile. The women, once they are in power, pass laws prohibiting any particularism in the relations between the sexes. The results are comic, and indicate that Aristophanes had little faith in Plato's proposal to regulate the mating instinct in accordance with scientific formulas.

Another follower of Socrates, Xenophon, has very different ideas about women from Plato's. He believes in marriage and views it as a partnership. In the 'Œconomicus,' the young husband points out to his wife that God has created man and woman with complementary functions, that he has assigned to men outdoor work and to women indoor work. He points out various duties that she may undertake, such as supervising the servants and looking after them when they are ill. He then continues :

'I assure you, dear, there are other duties peculiar to you that are pleasant to perform. It is delightful to teach spinning to a maid who had no knowledge of it when you received her, and to double her worth to you : to take in hand a girl who is ignorant of housekeeping and service, and after teaching her and making her trustworthy and serviceable to find her worth any amount : to have the power of rewarding the discreet and useful members of your household, and of punishing any one who turns out to be a rogue. But the pleasantest experience of all is to prove yourself better than I am, to make me your servant : and so far from having cause to fear that as you grow older you may be less honoured in the household, to feel confident that with advancing years, the better partner you prove to me and the better house-wife to our children, the greater will be the honour paid to you in our home. For it is not through outward comeliness that the sum of things good and beautiful is increased in the world, but by the daily practice of the virtues.'*

Xenophon was even romantic about marriage. It must be remembered that he had been long in the Orient where tales like those of the 'Arabian Nights'

* 'Œconomicus,' 7. 41-43 (Marchant's translation).

must have been current. In his didactic historical novel, the 'Cyropædia,' he tells the story of Panthea and Abradatas, whose love is of the most devoted and romantic sort. Cyrus captures Panthea, who is said to be the most beautiful woman in Asia. He treats her with respect, and not trusting himself, assigns her to the guardianship of Araspas. Now Araspas had stoutly maintained that no man falls in love against his will and that a strong man need have no fear of the presence of a beautiful woman. As he came to know Panthea, and found her not only beautiful but good, he fell in love in spite of himself, and paid the lady such attentions that she was forced to appeal to Cyrus. The latter rescued Panthea and pointed out to Araspas the folly of self-confidence in matters of the heart. Panthea was able to repay Cyrus by inducing her husband Abradatas to desert from the enemy's ranks and to take service with Cyrus. When the day of battle came, Panthea decked Abradatas with her own hand, bade him distinguish himself in battle, and said good-bye to him. Unfortunately, Abradatas in distinguishing himself lost his life, and the body was brought to Panthea after the battle. 'Panthea then drew out a dagger, with which she had provided herself long before, and plunged it into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's bosom, breathed her last.*' Cyrus buried them with all honour and erected a great monument to them. This is the first example in extant Greek literature of a romantic treatment of love. In the literature of the fourth century, there must have been many such fore-runners. One thing is certain. At the beginning of the century, literature could not treat seriously a man in love, and passionate affection between the sexes could not be glorified. At the end of the century, the gates are opened wide, and the flood of romantic stories begins to pour. That flood will probably never be stemmed.

As Plato represents the high-water mark of appreciation of woman unsexed as man's equal, so in Menander's comedies we have the culmination of that feminism which exalts the womanly woman and idealises love to the point where it becomes—instead of a degrading weakness that must be hidden, permissible at most to foolish

* 'Cyropædia,' 7. 3, 14 (Marchant's translation).

women—a civilising and ennobling emotion without which man, like woman, is incomplete and sterile. Menander wrote more than a hundred comedies, each containing a love story of some sort or other. We have fragments of two plays written in the period of his maturity, which give us our best evidence for his treatment of love. These fragments were discovered in the sands of Egypt some twenty years ago, and only a few scholars have as yet appreciated Menander's unique contribution in this field. In the first place, no one but Menander in ancient times possessed the art of presenting on the stage the illusion of life. His characters are so individual that they seem more real than people in the street. In this quality, Menander was the forerunner of Shakespeare, and the range of his life-like characters may have been even greater than that of Shakespeare's. The two plays of Menander which illustrate the present topic are the 'Epitrepontes' (The Lawsuit) and the 'Perikeiromene' (The Girl who is Shorn of her Locks). In each of these plays, a man treats unkindly the woman he loves and is brought to repent by the pangs of separation. In each case, the man becomes abjectly miserable and arrives at a new attitude toward his mate. Love operates in both cases to civilise and ennoble the man to the extent of his capacity. The plays otherwise are quite unlike.

In the 'Epitrepontes,' we have a studious and somewhat puritanical young man married to the wealthy daughter of an old curmudgeon. Estrangement between husband and wife is due to Charisius, the husband's, discovery that his young wife, Pamphila, had been violated before her marriage, and had borne in his absence a son which was secretly exposed. Charisius, out of consideration for his wife, does not divorce her; but, by suddenly assuming the rôle of spendthrift and profligate, he alarms the bride's frugal father Smicrines, who at once proposes to separate his ducats and his daughter from a son-in-law who does not treat them with proper respect. Pamphila refuses to seek a divorce from Charisius no matter what he does. Fate now finds the one flaw in Charisius' armour. Once in his life he had indulged in revelry and had assaulted a girl at a religious festival. A baby is discovered bearing as a

mark of identity a ring of Charisius. A clever harp-girl puts two and two together, and by pretending that *she* is the mother of the baby elicits a confession from Charisius. He acknowledges the child as his own. Smicrines hears of it, and again attempts to persuade Pamphila to divorce her husband. Even though she has a rival, Pamphila is staunch. Charisius overhears enough of the argument to be thoroughly humbled. The reminder of his own lapse from propriety had already broken his philosophic self-satisfaction, and his sudden realisation that he was a cad by comparison with his wife effected a transformation.

'What a paragon I was! Fair fame my standard, true insight into right and wrong my sole research, my own life without a flaw, exempt from passion! Oh, fate has done well. I deserved exactly what I get. For once I betrayed the fact that I was human. You miserable wretch, so you will take a lofty tone, so you will preach? So you can't forgive your wife the wrong she suffered in her own despite? Ah, but you shall have evidence of your own failings of the same kind; and she, when her turn comes, will be gentle with you, while you are making her an outcast. The multitude shall see in you at once a boor, a loser, and a fool. What a light she threw on your intentions by what she said just now to her father: she had come to her husband to share with him the ups and downs of life; she must stay with him and face the situation. But you, like some Sir Touch-me-not, full of self-righteousness, behaved worse than a barbarian. What will your clever schemes mean to her? Suitors will shun her, her father will misuse her—deuce take the father; I'll say to his face: "Will you, Smicrines, kindly cease to meddle in my affairs? There's no question of my wife separating from me. What do you mean by upsetting Pamphila and browbeating her?"'

It is no more than poetic justice that, as soon as Charisius has resolved to let nothing stand between him and his wife, he should be informed by the crafty harp-girl that she was only posing as mother of his son, and that she had found the real mother, who is no other than his own wife, Pamphila. The play ends amid universal rejoicing. It will be noted that, though Menander's characters are convincing, his plots take a great deal for granted that the modern spectator would prefer not to concede.

In the second play, the girl who gets her hair cut short is Glycera. She and a twin brother were foundlings. The brother, Moschion, was adopted by a wealthy lady and knows nothing of his humble origin. Glycera was taken in by a poor woman. Misfortunes came, and Glycera, having no dowry, was lucky to get established as the mistress of a typical soldier, the roystering, lavish, blunt Polemon. Glycera knew that she was a foundling and that Moschion was her brother, but said nothing in order not to undermine Moschion's social position. It so happened, however, that Glycera caught Moschion's eye. He, therefore, found an opportunity to give her a more than brotherly embrace. She returned the embrace merely as a sister. Unfortunately, Polemon arrived just in time to catch the pair and drew his own conclusions. Glycera could give no satisfactory explanation, and her lover with soldierly impetuosity drew his sword and left her shorn of her locks, an object of derision and aversion. To be brief, Polemon is in despair at the loss of Glycera's affection. When she herself takes refuge with a lady next door, he is reduced to a state of mingled fury and abasement that is extremely comic. All comes out right in the end, for Glycera finds her long-lost father, discloses the fact that Moschion is her brother, and, having attained wealth and social position, condescends to marry her old lover, who was not only penitent and abject, but had utterly given up hope when he heard of Glycera's good fortune. The play ends, of course, with a wedding feast.

Menander's treatment of women and of love has been so often imitated that his plays might be taken for commonplace melodrama by the uninitiated. So true it is that the romance of one generation is the classicism of the next, and classicism when it has gone to seed is despised and rejected by the fresh young critics of a later generation. Nevertheless, Menander's treatment of women bears comparison very well with that of the Victorians. The heroines of Dickens are the merest clinging vines without half the independent personality of Glycera and Pamphila. Thackeray's good women are insipid. Trollope's heroines are at their best when grovelling abjectly at the feet of a complacent demigod with auburn side-whiskers. George Meredith in England

and Walt Whitman in America, to name but two among many, preached anew the old gospel of the fourth-century Greek writers. As we look back now upon Menander's work, it may even seem narrow in its devotion to the theme of love. The fact remains that in this field Menander was a pathfinder, and that for more than two thousand years the trail he marked out has been the beaten track of romantic fiction.

Women are assuredly freer now than in Menander's day. There are even some signs that they may yet turn the tables on the men. Sir James Barrie has in such plays as 'What Every Woman Knows' given us the woman's view of life and of men. It must be confessed that the men come out very badly by comparison. Barrie is, however, cunning enough to sugar the pill with his whimsical humour. Instead of raging at the insult to the male sex implied in such plays, we merely smile jovially to see what perverted notions of life and love the dear ladies have, God bless them! When a woman plays the same game in all seriousness, that is another matter. Clemence Dane has had produced two plays in which quite brazenly she made all her men stupid, raving, childish dummies, useful merely to give the women an opportunity to exhibit their powers of heroic self-sacrifice. Her first play, 'A Bill of Divorcement,' was successful, because the hero, being mad, was excusable. Her second play, 'The Way Things Happen,' failed, perhaps for good reasons. To explain, however, the savage criticism it received from the embattled male critics, we must understand how completely it made men contemptible in comparison with women. There may come into existence some day a literature so unkind to men that critics in considering it will discuss, not the development of feminism, but the development of an appreciation of the good qualities and the claims to freedom of the male sex. The fact that no one has found it necessary to coin the word masculinism seems to prove that men have thus far had the best of it.

L. A. POST.

Art. 11.—THE INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK OF FRANCE.

At the close of the War, the highest authorities entertained the opinion that France, with her innumerable wounds, would necessarily take many years to recover her industrial prosperity. And when, a little later, the franc exchange, which had been artificially maintained during the War, started on its downward slide from parity, this development only confirmed them in their opinion. For they held that, though a falling exchange might afford some stimulus to industry, it would be nothing more than an artificial, temporary, and illusive aid. So they stood unshaken in their view as to the impossibility of any early or complete recovery for industrial France. Things, however, turned out decisively otherwise, at any rate until nearly the close of 1926. It is true that industry in France appeared at first to be following the course marked out by these melancholy anticipations. For, after a spurt of intense activity in 1919 and 1920, there was a sudden set-back of business in the second half of the latter year. But this set-back continued only up to March 1921. From that moment there was a swift and steady recovery, so that, at the opening of 1922, unemployment had vanished and full industrial activity had been resumed.

This industrial prosperity maintained itself on an increasing scale. Indeed, so rapid and sensational was the revival that, already in 1922, French external trade attained its pre-war volume. From that point it has gone on from strength to strength. The annual average foreign trade of France, exports and imports, during the five years before the War was about 14 milliard francs in value. In the calendar year 1926 it was a little over 119 milliard francs in value. Reducing the francs of 1926 to their average gold equivalent, this means that the 14 milliards of pre-war foreign trade had grown to 20 milliards in 1926. If we make the same calculation in metric tonnage instead of in francs, we shall find that the average foreign trade of France for the five pre-war years was 57 million tons. In 1926 it was 78 million tons. Thus the advance is 42 per cent. in values and 37 per cent. in tonnage.

This result is confirmed if we look a little deeper, and take not merely the figures of the external trade, which constitutes, of course, only a portion of the trade of a nation, but the figures of French production as a whole. Here we must have recourse to an inquiry conducted on behalf of the American Institute of Economics and published in 1925 under the title of 'The French Debt Problem.' After an exhaustive analysis the conclusion was reached that already in 1924, 'French industry is on the whole considerably more productive than it was in 1913.' The general conclusion was that, comparing 1924 with 1913 as 100, 'agriculture was 90; coal, 110; iron ore, pig iron, and steel, 130; metal trades, 115; cotton goods, 106; woollens, 79; silk, 117; leather, 120; building, 125; paper, 75. A rough weighting, in accordance with the relative importance of the industries, gives a general index of production of 105.' It is added that 'one may safely conclude from the foregoing analysis that the total volume of production in France was greater in 1924 than in 1913.' This was still more decidedly true of 1925 and 1926. What has been the cause of this unexpected achievement?

By way of clearing the ground let us begin by reciting and estimating the weighty economic arguments which made it appear so clearly, and yet erroneously, that France after the War would be industrially incapacitated for many years. In the first place, France had suffered such stupendous losses in industrial and intellectual manpower that rapid recovery in any field of activity seemed quite ruled out. In the words of M. Poincaré, 'of all the Allies France had to pay the highest tribute in human lives. 1,400,000 of her citizens were killed, and the number of her crippled, wounded, and incapacitated men must be estimated at a figure at least as high.'* Who can measure the industrial loss sustained by a stationary population when the flower, and much more than the flower, of it is thus suddenly swept away from the field of production?

The second factor which rendered France's economic recovery presumably impossible was the destruction of

* 'France at the Cross Roads,' by M. Poincaré, in 'Morning Post,' Feb. 9, 1926.

her Lancashire and Yorkshire; that is, the ten Departments in which her industrial life had been mainly concentrated. By a particular misfortune the percentage of the national output of France, regularly produced by these ten Departments, was very high. At the date of the outbreak of war, it was 70 per cent. for coal, 83 per cent. for ore, 64 per cent. for pig iron, 78 per cent. for sugar, and 93 per cent. for linen yarn. Besides this, the more completed products of manufacture were similarly centred in that area: about 80 per cent. of the wool combing and of the linen weaving, 60 per cent. of the cotton, with similar proportions for chemicals and engineering. In agriculture it produced one-quarter of the oats and three-quarters of the sugar beet of France. At the opening of the War, the population of this region had been close upon 4,700,000 persons. Of these, in November 1918, only 2,000,000 were left. What brain can realise, or what pen can depict, the damage thus inflicted upon the mines, the factories, the railways, the houses, and even upon the very soil of that vast area constituting the very heart of industrial France?

Added to the destruction of her best manhood and of her industrial system, France also lost at the same time the main part of her enormous foreign investments. During the twenty years prior to the War she had been steadily adding to these investments, with the result that in 1914 they amounted to about 40 milliards, from which she was drawing a revenue of about 80,000,000% a year. Most of this had been unfortunately placed in bad securities, with the result that the War reduced this magnificent fortune to small proportions.

This brief enumeration appears to tell its own tale and to carry an inevitable conclusion. For suppose a manufacturer whose factories have been burnt, whose best workmen have been slain or incapacitated, whose reserves have dwindled to insignificant proportions, and whose working capital melts in his hands. Could any one expect anything but his infallible ruin? And yet not so, in the case of France. We read in the official Reports issued yearly by the Department of Overseas Trade, and written by the most capable of Commercial Counsellors, Mr J. R. Cahill, that France, since 1922, is a land of astonishing industrial and commercial pros-

perity. The vision is dazzling. We walk in an economic Elysium. Even the latest Report, published in February 1927, and written presumably in November 1926, bids us realise that 'for the last five years France has enjoyed an unbroken period of tense industrial and commercial activity.' What a happy people! We Britons, chained to our island rock of economic torment, can only gaze across the Channel with envious eyes at those fortunate industrialists, lying comfortably ensconced in the bosom of prosperity. How is it, then, that political economy has been confounded, and that 'the dismal science' has shed its tears too readily? Let us scrutinise afresh the adverse factors just enumerated, in order to discern why their effect has not been greater.

As regards the first factor, the ever-to-be-lamented destruction of the flower of the French people, other things have redressed it. The first of these has been the immigration of aliens into France. Prior to the War, France regularly pursued a very enlightened and generous policy in regard to immigration, with the result that, tourists apart, the alien population was a little over one million at the outbreak of hostilities. When war began and the fields and workshops were drained of men, a sudden invasion of workers commenced to flow into France. It has continued ever since, with only one brief intermission, under the direction, since 1918, of the Department of Foreign Labour. The movement was started by the Spaniards, who, being out of the battle, were more free to come than the other peoples. The Spanish, who were about 100,000 in France before the War, number nearly 500,000 in that country to-day. Then, as soon as the War was over, the flood-gates were thrown open to the rest of the world, with the result that, thanks to the mighty onset of Poles, of Belgians, of Italians, and so forth, the alien population of France is now up to three million persons.

This labour force of men has had a prodigious effect upon industry. The official calculation is that about 65 per cent. of the Belgians, 70 per cent. of the Italians, 45 per cent. of the Czecho-Slovaks, and 25 per cent. of the Spaniards go into industry, the balance in each case being directed to agriculture. Thus in the coal and iron mines of the north and east, in the metallurgical

industries throughout France, in the textile factories of Lille and Roubaix, in the beet and flax farms above Paris, and throughout the vast and varied enterprises of specialised agriculture from the Italian frontier to the Atlantic and from Marseilles to Lyons, in fact, everywhere where good work is to be done, the aliens swarm and labour. From the demographic point of view, France of to-day is, in the words of Burke's famous description of the Chatham Cabinet, so chequered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed, so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white—that it is, indeed, a very curious show. But from the industrial standpoint, with the entry of so many eager and energetic workers, the war losses of France were substantially reconstituted, and the apparently insoluble problem of production was resolved.

Add to this, of course, the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine with its population of 1,700,000, itself not only the richest but also the best organised industrial area, for its size, in Europe. Of its stupendous ore reserves, of its coal, of its metallurgical works with their up-to-date blast furnaces, of its magnificent textile industries, of its immense store of potash, we are all aware. Thus the question of industrial man power has been settled by immigration and annexation. Pre-war France numbered a trifle over 39½ millions of people. To-day, France contains not less than 40½ millions of a population as industrious as any in the world.

The second adverse factor of those enumerated was the destruction of the Lancashire and Yorkshire of France. But, when war ended, French statesmen took a very important step. Instead of waiting for German Reparations, they set to work to reconstitute the Devastated Departments as soon as possible. If they had not taken that step, France would have registered her own ruin, or, at any rate, would have descended at once to the scale of a second-rate power. The result was that the population, which, at the Armistice, was only two millions, has in substance recovered its former strength to-day. In order to enable this population to exist once more, a work of giants has been accomplished.

Endless would be the task of enumerating the official figures as to how the 800,000 farm buildings and dwellings, damaged or destroyed in the war operations, have had to be reconstituted, and how the public buildings, the factories, the livestock, the coal and iron mines, the roads, the bridges, the canals, and the schools have been made good, not only up to their pre-War standard but up to a point, generally speaking, far exceeding it. Never, surely, have the resources of modern civilisation been more marvellously utilised by the energies of a great people.

The third and last adverse factor of those under consideration is the loss, to a great degree, of the foreign investments of France. It is here that we touch upon a loss to France which has not yet been made good. Indeed, M. Caillaux has expressed the opinion that this misfortune still constitutes a leading factor in the situation. Nevertheless, as I have argued elsewhere,* there are reasons for supposing that 'these losses will not permanently cripple France,' and that there are even figures from which 'we can infer that France is slowly reconstituting her external investments.' The year 1924 was the first year when these statements began to be applicable, and the grounds of the calculation for that year may be summarily mentioned.

Taking the trade and service operations of 1924, France had a surplus in that year composed of (1) net visible trade surplus, including specie, 1.4 milliards; (2) invisible net exports, consisting of insurance and shipping receipts, commissions, and net tourist receipts totalling 5.8 milliards, according to the best calculations. Total, 7.2 milliards. Deduct, however, a small net deficit arising out of the fact that France's foreign investments in that year yielded less than her corresponding interest payments, minus 0.6 milliard. Surplus net balance for the year, 6.6 milliards. This is the sum that was probably available in that year, for the first time since the War, to increase French balances or French investments abroad, or to enable repurchases of francs to be made from foreigners. These figures may give ground for thinking that, if France can set off her

* 'The Financial Crisis of France,' 2nd edition, pp. 281-2.

Dawes receipts against her future foreign debt annuities, and against her remaining charges entailed by the reconstitution of her Devastated Departments, she will quickly have considerable funds available for building up anew her foreign investments.

So far, then, as the argument has been carried, it has been shown that the terrible series of blows inflicted on French industry during the War have not availed to prevent an astonishing recovery in the industrial prosperity of France. Further, an explanation has been furnished as to how this has come about. The legitimate inference to be drawn is that an organisation so vigorous and so healthy as to have withstood such an extraordinary catalogue of disasters will not easily succumb in the future. Nevertheless, though this may be considered a sound conclusion, its optimism must not carry us too far. Indeed, as 1926 proceeded to its close, heavy clouds rolled up on the industrial horizon, and in November a sudden trade reaction set in. In the month of January 1927, imports dropped no less than 20 per cent. in value, and exports 13 per cent., as compared with the preceding month. The numbers of those in receipt of unemployment allowances rose from practically nil in the early winter of 1926 up to about 81,000 in March 1927. This compares with the maximum of 91,000 attained in March 1921. It may be noted that the principle adopted towards unemployment relief is to throw the responsibility primarily upon local funds, of which about 150 are now operative. These funds are supplemented by proportional grants from the State up to a maximum, as recently fixed, of 60 per cent. In the 1927 Budget the not very extravagant Supplementary Estimate of 230,000*l.* has been specially allocated for this purpose.

The fundamental cause of this alteration of fortune was the tremendous upset in the bases of values which had occurred in the course of 1926. The franc had opened the year 1926 at about 125 to the £, according to the Paris quotation, and had sunk to 240 to the £ in July. From this point it had climbed back to about 120 to the £ in December, thus reverting approximately to its original level. This strange adventure upon the part of the franc was due to the fact that the French

Government was thought to be practically bankrupt in July. At the end of the month the Treasury balance was only one million francs with which to meet huge obligations falling due in August, as well as large payments necessitated by the maturity of National Defence Bonds.

The purchasing power of the franc in relation to wholesale prices ran a similar, though less sensational, course during 1926. Taking the 1914 basis of 100, wholesale prices stood at 646 at the opening of the year; they rose to 854 in July, and ended, much as they started, at 641 in December. Thus they had moved in a certain relation to the franc exchange. When the latter had recovered in the second half of 1926, wholesale prices had recovered too. Meanwhile, retail prices had pursued a different path. These had stood only at 463 at the opening of 1926, compared with their basis of 100 in 1914. From that level they had risen steadily throughout the year up to 628 in November, and had ended it at 599, continuing with a slight descent in the opening months of 1927. Thus retail prices during 1926 had ignored the wild fluctuations of wholesale prices, and had been content to move steadily upward to a level which left them nearly six-fold higher than in 1914. Hence by the close of 1926 both sets of prices had risen correspondingly from their pre-war basis, retail prices somewhat less than six times, and wholesale prices somewhat more than six times. If the official estimate that wages have now risen to 607 from the 1914 basis be correct, then we may say that in France the costs of production have now established an equilibrium with prices as a whole.

But for the purposes of industrial stability an internal equilibrium of prices is not enough. What, then, is the relation of French wholesale prices to world prices, meaning by the latter term the combined figure of wholesale prices in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, etc.? During the convulsion of July 1926, French wholesale prices, when reduced to their gold equivalent, had been at about their pre-war level, taking their basis in 1913. In that same month world prices stood at the figure of 144. But by the close of 1926 this great gap had been largely closed up, the

French figure being 132 and the world figure 142. If, then, French wholesale prices are a little less than world prices, and a little more than French retail prices, it seems to be a reasonable conclusion that, after the 1926 convulsion, a sufficient equilibrium has been established between the French price level as a whole and that of the rest of the world. The significance of that fact for French industry is this, that, if the French level were much lower than that of the world, France would be disposing of her products to the world too cheaply, or, vice versa, would be charging too much for them, to the detriment of her trade.

If the argument of the preceding paragraphs be accepted, it will follow that, though French industry has been rudely shaken by the economic upset of 1926, yet, viewed as a whole, that organisation has been able to retain equilibrium. Nevertheless, this establishment of equilibrium is being attended with considerable difficulties, especially for those who must sell abroad. Take, for instance, the situation of the French steel trade, as from the autumn of 1926. The wages paid had increased with the cost of living; taxation had been very considerably put up in August 1926; transport rates had risen over 40 per cent. since 1925, and all other manufacturing costs, accompanying the rise of wholesale prices of the first half of 1926 and not benefiting so far by the fall of them in progress, had swollen greatly. But had not the receipts of metallurgical products risen too, when sold at gold quotations on the Brussels exchange? In theory, as gold had depreciated, the French exporters should have recouped themselves to that extent when selling their goods for gold. But, actually, they themselves had been depressing gold prices by undercutting international values, thanks to the depreciation of the franc, so that metallurgical prices in gold during 1926 were at times about as low as, or even lower than, in 1914. Thus the French manufacturers in this case found themselves caught with rising costs of production and with stationary receipts. Hence the pains and penalties of a necessary readjustment. French industry must live on finer margins henceforth.

So far, then, our argument has been to show the

immense strength of French industry, as demonstrated by its triumphant recovery from the terrible shocks of the War. Next, it has been argued that French industry on the basis of the new price-level, should be able to adapt itself to the economic earthquake of 1926. But, if we look further into the future, the outlook yonder is that French industry is doomed to serious trouble unless it can obtain from the French Government a stable basis for its operations, i.e. a currency legally married to gold. Thus, since French industry depends for its future on the franc, and since the franc, in its turn, depends on the conduct of the public finances, we must briefly assess the latter, if we would form an accurate conception of the existing outlook.

The practical bankruptcy of the French Treasury in July last was averted by heroic measures. Taxes were so heavily increased that the Reporter of the Finance Commission of the Chamber of Deputies considers that 'the tax-payer finds himself surcharged in 1927, by reason of the recent statutes, to the extent of a total of 13,158 million francs.'* More immediate money was obtained by crediting to the Treasury the remaining balance of the Morgan Loan, by obtaining assistance from the private banks, and by pledging securities at the Bank of France. A Caisse d'Amortissement, or Sinking Fund, was instituted by the National Assembly, solemnly convened at Versailles, in order to amend the Constitution for that purpose.

The effect of all this was magical. Taxes poured in; Rentes rose in value; the franc flew upward; the public rushed to renew their Bonds; the Morgan Loan was reconstituted; funds were accumulated partly to meet sterling obligations in 1927, and partly to enable the Bank of France to control further fluctuations in the franc; 2 milliards of the debt of the State to the Bank were repaid; the note circulation was considerably reduced; a portion of the short-term debt was converted into long-dated securities; the Budget of 1926 ended, so it was officially averred, with a milliard surplus, and, by another miracle of equally rare occurrence, Parliament passed the Budget of 1927 in 36 days, as compared, for

* Document No. 3386 of Chamber of Deputies, 1926, p. ix.

instance, with the 360 days consumed on the Budget in 1913.

The crowning stroke, which the best interests of industry now demanded, was the final stabilisation of the franc in a fixed relation to gold. The hour had come and the man. It may be laid down that, in order to attain that end, four financial conditions are necessary: a balanced Budget; a short-term debt under control; a reasonably favourable trade balance; and, lastly, a large fund of gold, supplemented by sterling and dollar bills and balances. If we may accept official declarations and official returns, all these financial conditions were present at the opening of 1927. Finally, in politics, the world observed in M. Poincaré a statesman who had rallied round him an all-powerful Ministry, who enjoyed the overwhelming support of the industrial interest, and whose prestige was at its zenith.

Across the frontier Belgium had effected the legal stabilisation of her franc at 175 to the £ in October 1926. In 1927 the Governor of the National Bank of Belgium writes of this operation: 'Our objective has been attained; the reform caused no upset in salaries or in prices; it encouraged saving; in recent weeks deposits have surpassed withdrawals by a million francs a day; the bank has maintained a ratio of 60 per cent. of gold against its notes, or, including all its sight obligations, 53 per cent.' It is relevant to observe that, taking the French franc at the same rate of 175 to the £, in the same month of October last the Bank of France's holding of gold was 54½ per cent. of its notes and sight obligations. Add that at that date the Bank of France was collecting a large holding of gold exchange, as may be traced in its accounts under the heading of 'various assets.'

In France, however, M. Poincaré has pursued a different policy. In October, when the franc opened at about 170, he pronounced it to be too low, favouring 'revalorisation to the full extent of what is possible.' The franc having accordingly attained 120 to the £, and having remained for some weeks at about that figure, 'this,' he said, 'is a de facto stabilisation, and the Bank of France will do all that is necessary to maintain this rate, in order to allow industry to readapt itself, . . .

as for legal stability, it cannot be considered for an indeterminate period.' To this position he has steadfastly adhered, repeating, for instance, on Feb. 18 in the Chamber, 'at the present time the conditions are not in being which render possible the enactment of stabilisation by law. Is there a single man who can hope to accomplish that before the end of this Parliament?' So industry must wait indefinitely for a settled and legal basis.

Accordingly, as 1927 has gone onward, the various interests in France favouring various rates of stabilisation have organised themselves in strength. Those with fixed sums to receive by way of interest or salary favour further 'revalorisation' at a much higher point than now. Next, there are the industrialists who need, above all things, a fixed basis for their operations, but who would choose, next to a fixed rate, a lower rate for the franc. Lastly, there are the tax-payers, the fiscal interest, so to speak. Since about half the public expenditure is consumed in debt charges, that burden can be lowered by depreciating the value of the franc, say, to 150 to the £. As the industrialists would, of the two policies alternative to their own, prefer the latter, it may be surmised that, if it comes to a battle, the last of the three policies indicated will stand a good chance.

Instead of obtaining a fixed currency, France, according to the memorandum of the new Tariff Bill, is now to have an enhanced customs tariff under 1750 heads in lieu of the existing 650 heads. The erroneous argument is used that as taxation is, at the present level of exchange, 8*l.* per head as against 4*l.* 3*s.* per head in 1913, industry needs to be stimulated by a tariff, a measure which can only force up further the cost of living within France and check consumption. Hence in the abeyance of a fixed legal basis for business operations, and in the presence of new measures only calculated to upset them further, the outlook for French industry must be termed precarious.

The extent to which the outlook is precarious may be estimated in an almost mathematical manner. It resides in the difference in the rate of interest on short-term money and on long-term money in France. Short-term money is easy and abundant. The precise converse

is the case with long-term money, in which considerations of the future are the dominant factor. Here we find that any investor of long-term money can command very high rates. Thus the rate of interest which must be paid by those issuing new bonds or debentures of sound quality averages over $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The *Crédit Foncier* itself, standing second only to the Bank of France, in issuing 7 per cent. 500-franc bonds recently, repayable over fifty years at 1000 francs each, had to sell them at 480. Several of the issues of the French Government itself, of a middling term of currency, appear to yield, with redemption, over 9 per cent. free of tax. These high rates express the views of the industrial community as to the outlook. For, however indisputable may be the security offered, since all is payable in francs, all depends upon the future of the franc, and these high rates are only the measure of the uncertainty attaching to it. Thus, whichever way we look, the prospects of industry are marred and barred by the absence of stabilisation.

If, however, we extend our outlook beyond the immediate present, we reach the conclusion that, once France has fixed, as she can well do, the gold value of her currency, and has, by consequence, finally linked her price level to that of the world, she should be sure of an enhanced prosperity. We must, indeed, not allow ourselves to exaggerate the possibilities of that expansion, or to indulge in glowing dreams. For there are certain factors which in the future as in the past will regulate and restrict the industrial growth of France. Let us test that observation in the main spheres of her activity, coal-mining, metallurgy, agriculture, and textiles.

The relative scarcity and inferior quality of her coal measures has in the past preserved France from the triumphs or the terrors of 'the industrial revolution.' Indeed, during the hundred years 1815-1914, she had regularly to import year by year one-third of what she required for her own needs. Thus in 1913 her production was 41 million tons and her imports 22 million tons. This figure of 41 million tons should be compared with the 287 million tons produced by Great Britain, and the 279 million tons produced by Germany, in that year. Since the War importation has considerably increased

in quantity. At any rate, in each of the years 1923 and 1924, France had to import about 31 million tons. In 1926, thanks to her wonderful reorganisation, she raised her production, it is true, to 52.5 million tons, and it is even thought likely that she may increase that figure to 55 million tons. But we must bear in mind that, as recently as 1924, the head of the Collieries Organisation of France expressed the opinion that, owing to the relatively small coal reserves, production should not be pushed beyond 50 million tons a year.

Proceeding upwards, as it were, in the scale of industry, we may observe similar restrictions to be assignable to the metallurgical future of France. In 1913 France and Alsace-Lorraine together produced 7 million tons of steel. In 1925 the two together produced 7,300,000 tons, a figure approximate to our own output. In 1926 they raised their production to about 8,200,000 tons of steel. An impressive total, indeed. Nevertheless, we must realise that this output will be subject in the future to certain limits. Coke is scarce. It is conceivable, indeed, that the French coal mines may be capable of furnishing 5 or 6 million tons of coke in the next few years. But the needs of France stand at the figure of at least 12 million tons in that item. She now obtains the balance required by means of deliveries under the Dawes scheme, and also by way of ordinary importations from Germany, the latter at very heavy cost to herself. The other restricting factor is that, the internal consuming capacity of France being limited to about 4 million tons of steel, she must export the balance produced. Unluckily for her, the world's productive capacity is increasing all the time, while its consumption, apart from that of the United States, is stationary. Hence the significance of the Crude Steel Agreement of October last, which limits French production to about 31 per cent. of about 29 million tons, i.e. not far from 9 million tons of output per year.

If we turn from metallurgical to agricultural France, we may read into the future the same hopes qualified by similar considerations. The two main staples of French agriculture are wine and wheat. As regards the former, one would suppose that, aided by modern research and machinery, the wine production of France

would have increased in quantity and quality since the last century. Yet in the days of Napoleon III, France was producing more than now and furnishing a better quality. Indeed, in 1875 the output rose to 78 million hecto-litres. Since the War the average output is about 58 million hecto-litres, and it is to be feared that, now that the vast majority of the vines are grafted on American stocks so as to avoid the phylloxera, the quality may not be what it was formerly.

As regards wheat, France was self-supporting before 1860, and even during the next twenty years there were five years in which she had an exportable surplus. Her average production of wheat was 102 million quintals for the decade 1876-85. The average for the last four years, which included one exceptionally good and one inferior harvest, is 77 million quintals. Yet France probably needs each year 80 million quintals for food, 10 million for seed, and 4 for industrial purposes—a total of 94 million quintals. Thus, in spite of all the admiration which we may justifiably entertain for French agriculture, we must be careful not to exaggerate the prospects of France in this respect.

As regards the textile industry, the last in our inquiry, this has shown really marvellous progress since the War. The value of the textile exports has increased about eight times over that of 1913, as measured in francs, constituting about 40 per cent. of the entire exports of manufactured goods. Besides this, the French textile manufacturers have been gaining much more control of their own market, as indicated by the decline in imports. As against all this, we must realise that the weakness of those industries consists in their having to obtain the overwhelming bulk of their raw materials from gold standard countries. Cotton has to be brought from the United States, from India, and from Egypt; wool from Australia, British West Africa, Great Britain, and the Argentine; the silk of the natural silk trade from Japan, in chief. The cost of all these materials must be measured out according to the variations of the franc exchange.

Again, there are the wages problems multiplying in this field of production. When we say that these industries have benefited by a falling exchange, we

mean that the manufacturers, having sold for gold, have paid their employees in currency which, though it may happen to purchase more than it ought at the moment, may at any time depreciate in purchasing power, and is thus most unsafe to receive and still more dangerous to hold. The workers, having made this discovery, are pressing for a rise. Thus, at the end of December 1925, the total average earnings of the woollen workers were 25 francs a day. In the course of 1926 no less than four successive rises of wages had to be accorded to them, with the result that 1926 ended with a rate of 30 francs a day. Thus the oscillations of the franc constantly react, at long range and in an unforeseen manner, on the stability of industry.

And lastly, we have to remember in this connexion how doubtful is the position in our day even of the most prosperous export trade. For example, the exports of cotton fabrics from France to Germany amounted in 1924 to over 20,000 tons, and of cotton yarn to over 8000 tons. In January 1925 the Alsace-Lorraine customs regime with Germany came to an end, and the German tariff was increased 100 per cent. on the cotton imports, thus suddenly paralysing this important trade. The fact is that to-day all nations are endeavouring to produce textiles, and are therefore constantly tempted to impose tariffs upon their neighbours.

Thus our examination of the reasons which have enabled industrial France to survive the unparalleled shocks of the War has led us, in the first place, to estimate the remarkable solidity of her organisation. Next, the argument has shown that the chief danger still threatening that system arises from the quarter of public finance. However, there is, as indicated, a remedy available, which is well within the capacity of reasonable statesmanship. Once this danger has been overcome, the outlook is favourable, though modified by industrial factors of the character above defined.

GEORGE PEEL.

Art. 12.—UGO FOSCOLO.

1. *Opere di Ugo Foscolo*. 12 vols. Florence, 1850-90.
2. *La Vita di Ugo Foscolo*. By Giuseppe Chiarini. Florence, 1910.
3. *La Poesia di Ugo Foscolo*. By Giuseppe Citanna. Bari: Laterza, 1920.
4. *Studi Foscoliani*. By Giuseppe Manacorda. Bari: Laterza, 1921.
5. *Ugo Foscolo pensatore, critico, poeta*. By E. Donadoni. Milan: Sandron, 1910.

On Sept. 10, 1827, Ugo Foscolo died at Turnham Green, the first and the greatest, with the possible exception of Mazzini, of the Italian men of letters who have taken refuge in these islands for political reasons. The life of a poet is, as a rule, of little importance, except in so far as it affects his work; but this is not the case with Foscolo. His stormy career reflects the vicissitudes through which his country passed during the troubled years of the Napoleonic era more closely, and certainly more nobly, in spite of his faults, even vices, than that of almost any other Italian of equal eminence and activity in his day. The circles in which he moved in London, the terms on which he was at once received in them, and the efforts of his friends to help him to the last, in spite of himself, are proof of the respect in which he was held. Few Italians have more right to exclaim with Baretti, 'English friends for me.'

Foscolo's body was removed to S. Croce in Florence, of which he sings so nobly in 'Dei Sepolcri,' in 1871; but there is a local tradition in Chiswick that the tomb in the churchyard which Hudson Gurney raised for him, the last of many acts of generosity, is always warm. And the legend is certainly true symbolically, for few hearts have beaten more passionately than did that of the boy born at Zante in January 1778. His father was an Italian doctor who died young and left his family in poverty, his mother a Greek, and though he came to Venice as a child, his early years in the birth-place he was never to see again made upon his sensitive imagination an impression that always kept its fresh-

ness. He was proud of his Greek blood, and this fact may have fired him to make himself one of the best Greek scholars among the Italian poets. It is to Greece rather than to Rome that he looked for inspiration. Homer was always the poet of poets for him.

As a boy, he tells us, he was 'slow and obstinate, often out of health from melancholy, and at times fierce and insane from rage'; and he remained nervously ill-balanced for the rest of his days. His character and abilities soon made a mark, and his old green coat and shock of red hair became familiar features in the cafés and salons of Venice, where he showed his sensitiveness by boasting of his poverty. The success of his tragedy 'Tieste,' written on strictly Alfierian lines, won him a recognised position in the world of letters. He had a good deal in common with Alfieri, the haughty individualist, the hater of tyrants, who was not a little of a tyrant himself, and the times in which he lived tended to foster these characteristics.

Foscolo was too violent a republican and revolutionary to be quite comfortable in Venice, so he went to Bologna, then in the Cispadane Republic, where he wrote the 'Oda a Bonaparte Liberatore,' the first of his poems to show a distinct individuality. He returned to Venice on the establishment of popular rule, becoming one of the secretaries of the Republic. The treaty of Campoformio, which ceded Venice to Austria, was a terrible blow. He is said to have proposed to burn the city rather than yield. He withdrew to Milan, the capital of the Cisalpine Republic, completely disillusioned.

His novel, 'Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis,' is not merely the book of the period, wherein the generation that lived through the tragic years that shattered its hopes of freedom saw itself mirrored; it is also the book in which Foscolo seeks to draw himself. 'I shall perhaps write better as author, but the man will never write again as in that book,' he says in a letter. Apart from his art and his desire for fame, Foscolo had two master passions, his love of country and his love for women. Love was, indeed, a chronic state with him, affair succeeding affair in unending succession. The novel owes a good deal to 'Werther,' but the tragedy of Ortis is a double tragedy, the loss of country and the

loss of Teresa. At least two ladies are thought to have contributed to Teresa; the 'divina fanciulla,' the lovely fair-haired girl, Isabella Roncioni, betrothed to a man for whom she did not care, quite different from the married women who had hitherto captivated Foscolo; and her successor, Antonietta Fagnani-Arese, who was as temperamental as himself. His affair with Antonietta lasted two years (1801-3), during which time he was putting 'Ortis' into its final form. His letters to her are a speaking picture of Foscolo in love, with his exaggerated hopes and despairs, his violence and egotism, and the final dignified, hurt farewell. In love he admits that he was born, to his misfortune, quixotically tragic; and by this time he had a pretty clear idea of the course his passion would follow. But while it lasted he was always very much his own Ortis. In England he would tear out his hair from rage when he lost a game of chess.

This double passion of love and patriotism may injure the book artistically, but to it are due its originality, and its truth to Foscolo himself and the times in which he lived. Not that it cured Foscolo as 'Werther' helped to cure Goethe. He often toyed with the idea of suicide: his brother died by his own hand; but, he tells us;

'Che se pur sorge di morir consiglio,
A mia fiera ragion chiudon le porte
Furor di gloria e carità di figlio.'

His intense vitality and his active life as a soldier were sufficient antidote to any such morbid tendencies.

For Foscolo remained in the army, even after Marengo. He had fought bravely against the advancing Austrians and Russians, being wounded and made prisoner, and he served with distinction under Massena in besieged Genoa. He still saw in Napoleon the one hope of freedom for Italy; but he never flattered him or concealed his opinion of him. During the siege he republished his ode with a fresh dedication, in which he says that his object is not to tickle his ear with praise, but to bring home to him the misery of Italy, justly awaiting the restoration of her liberty at the hands of the man to whom she first owed it. The tone of

his eloquent 'Orazione a Bonaparte pel Congresso di Lione' is hardly less pronounced. During 1804-6 he was with the Italian division of Napoleon's army for the invasion of England at Boulogne and St Omer, where by an Englishwoman he became the father of a daughter, Floriana, who tended him devotedly in his last years. Here, too, he learnt English and began the free version of the 'Sentimental Journey,' which has made the 'Viaggio Sentimentale di Yorrick' a household word in Italy, as it has the pseudonym of its translator, Didimo Chierico, which Foscolo was to use more than once. It did not leave his fastidious hands till 1813.

In 1808 Foscolo was appointed Professor of Italian Eloquence in the University of Pavia. The chair was suppressed almost immediately, but not before he had given a taste of his quality as a critic, notably in his introductory lecture, which shows the influence of Vico by his tracing his subject back to its earliest origins. Foscolo was a man of real learning, a scholar and thinker, as he showed in his discourses on Catullus's 'Coma Berenices,' which he professed to regard as a skit on the erudition that was so absurdly over-prized at this time, or in his essays on the text of Dante and the critical work on Italian literature which belongs to his years in England. As De Sanctis puts it, 'Foscolo is the first of Italian critics to consider a work of art as a psychological phenomenon, and look for its source in the mind of the writer and in the atmosphere of the period in which he was born'—that is to say, he was the first modern critic in Italy, though he wrote to John Murray that he considered criticism 'a sort of literary quackery.' It is characteristic of him that he made over the pension he received on the suppression of the Chair to his mother, to whom he was always a devoted son.

In 1812 he was back in Florence, a frequent and welcome visitor at the rather dreary assemblies of the Countess of Albany, with whom he long corresponded. Now it was that he met the 'donna gentile,' Quirina Mocenni-Magiotti. Sensible and good-hearted, she was hardly calculated, in spite of her good looks, to inspire one of his temperament with a violent passion; but she possessed all the qualities that he needed in a friend, and such she remained, true and self-sacrificing, to the

end, asking nothing better than to be able to help him and in no way affected by his constant infidelities. These months in Florence when he was living up at Bellosguardo, busy upon 'Le Grazie,' with a circle of charming lady friends, must have been among the happiest in his life.

After the fall of Napoleon Foscolo again showed his greatness as a man, in spite of, it may be even because of, his weaknesses. For perhaps it was the consciousness of his own worth, which found expression in his insisting on living in a certain style, whatever his income might be, that raised him above the politicians of the day, who submitted to each government in turn, accepting the change with a shrug, possibly in all good faith believing that they were thus serving the best interests of their country. The poet Monti has become their scapegoat, because, unlike them, he has not sunk into oblivion; it is noticeable that what is perhaps the best, the most spontaneous of his poems, for it shows real feeling, is the ode on his return to Italy after Marengo. Foscolo's note to Monti on their final break is well known. 'Monti mio, we shall both go down to the grave; you certainly more lauded and I, perhaps, far more regretted: in your epitaph praise will speak, and on mine, I am sure, it will be read that I, having been born and grown up with many evil passions, have yet always kept my pen clean of falsehood.'

Foscolo, who had refused to flatter even Napoleon, was inclined to welcome the return of the Austrians. He saw that Italy needed peace and he knew that they had been the most enlightened rulers in the peninsula in the old days. Naturally they were only too eager to win him, offering him the editorship of a review. He thought of accepting till he found that, as an officer of Napoleon, he would be required to take an oath. Pecchio relates that one morning in Milan he told him frankly that, if he continued to play with the Austrians, he would be regarded as a spy by his friends. This news came like a thunderclap and he fled to Switzerland the next day. 'By this act Ugo Foscolo gave Italy a new institution, exile,' says Carlo Cattaneo. His farewell letter to his family is among the noblest he ever wrote. Characteristically, when his baggage mule fell, filling the air with fragrance from the broken bottles of his scents and

essences, he risked capture by his cries of rage and agony, which brought a number of peasants to the spot. He was penniless, but as so often the 'donna gentile' came to his aid. After some stormy months in Switzerland he decided to put himself beyond the reach of persecution by going to England.

He arrived here on Sept. 11, 1816, and was unfeignedly delighted at being welcomed like a man who has for ages enjoyed a high and unquestioned fame. Holland Rose, who was out of town, sent his servant to show him round London, and he was at once made free of Holland House. 'I love even the dogs of Holland House,' he wrote; and Lord Holland says, 'We are all *engoués* with him,' such was his fire and energy, his varied knowledge and the warmth of his sympathies, though naturally this enthusiasm cooled a little as time went on. His new friends at once set about getting him work, and he was soon contributing to the leading reviews. John Murray was among the earliest and best of them. His first article in these pages, 'The Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians,' appeared in April 1819, being followed by several others. Murray also published an edition of his tragedy, 'Ricciarda,' and his 'Essays on Petrarch.' Rogers he knew, and also Cam Hobhouse, with whom he quarrelled violently; first, when Hobhouse found it impossible to pay Foscolo the large sum promised for help in his 'Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold,' and then because Hobhouse wished to reveal Foscolo's share in the essay on modern Italian writers, where he is highly praised. This had been suspected at once by Foscolo's enemies in Italy, but he had categorically denied it to his friend, Silvio Pellico. His ideas of truth were always a little elastic, as the 'donna gentile' soon learnt. The frequency with which he is mentioned in memoirs and the names of his correspondents show the position he held. Among us, too, he found the female society he so much appreciated in several families of charming girls, like the daughters of Lord Edward Fitzgerald or of Sir Roger Wilbraham, who was a warm admirer of Italian literature and a good friend to Foscolo. He often read Italian with these ladies; but he admits that he could never talk to a woman without introducing a long parenthesis on love.

With Caroline Russell (Calliroe), whose father, Sir John Russell, warned him that she would turn his head, he fell in love in characteristic fashion, and it was long before she could bring him to his senses. Italians who saw him in London refer more than once to attendant Graces in his different abodes.

The effect of this life on Foscolo, half Bohemian, half dandy, can be imagined. From the first he was horrified at the cost of living in England, and he was, of course, quite unable to make ends meet. He was continually changing his address in town. For a time he lived in a cottage at East Molesey, for which he bought quantities of linen and plate; and even a carriage. When his daughter was sent to him he laid out her money, with the consent of her guardians, in building a cottage at South Bank, Regent's Park, fitting it up with a splendour that shocked his best English friends. He called it *Digamma Cottage* after his 'Quarterly' article on the history of the *Æolic Digamma*. Among his many letters to John Murray is an invitation to dinner there, in which he promises to have a bottle of claret for him and an apple-pie for his son, John. In a long letter to Murray, largely about his debts (August 1822), in which he says that no one came to his assistance with so warm a friendship or with cares so constant as he, Foscolo informs him that he cannot live on less than 400*l.* a year. 'I always declare that I will die like a gentleman, on a decent bed, surrounded by casts (as I cannot buy the marbles) of the Venuses, of the Apollos, and of the Graces, and the busts of great men; nay, even among flowers, and, if possible, with some graceful, innocent girl playing an old pianoforte in an adjoining room.' Another letter speaks enthusiastically of Byron's 'Marino Faliero,' which had been sent him to read in proof, and ends with a request for a loan of 50*l.*, duly granted, 'for in this moment I am extremely poor. I should be happy if I could be always tolerably poor.' Murray generously paid some of his smaller debts and with other friends arranged a course of lectures on Italian literature which was a great success, bringing in upwards of 1000*l.* Foscolo celebrated it by giving a breakfast to his supporters and having a new drive cut to his cottage for the occasion.

When the crash came he disappeared, changing his name and concealing his whereabouts from all but a few friends. He seems to have been actually arrested for debt. He is ceaselessly on the move, from Totteridge to a three-roomed cottage in the worst part of St Giles, of which he gives Hudson Gurney, who continued to help him, a vivid description. He worked from morning to night on articles for reviews which often did not pay him, as well as on his edition of Dante, so long as Pickering supplied him with money. Unfortunately, he could never do without secretaries and translators. He also managed to find a pupil or two. Naturally, his health suffered. He was even reduced to selling his books, though he would never part with his editions of Homer and Dante. On two occasions he was suspected of being a thief by booksellers. He still occasionally dreamed of returning to Italy or the Ionian Islands, for his optimism was incurable, as it often is with men of his temperament. Foscolo could never be moderate. Either he must live in the style he wished, or else in the simplest poverty, as when he insisted on sharing the men's rations during the siege of Genoa. And so he continued till he reached his final home at Turnham Green, where his friends, on hearing of his condition, did what they could to relieve him while he was dying of dropsy.

To Foscolo instinct is synonymous with genius; it is by instinct that a man becomes artist, scientist, or philosopher. It makes the man who possesses it and does not give it free play restless, distressed, idle, discontented, and the man who follows it satisfied, hard-working, and happy. And when we turn to Foscolo's poems we realise that he is speaking from experience. They are a proof that at least in his work he was happy. As he wrote to Murray, life had no attraction for him 'unless when my faculties and feelings were at liberty to exert themselves.' His output was small, once the period of youthful, largely imitative verse-writing was over. Like many Italian poets he developed slowly, and he was too sound a critic to allow this immature work to be reprinted. His mastery of his art is shown by the completeness with which he has subdued his passion to it. Some of the dozen sonnets, in which he proves himself unquestionably to be one of the greatest poets in this

form even in Italian, reflect the most serious crises in his stormy life, yet all the passion has been eliminated or absorbed in the perfection of the art. There is not a trace of the violence of *Ortis* in the three love sonnets which were written for the 'divina fanciulla'; indeed, they suggest Petrarch, to whom they obviously owe something, in their gentle melancholy. Similarly, his feelings for his brother's suicide are merged in his love for his mother and for his native Zacynthus. The beautiful, almost perfect, 'Alla Sera' is perhaps the best of these sonnets.

But it is in the two odes that Foscolo first enters into the poetic world that he was to make peculiarly his own; and it is to 'Ortis' that we must turn for the passage which is vital for the understanding of it.

'In delicious delirium I see before me the nymphs naked, dancing with their garlands of roses, and in their company I invoke the Muses and Love; and in the streams that leap, plashing and foaming, I behold the Nereids, sweet guardians of the springs, revealed to the breast [as he shows them in 'Le Grazie'], with their dripping hair tossed over their spray-spangled shoulders and their eyes smiling. Illusions, cries the philosopher. But is not everything illusion? Everything! Blessed were the ancients who believed themselves worthy of the kisses of the immortal goddesses of heaven; who offered sacrifices to Beauty and the Graces; who cloaked with the splendour of divinity the imperfections of man; and who found BEAUTY and TRUTH by caressing the wraiths of their imagination! Illusions! Why, without them I should not be conscious of life except in pain, or (what frightens me even more) in stark and dreary inertness.'

Are we not getting close to Keats's 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' and also to some of the leading ideas of Leopardi—the 'dear illusions,' which alone make life worth living, as contrasted with reality, and the terror of *noia*?

It was in the ode, 'A Luigia Pallavicini caduta da cavallo,' that Foscolo first turned to these visions of divine or heroic beauty, possibly as an escape from the turmoil of the siege of Genoa, amid which it was written, and henceforth they were to be the chief sources of his inspiration. The goddesses of Greek mythology are, as Signor Citanna points out in his admirable study, the

real subject of the ode; it is the lady who intrudes. He begins with a vision of Venus, and when he comes to the lady he is obliged to deify her, showing her as a goddess dancing with her hair loose, or bathing, like his nymphs. In '*All'amica risanata*,' written for Antonietta Fagnani, the synthesis of the two elements is complete. He does not make a false start, but begins at once with Antonietta, and shows her to us as her health revives and the Hours once again minister to her at her toilet instead of round her sick bed; then drawing all eyes by her dancing and singing and, finally, as a priestess of Venus of Cythera, hard by Zacynthus.

'*Le Grazie*' consists largely of a series of fragments, glorious visions, in which Foscolo is seen at his best in poetry of this kind. The three ladies who inspired it, representing Music, Poetry, and the Dance, appear as priestesses at the altar he erects to the Graces at Bellosguardo. The visions are generally of lovely goddesses, naked, or clad in beautiful, clinging drapery, as in the journey of Venus and the Graces in the first hymn, or the weaving of the veil of the Graces at which Minerva presides on the island of Atlantis, in the third. Foscolo never succeeded in finishing the poem, though he continued to work at it all his life, possibly because of the allegory which he felt bound to introduce, in accordance with his view that it was the duty of poetry to instruct by pleasing. Even in its fragmentary state this allegory is only a hindrance to the enjoyment of the poetry.

It was physical beauty—above all, the beauty of woman—that inspired Foscolo. Didimo Chierico places beauty first, then character, and lastly brains, in his estimate of a man. The sight of beauty is enough to assuage all pain, Foscolo says in '*Ortis*.' 'But when virtue makes thee even dearer and misfortune, by robbing thee of confidence and the jealousy that happiness awakens, shows thee to men with thy hair dishevelled and without festal garlands, who is there that can pass thee by and give thee nought else than a useless glance of pity?' But with beauty must go that seemly modesty to which his refined classical taste attached supreme importance in woman. Clearly at no time did beauty attract him more than when in sickness or distress. Both his odes were written while the

friends to whom he dedicated them were convalescent. In love, as in art, he was a pagan, asking nothing more than physical beauty, his passion dying as soon as the novelty faded. Hölderlin's 'Hyperion' is in some ways more closely akin to 'Ortis' than to 'Werther,' since it, too, contains a tragedy of patriotism as well as of love; in his passionate devotion to all things Greek Hölderlin rivalled Foscolo, but his Hymn to Beauty shows that high moral qualities are essential in his conception.

Strong though the romantic elements were in him, Foscolo in his poetry is essentially a classic, a champion of the neo-classical revival. Winckelmann was the high priest, and Rome the centre of the movement. His neo-classicism, his ideal world of ancient Greece with the plastic serenity of its mythology, is, of course, a poetical Arcadia of his own, differing as much from the reality as do those of Hölderlin or Goethe; but it seems to us a truer classicism than that of the other leaders of the school in Italy at this time. Monti's classicism is on the surface, while that of Leopardi, whose scholarship was more profound even than Foscolo's, lies chiefly in the form. He bewails the passing of the old paganism, symbolising his own health and happiness, just as he prefers to embody his despair in Sappho or Brutus; but he cannot breathe new life into the mythology, because for him there can be no happiness in the present. Deep down in Foscolo's heart the serene classical harmony of the Greeks, of Homer or Praxiteles, found an answering echo, reinforced by his Greek blood, or at least by his consciousness of it, and the glamour that surrounded his childhood in Zante. It is this that gives his poems their atmosphere. 'There exists in the world an underlying harmony, which man too craves to find as indispensable to revive him after fatigue and suffering,' he says. 'And the more successful he is in discovering such a harmony, the more conscious he becomes of it and delights in it, so much the more are his passions fired to elevate and purify themselves.' It would be difficult to give a better description of the relation between Foscolo's life and his art or a clearer explanation of why it was that Greek art appealed to him above all others; for in his life he never attained this harmony, still less the Olympic calm

of Goethe. This also is why his art is plastic, not pictorial. Form meant more to him than colour.

Yet Foscolo seems to have known and cared little for works of art. He has not a word to say of the pictures or statues of Florence. Perhaps this very limitation accounts for his success. There is no archæology or scholarship in his poems. All that remains of his immense reading, which comes out in his notes, are the visions it helped to feed. His learning, like his passion, has been absorbed in them. They are his own, as is the plastic form they took in his mind. He needed no models. This is why he can not only make the world of his day plastic, but also breathe life into it.

Foscolo finds his counterpart in Canova, the sculptor of the neo-classical revival, to whom he dedicates 'Le Grazie,' since he was then at work on a group of the Graces. Canova's art was, of course, but another re-incarnation of the old mythology, which appealed to him as strongly as to Foscolo, through his own temperament. But it lacks the serenity of Foscolo's vision. This is unclouded by Canova's melancholy, nor does it bear any trace of his veiled sensuality, of the conscious nudity, as in the Venus emerging from her Bath, which had just been placed in the Pitti and to which Foscolo here refers. 'Dei Sepolcri' is Foscolo's most nearly perfect long poem. The idea of death, which to him meant annihilation, haunted him continually. 'He refuses to believe in any religion, yet shows his intense desire for faith in a vague, indefinite religiousness which hovers over the tombs without having the strength to rise to God.'

'All'ombra de' cipressi e dentro l'urne
Confortate di pianto è forse il sonno
Della morte men duro?'

Here we have the cold truth for Foscolo, but, as he has shown in 'Ortis,' we must turn our backs upon it if we are to have poetry or even happiness. There is no need to kill the illusion before its time. Fame he wants and a grave not unhonoured, and throughout the rest of this splendid poem we move among the illusions. Foscolo is in a state of poetic exaltation which enables him to soar far above the logic of his beliefs. Here he

finds the inspiring faith he needs. 'Sdegno il verso che suona e che non crea,' he says. The charge of emptiness is the last that can be brought against this work; but it also possesses the music of all great poetry. In the most famous passage, the key of the whole poem, he describes the effect produced upon him by the sight of the tombs of the mighty dead in S. Croce at Florence, among whom he now rests:

'A egregie cose il forte animo accendono
L'urne de' forti, o Pindemonte; e bella
E santa fanno al peregrin la terra
Che le ricetta.'

Here again it is in the visions, in the descriptive passages, that Foscolo is at his best, in pictures such as that of the ghosts fighting at Marathon or the prophecy of Cassandra at the end. But these visions do not stand alone. Behind them we are conscious of the poet's unsatisfied melancholy transforming them into a whole that is the bone of his bone. It is in its illogicality, in its truth to Foscolo himself with all his contradictions, that the greatness of the poem lies. In the beautiful sonnet 'Alla Sera' we have the quiet, resigned acceptance that Foscolo was to know only for a moment on rare occasions:

'Forse perchè della fatal quiete
Tu sei l'imgo, a me sì cara vieni
O sera! . . .
E mentre io guardo la tua pace, dorme
Quello spirito guerrier ch'entro mi rugge.'

In its sense of peace, its haunting melancholy, the sonnet almost suggests Leopardi. But in 'Dei Sepolcri' we are never far from the Ortis who sought to lose himself in the lovely world of Greek mythology, in Homer and his memories of Zacynthus as an escape from the world of reality which for him could hold out no hope.

L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

Art. 13.—THE LABOUR PARTY.

THE essential and characteristic feature of democracy is its organic quality. Democracy must be born not made; for it rests absolutely upon an organic, not a mechanical, conception of politics. A living organism has mind, will, life of its own; a machine, until made active by some impulse external to and independent of itself, is a mere inert and meaningless mass of matter. It is because democracy has the capacity of exhibiting the features of a living organism—the tissue and substance of which are the characters and personalities, the aims, the outlook, the ideals, the hopes, and the wishes of the individual men and women who compose it—that it can claim to be the highest form of human government. But if this claim is to be made good, it is indispensable that democracy should be true to the principle of its being, and that the organic element should predominate over the mechanical. When it is otherwise, when the mechanical element is uppermost, what appears to be democracy is really a changeling and—since the corruption of the best is the worst—the most worthless, if not the most dangerous form of human government. And further, that organic quality requires for its preservation the collision and contact of opposite forces. The collision and contact of party is as essential for the political organism as the collision and contact of sex is for the physical.

The machine-made party is thus the most dangerous of all the enemies of democracy. What should be living is dead; what should be spontaneous is induced; what should be real is sham. A foreign body is introduced into the political organism. Unless it be expelled or absorbed, the organism dies. To-day, the world is full of machine-made democracies crumbling before our eyes. The suspicion of 'the party machines,' so frequently expressed in this country by men of educated minds, is clear enough indication of their instinctive appreciation of the organic conception of politics, and it is the modern elaboration of the party machine which is perhaps more than any other single cause responsible for the complete withdrawal of many of the higher and

more fastidious types of personality in the Britain of to-day from any active engrossment in political life. Certain it is that the more the mechanical element in party vanquishes the organic, the lower sinks the reputation of the politician, the more sordid and degraded does the political life of a nation become. And, conversely, how invigorating and regenerating is the effect on that political life of the personality which possesses the special genius for developing the organic rather than the mechanical, which can bring life into the dry bones, whether it be Grattan in 18th-century Ireland, Lincoln in the United States, or here and to-day, the Prime Minister !

If these general propositions be sound, it is worth while to examine the Labour Party in their light ; since it seems at least probable that for the years immediately ahead, the Labour Party must share with the Conservative the conduct of the political life of England. Is it fit for that task ? Is it founded upon an organic conception of politics ? Will its effect be to lead democracy to a more vigorous and real life, more wholesome, more healthy ? Will it develop the better and not the worse qualities of its own leaders ? These questions reach, in importance, far beyond and below any connected with the programme or the policy of the Labour Party.

Now, if a party is to be a living organism it must in the first place possess a real unity of structure. The individual citizens must be the foundation, for they alone can supply vitality and reality. Thus in evil days or fine, the Conservative and the Liberal parties have alike been composed of actual men and women, combining together for no other reason than that they had common principles, common aspirations, common views on the government of the country and the affairs of the community. Their system of organising has become more elaborate, more complex, more laborious, under the changed conditions of modern life, but be it simple or elaborate, both the Conservative and the Liberal parties have been composed of actual citizens, combined for a single purpose. Whether in city ward or country polling district, in constituency association, in national federation, on the benches of the House of Commons or in the Cabinet, these political principles, held in common, are the link which unites them. At whatever point it

be dissected, the organism they compose—and it would not be an organism unless this were so—is of the same substance. And as a result, those who represent either of these parties in the House of Commons are nominated, approved, supported by and, in their turn, lead, guide, and encourage associations of men and women who are combined from the sole cause of being in their basic opinions on public affairs of a like mind. And for this reason, both the Conservative and the Liberal parties are part and parcel of the life of England, created by the English people, growing indeed and changing as the generations of Englishmen have grown and changed, but throughout their growth and despite these changes, homogeneous in structure, identical in substance, organic in quality. No such origins, history, or structure has the Labour Party. No spontaneous combination of individual citizens, animated by common principles, views, and aspirations brought it into existence; no evolution of these common principles caused its development; nor is it, in its structure, even now mainly composed of individual men and women.

The origin of the Labour Party was the creating of a caucus; its development the capture of fully grown organisations, existing for purposes totally apart from public affairs; its structure is a machine composed of other machines. Not in a dream, but in fact, the lean kine have devoured the fat. The last and fattest, it is true, still remains; but this coming Whitsuntide, the Co-operative movement, the oldest and richest treasure house of working-class savings, the great edifice built up on the principles of capitalism, in which millions of men and women have stored up a few hundred pounds of private capital, with its banks, its investment trust company, its thousands of wage-earning employees, its great invested capital, its dividends, is at its Annual Congress to be asked to enter into an alliance, which can only bring it at last into the maw of the Labour Party. There can be little doubt that the Congress will accept the invitation. If so, the efforts, the manœuvres, the manipulations of nearly fifty years will have reached their final objective.

It is impossible here to tell in detail the tangled and most unedifying tale of the lean kine's banquet. It has

two main threads. The first was the movement, which began in the 'sixties of last century, for direct and separate working-class representation in Parliament. Supported on the one hand by a mushroom crop of Working Men's Political Associations, of which the most effective was the Labour Representation League, which flourished from 1869 till 1881, and on the other by the Trades Union Congress, which met for the first time in 1868, it was concerned mainly with the personnel of the House of Commons, not with the pursuit of an independent political programme, and the men who, through it, found their way into Parliament, were content to support the Radical wing of the Liberal Party. The other main thread is the rise of the Socialistic movement, which found its first expression in a similar sporadic growth of Leagues, Societies, Federations and what-nots. This movement necessarily concentrated on policy. It preached a faith—the destruction of the capitalist system, the class war, the creation of the Socialist Commonwealth. Starting in the early 'eighties, directed in some of its aspects by the middle-class *intelligentsia*, and in others by such Trade Union leaders as had become converts to Socialism and had formed Independent Labour Organisations, it gave birth in 1893 to the Independent Labour Party.

Six years' struggle followed for the capture of the Trades Union Congress. The crucial moment came in 1899, when the Congress was persuaded to instruct its Parliamentary Committee 'to invite the co-operation of all Co-operative Societies, Trades Unions, and other working-class organisations to jointly co-operate on lines mutually agreed upon in convening a Special Congress of representatives from such of the above-named organisations as may be willing to take part to devise means for securing an increased number of Labour Members in the next Parliament.' The Congress met. To it came delegates from the Trades Union Congress, the Independent Labour Party, the Fabian Society, and the Social Democratic Federation. The Co-operative Societies held aloof. It declared itself 'in favour of working-class opinion being represented in the House of Commons by men sympathetic with the aims and demands of the Labour movement, and whose candi-

datures were promoted by one or other of the organised movements represented at the Conference,' while the door was left open for the admission of the Co-operative movement. The Conference next declared itself 'in favour of the establishment of a distinct Labour group in Parliament.' An Executive Committee was determined on, to be made up of representatives of the attending organisations and of the Unions which 'affiliated.' That Executive was to select candidates, administer the funds, and call annual conferences of the whole committee. A constitution was to be drawn up. But it was not to contain any reference to Socialism.

These cautious steps were necessary, though they caused, a year later, the temporary loss of the Social Democratic Federation. But the main point had been gained. A Labour Representation Committee had been formed, in which representatives of the Trades Union Congress were to colloque with the 'comrades' of the Independent Labour Party and the Fabian Society. Best of all, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, the unknown secretary to a Liberal Member of Parliament, was appointed Secretary. Did it really matter if his nomination had been favourably received, for the reason, according to the late Mr Hyndman, that he was mistaken for some one else of the same name? The cuckoo's egg was safely deposited in the pipit's nest. The lean kine had got within eating distance of the fat, without scaring the herd away. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if they might take fright. The Trades Union Congress had its suspicions, for the older school of Union leader began to realise the danger of 'would-be sympathisers getting into our movement for purposes of their own.' But nothing succeeds like success, and when, after the General Election of 1906, out of 54 Labour members, 29 were the nominees of the Labour Representation Committee, while 14 were miners' representatives, and only 11 represented the older movement with its Liberal-Labour views, resistance, so far as the Trades Union Congress was concerned, came to an end.

Power brought dignity. The Labour Representation Committee renamed itself 'The Labour Party.' Meantime, one Trades Union after another had affiliated, and though the Miners' Federation, with characteristic

determination, held out till 1909, they also toed the line in that year and their Parliamentary representatives joined up. Next year, after each of the General Elections which took place in it, the Labour Party held, with the Nationalists, the balance of power in the House of Commons. Despite its new name, it was still only a Committee of organisations. Individual citizens could vote for its candidates, while as members of these organisations, part of their subscriptions went to its funds in affiliation fees; but no individual human being could, as an individual, be a member of it. Nor had it any declared political principles. Twelve years were to elapse before the public were admitted or the policy was announced. At last, in 1918, the time was ripe, and the electors of England were informed that they could become members of a Socialist party. The reason for the delay was obvious. Had individuals, sympathising with 'the Labour movement,' been allowed to become members of the Labour 'Party,' the delicate process of securing that it should be a Socialist organisation might have been hampered. 'Fools and bairns,' as the Scots proverb says, 'shouldn't see half-done work.' To the political mechanician the individual citizens are fools and bairns. The busy and expert fingers had to do their work without fear of interruption.

It may be said, however, that, after all, origins are of small importance; that the capture of the Trades Unions, the usurpation by a mere Committee of the time-honoured name of Party, were only somewhat unfortunate incidents of adolescence; that from the moment the doors were opened to the public, individual citizens crowded in to enroll in the Labour Party; and that in consequence, the criticism, however serious it might be, that the Labour Party is a mere piece of machinery is completely out-of-date, and that, in fact, it is as organic, as truly a party, as firmly based upon the common political aspirations, views and principles of actual living men and women as any democratic political association need be. Does not its membership increase? Has it not ward committees, Leagues of Youth, Women's Guilds? Does it not win by-elections? Is not a great victory, some day, for its policy and programme confidently predicted? No doubt. But nevertheless the

truth is that the more it changes, the more it remains the same thing. It is still and to-day a caucus, with which the individual citizens who support the Labour Party's principles and aims have hardly any direct, and absolutely no effective, contact.

Nor is this state of affairs confined to Eccleston Square. It is the rule in every constituency where a Divisional Labour Party exists. For in the idiom of the movement a 'party' is still what ordinary men and women call a committee, and, as in the old days of 1900, these Committees are for all practical purposes composed of representatives of the same old machines, Trade Unions, Trade and Labour Councils, Independent Labour Party, Fabians, Social Democrats, and the rest. The individual citizens are, indeed, made welcome in the ward committees. There they give an appearance of vitality and reality. They do the donkey work. As a reward one or two find their way into the local Juntas. But the numbers admitted are small; their influence less. The true function of the individual 'brain-workers' and others who are members is to supply a façade of laymen, behind which, as before, the professionals can make the wheels go round unseen. Of course, in constituencies where Trades Unions and the rest hardly exist, the individual members come into their own, and an association based solely upon the common political views of its members and, in consequence, possessing some organic life, develops. Over such negligible local Labour Parties the central caucus rides rough-shod. But where the machines exist in sufficient force, they rule. One of them—the Trades Unions—was declared by the Chairman at the Labour Party Conference of last year still to be the 'main strength of the Party.' The composition of the Labour Party in the House of Commons reflects the situation. Few members sit there but have been recommended to the electors by one or other of the constituent machines: 86 are Trade Union nominees; 36 are Independent Labour Party; 3 are sponsored by the Social Democratic Federation; at the moment the Fabians have no nominees, while, so far as the present writer knows, those weird satellites—invisible to the naked eye—the Jewish Labour Party and the Herald League have never aspired to the dignity of

recommending one of their members as a candidate or at least have not secured his election.

What, then, in practice, are the results of this predominantly mechanical structure? Is it of any serious concern to the electors if the candidate they vote for is recommended for their suffrage by a piece of political machinery, masquerading as an organic party? The fate of Mr Spencer supplies the answer. Presented to the electors of the Broxtowe Division of Nottinghamshire as the Labour Party candidate, he has been four times returned by them to the House of Commons, on the last occasion by the support of 15,276 voters. In the Commons he is a most respected Member, an able protagonist of his party, of unblemished Labour orthodoxy, so far as his views are concerned, holding, for instance, in so testing a question as the coal stoppage, exactly that opinion of Mr Cook's leadership which Mr Ramsay MacDonald, Mr Snowden, and Mr Thomas have expressed. But he was rash enough to form a new Union for miners in the Nottingham district—not, of course, as a member of the Labour Party, but as one of the men's leaders in the mining industry. Although he seemed to be a Labour member, his passport had been *visé* by the local Miners' Union. He was a fit and proper person to get the votes of 15,000 electors because he was a member of an 'affiliated Union.' He left it. He joined an unaffiliated Union. He was fit and proper no longer. His old Union denounced him to the National Executive of the Labour Party. That body recommended to the Parliamentary Labour Party that he should be expelled. Expelled he was. He had lost his sponsor; he had no other; he had no claim to a place in the super-machine unless he had one of the subsidiary machines to set its hall-mark on him. He had forfeited his passport. There was nothing for it but to deport him as an undesirable alien. Yet he had committed no offence against the principles, policy or programme of the Labour 'Party.' Indeed, his political and party reputation was spotless. He had not lost the confidence of the 15,000 electors whose votes had returned him. He had in fact earned their gratitude. He had not forfeited the political or personal confidence of his leaders. If the Labour Party were a living political organism, he would still

be a natural part of it; but between Mr Spencer and the actual living men and women at Broxtowe who had made him their Parliamentary representative, there intervened a machine. He stumbled against it. It tore him limb from limb. Neither his Parliamentary colleagues nor his constituents could save him. Thus does the mechanical quality in a party destroy democracy; for when the pinch comes, it treats its decisions with utter indifference and unveiled contempt. Expressed in terms of mathematics, the teaching of Broxtowe is even more startling. In the Labour Party, it seems, the part is greater than the whole.

So much for the structure of the Labour Party. But though this elaborate piece of political machinery will infallibly prove itself the deadly enemy of an organic and living democracy, it is unquestionable—and the fact must be faced—that in the eyes of the men and women who work for it with enthusiasm, and who vote for it to-day in ever-increasing numbers, it seems to be a real association of citizens, based on and bound together by the natural ties of common principles, views and aspirations. They have yet to learn the bitter lesson that a caucus, a machine, expounds these principles, views and aspirations for the purpose of exploiting them, not for the purpose of promoting them. It uses emotions and beliefs; it does not share them.

But what are the principles, views and aspirations that draw millions of men and women into the net of this machine, under the belief that it is a party? Parties—true and organic associations of citizens—gain their strength from the principles they represent and express. If a party is to be great, its principles must express something that is good in men; something that is common to them, without distinction of class or position in life; if a party is to be permanent, it must draw its nourishment from tap-roots that reach far down into the instincts, the hopes, the beliefs of a people. For parties, like men, to be great, must 'live from a great depth of being.' These fundamental truths a foolish caucus ignores; an expert caucus exploits; a real party lives by. Thus, of Conservatism, for example, it is easy to see what are these tap-roots which make the Conservative Party an integral

and a permanent part of the life of England. The Englishman's sense of the continuity of the national life; his love of the past; his passion for order, for stability, for ownership, for status; his indestructible reliance on character as the foundation both of the individual and the nation; his love of country; his immense pride in and respect for the achievements of the race; his profound belief in the British Empire as the monument of these achievements, and the instrument by which the special qualities and genius of England will be both preserved and expressed in the future; his desire to live in harmony and unity with his fellows—all these deep-seated instincts, qualities, beliefs, and desires knit Conservatism to England and England to Conservatism.

What positive tap-root has the Labour Party, which, by drawing nourishment from the community as a whole, could make it a national, not merely a class association? Its class appeal is, of course, obvious; but that very class appeal cuts it off in almost every direction from a national appeal. The past of England is tainted for it, since it does not display a Labour Party at work. The Empire is anathema to it; it is a gigantic 'slave-plantation.' On love of country it must be silent, for England is not the perquisite of any single class. Ownership, order, stability, status are its foes, for they are the foundations of content. The importance of character it dare not emphasise, for character, often to worldly loss, sees beyond the material and does not rank the predatory instinct high in its scale of values. What remains? Is there any password left to the heart of England—without distinction of class or section? Only one.

The English are the most humane of races, the most benevolent, the most charitable, the most chivalrous, the most generous-minded. Humanity, kindness, is bred in the bone of the Englishman, making him the most tolerant of men, the most responsive to suffering, to animals the kindest, to his fellow-men the warmest-hearted. In a word, the dog and 'the under-dog' find in his affections a permanent place. Whatever his class or circumstances, kindness of heart is the Englishman's hall-mark. The party that is rooted in the ideas of benevolence and humanity would draw nourishment from a large tract of the spirit of England. That is the appeal

which the Labour Party makes. Scores of warm-hearted people respond. It is as a party of protest against suffering, bad conditions, disease, hardship, that the Labour Party comes nearest to possessing an organic unity, to being an organism composed of citizens animated by common feelings.

The organic unity is, however, in fact only apparent. In the end of the day, even to this aspect of the character of England, the Labour Party has no real pass-word. And for this reason. England loves benevolence; it does not greatly care for being held to ransom. It knows very well the profoundly different effect upon the characters concerned, of helping others out of your own wealth and helping yourself out of the wealth of others. The real cleavage in the appeal of the Labour Party is that while it appeals to the community as a whole to give, it urges in the same breath a single class to take. It is attempting to combine a lofty community aim with a degraded class aim. And the moment it is required, through a Government supported by a majority in the House of Commons, to exchange the uttering of a protest for the carrying out of a policy, it will find itself swimming against the stream of British instincts and characteristics not less deep and strong than that of sympathy with suffering. For converted into policy, the ideas assume the form of bureaucratic control, if not of public ownership. State interference is almost as repugnant to the ordinary British citizen as foreign interference. The suspicion that it would actually tolerate foreign interference, wrecked, for the moment, the Labour Party in 1924. The attempt to introduce a general system of bureaucratic control and State interference in domestic affairs will convince those who sympathise with its protests how alien is its policy to their instincts and their outlook.

Just as it is, in structure, only superficially a party, essentially a machine, so it is only as embodying a protest that it reaches any real contact with the British character or makes a national appeal; for the rest, it is fettered to a single class, while if it is ever forced to attempt to put its constructive policy into operation, it will find itself at absolute variance with the national genius. And what is the effect of this carefully con-

structed machine upon its leaders? Perhaps from their point of view it matters little whether they have to deal with a mechanical or an organic body? The sufferings of Mr Ramsay MacDonald tell precisely the same tale as the fate of Mr Spencer. Mr Ramsay MacDonald is, of course, more than the leader of the Labour Party. He is its maker. Ever since the far-off days of 1900 the Secretary of the Labour Representation Committee has supplied the mind, the imagination, the energy, the technical skill. Without this 'middle-class manipulator,' as Mr Hyndman crudely and cruelly called him, the Labour Party would never have been made. How it was done he alone knows; its secrets are hidden in his busy and supple brain. In his cupboard the Labour skeleton is deposited.

And it is he who holds it together. To make and to maintain the Labour Party has been his real life-work. It has been thankless enough. When an organic party selects a man to lead it, it honours him and treats him with deference. A machine knows nothing of such human weaknesses. The dreadful moment arrives when the machine gets out of its maker's control; the parts begin to weary of the clever way in which they were fitted together. There is no organic unity to knit them close. To fly apart is for them an experience; for their maker it is a disaster. From the moment that tendency develops, the maker of the machine becomes its slave. That stage is already being reached, and every day the strain of holding the machine together becomes more intense. It falls on Mr Ramsay MacDonald alone. Now propitiating the extremists, now explaining the position to the moderates, dashing from right to left and from left to right, the leader of the Labour Party gives at times the appearance almost of frenzy.

So far he has succeeded in keeping the machine together. In the ultimate test, he prefers it to anything else, as a man must love the thing he has spent his life in making. And moreover, the law of the machine is inexorable; it must come first. But the task has cost him much. It has destroyed his influence with the House of Commons. It is said that his 'bobbery pack' respects him greatly. Well they may, for they owe everything to him. It cannot truly be said that the

House as a whole shares that respect. The straits he has been put to, the contortions he has had to go through, have inevitably caused it to see in his character a quality feline, furtive, oblique. Even when he is fighting most ardently for his ideals—and Mr MacDonald is by nature a passionate idealist—he seems to fight, as a cat fights, with claws and teeth. And the House of Commons profoundly distrusts both his ethical and his logical processes. Even his speech has suffered from the work he has had to do. Only now and then, when he can speak freely, does he give Parliament a taste of his true quality. Otherwise he is sombre, lowering, clouded, hiding his real thoughts under a loud, empty, and bombastic oratory. As a result, the House of Commons receives from his personality an impact rasping and exhausting. Once and again comes a moment when he is formidable; it passes and ennui succeeds.

Had Mr Ramsay MacDonald been a member of a real party, he might have been a great leader and a great statesman. But the construction and maintenance of a political machine is, in truth, no school for statesmanship. This brilliant and gifted man, with his touch of high intellectual quality, his practical capacity, his wide range of culture, of imagination, his obvious *goût des grandes choses*, has lavished upon his creation all his powers, his qualities, his resources, physical, intellectual, spiritual. In return, it has developed everything that is worst in him. It is the inevitable nemesis of self-delusion: the price which the mechanical conception of politics exacts from those who bargain with it.

But if Mr Ramsay MacDonald were to find unendurable the strain of controlling the machine he has made, who would succeed him? Of the two first-rate men available, Mr Snowden and Mr Thomas, which would be chosen? Mr Snowden, though he has been present throughout the assembling of the machine, was there, in a sense, as a spectator only. He, of course, is a lineal descendant of Victorian Liberalism, an intense individualist, dressed in the uniform of Socialism. To him the clothes seem to make little difference, though, perhaps, they are becoming a hair-shirt now. However, Mr Snowden is a natural ascetic. The clearest, brightest, coldest, most highly-tempered intellect on the Labour Benches—

possibly in the House—his bitter and searching words, his dialectical skill, make him a formidable Parliamentary figure, and the snap of his sharp teeth has left a mark on many a fleshy leg on the Conservative Benches. He treats his followers with contempt; his leader with coldness. Behind him, as he follows hotfoot on the scent of a financial heresy, trots his henchman, Mr William Graham. It seems impossible that these inseparables should be members of the Labour Party. But for both, Socialism means an intellectual bureaucracy and nothing more. They spent nine months in the Treasury during 1924 as high priest and acolyte. That was enough. They are practising Socialists no longer. They are Treasury men now for ever and ever—so much so indeed that sometimes it seems impossible that they are not still its accredited representatives in Parliament and Mr Winston Churchill and Mr McNeill mere squatters. So far as any advocacy or exposition of or any real communion with the Labour Party and its views are concerned, they are like these 'bright and ancient snakes, that once were Cadmus and Harmonia,' for like them they have been 'rapt far away':—

'Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home
And all that Theban woe and stray
For ever through the glens, happy and dumb.'

And there with his *alter ego* the machine will gladly leave Mr Snowden.

Nor would Mr Thomas prove more acceptable. He is the ablest example of the old Trades Union representatives, except that where they were content to be Liberals, Mr Thomas is at heart a Tory. In any case, he does not even pretend to wear the Socialist garment. His zeal for nationalising the railways is, perhaps, as great as is, say, Mr Adamson's for nationalising the mines. If he became leader of the Labour Party, the Socialists would have to form a new one. Therefore, his realism, his common sense, his power of dealing with men, will never be called into play to save the Labour Party. Yet he is eminently well-fitted to be a political leader. He has spent his apprenticeship in dealing with affairs, in

negotiating on important practical topics, in furthering the real and industrial interest of his Union followers. He has done a man's not a manipulator's work. And he possesses Parliamentary and public gifts of a high order. Quick-witted, flexible, clear-headed, he is of infinite resource and dexterity both in affairs and in debate. Withal, he never is greatly deflected from his main objects. He is conscious of his ability to ride the storm; for this Mr Pliable has a steel centre.

Both Mr Snowden and Mr Thomas have in fact the same insuperable disadvantage. They are statesmen and 'Parliament-men,' first, mechanics only second. Therefore, the choice would fall upon a very different figure. Mr Arthur Henderson is a public nonentity. His interventions in debate are as rare as they are ridiculous. Facing the electorate, he wins seats only to lose them. Blustering, pompous, wooden, he could only be the *reductio ad absurdum* of a party leader. But he is past-master of the arts of the organiser, the manipulator, the boss. Although he was Secretary of State for Home Affairs in the Labour Government, he is now hardly ever in his place on the front opposition bench: he has already been seconded for the duty of greasing the machine. He is the only man who can make it run, except his leader. It is, therefore, he who would be his successor; for come what may, a machine must be under the control of a skilled mechanic.

The truth probably is that the Labour Party will never have any leader but Mr Ramsay MacDonald. The machine will fall to pieces when the hand that constructed it is removed. Yet while it remains—and the protest it embodies has by no means reached its climax—the influence of the Labour Party upon the structure of British politics is almost wholly bad. But it can be fought and the organic conception of politics and parties restored to its proper place in the minds of great masses of the population only by infinite patience, great coolness, and, above all, by a steady faith that the British instinct for self-government will prevail. Direct attacks upon the machine would be fatal; nor is it of any avail to try to break it up from without. It is for this reason that any attempt by the Conservative Party to amend,

for instance, the law with regard to the political levy of Trades Unions would be a lamentable step. No doubt the Labour Party finances would be crippled. But there is inevitably involved the risk that the country would be convinced that for every party politics is a mere affair of machinery, a battle of caucuses, a duel of Robots. The electors who at this moment are under the control of the Labour machine must learn for themselves all that this control implies. The organic conception of politics will beat the mechanical, if only it does not imitate the tricks of its rival: if it will but be true to itself. Its sole defender to-day is the Conservative Party. Conservatism, indeed, has more to defend than any policy. At a time when Liberalism hawks its moneybags and Labour, after more than a generation's stealthy approach, is about to make the last rush and spring upon the Co-operative flock, only Conservatism is left to justify the instinctive belief of the English people that the political life of a nation is the expression of the best and not the worst characteristics of the individuals of whom the body-politic is composed.

NOEL SKELTON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Reality and the Ascent of Man—The Legacy of the Middle Ages—The Stone Age and the Regency—Lady Augusta Stanley—School Health—Epicurus—The Dying Peasant—English Character—The Frozen North—The Galtees—Moral Evil in London—Sienkiewicz—Admiral Mark Kerr—Mr Yeats and Dr Barry—‘Goodbye Stranger’—Epigrams.

IF anything is to cure the troubles and infirmities of these dishevelled times it is spiritual courage. Life just now is full of problems difficult and often dangerous; and whether it be in social or political or religious concerns, a frank recognition of truths, a broad-minded resolution in dealing with the issues involved, are equally required. In religion, especially, it seems at present that vision and courage are needed; for the voices of controversy again are noisy, and it would be easy in the discussions over details, alternative forms, and so on, to lose sight of the ultimate essentials. Canon Streeter's work on 'Reality' (Macmillan) comes, therefore, with a particular helpfulness; for he has done what has been required for years past; has boldly faced the consequences upon what he calls popular theology of the recent developments of exact and metaphysical science, and shown that they are compatible with—nay, that even they emphasise and strengthen—the inward force and truth of religion. It is a point of view and of reasoning which makes appeal to the intelligent many who, having found the old insistencies of 'supralapsarian preachers' impossible, at the same time were unable to surrender their faith in Christ, because they needed its comfort. Caught in two opposing ways they were unhappy. Canon Streeter in this brave work bridges the divergencies. He recognises that much of the old dogma, an especial basis of past intolerance, was merely 'a poem'; insists that 'the personality of the religious man is the only real expression of Religion'; and while confronting the difficult problems of evil and pain, finds them not incompatible with the Love which is the Power behind the Universe and the mission of Christ who also, in an unique degree, represented

Humanity. Of less importance than the foregoing, but yet of helpful significance in the present pursuit of truth, is Mr Alfred Machin's work on '**The Ascent of Man by Means of Natural Selection**' (Longmans). As the title suggests, the book is a challenge to the great theory of Charles Darwin; not as it concerns Evolution but as it affects Natural Selection; for it brings out circumstances which show how Man, as distinct from the other living things of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, displays tendencies which vitally modify that doctrine. Briefly put, this modification is largely due to his ability, through morality and other agencies, to control his desires and faculties for reproduction, and also the influence over him of religion, patriotism, and economic laws. Mr Machin's presentment of the case is worth studying; but his book would have been of greater effect if he had written it more closely and crisply. The argument is often loose, whereas in a work of scientific and social appeal it cannot be too lucid and concise. It is anyhow a valuable stepping-stone to future developments which soon must follow; for to bring out clearly that Love—'the secret of life, the sovereign remedy of all ills, the one key to happiness in this world and the next'—is a force modifying the march of Evolution, and that the reign of tooth and claw is not absolute even among the creatures of instinct, as they are called, is a touch of reality strengthening the new faith in a governing Providence which is the most hopeful development of these times.

And how excellent it is when, possibly in a peroratory mood, we comment complacently on the material success of the present and the extraordinary advances realised in scientific achievement, to return for a while to what, only the other day, we were apt to call the Dark Ages. The dark ages when Charlemagne ruled, or Chaucer wrote, or Florence was a centre of artistic glory, or the cathedral at Rheims was being built! A volume issued by the Oxford University Press, '**The Legacy of the Middle Ages**,' to which leading authorities in England and on the Continent have contributed, is, therefore, opportune, and for the good of many conceited souls enlightening. Sometimes the studies are brilliant; they all bring out clearly the debt we owe, and too often

have forgotten, to the mediæval thinker, artist, and worker for their triumphs; in Law, Philosophy, and Education; in Architecture, Sculpture, the decorative and industrial Arts; in Literature and most else of the major influences which have beautified civilisation and made modern life liveable. Always there is a tendency when this world of rush and materialism is too much with us to revert to that older, younger chapter when men wrought in beauty and made it permanent without thought of reward to themselves; and through this book that tendency should be furthered as through this book it is well justified.

As different from each other as might be are the following two volumes, both published by Messrs Batsford. The first is a fascinating and instructive study of 'Early Life in the Old Stone Age,' written and illustrated by Mr and Mrs Quennell with lucidity and a frequent humour. It is a book for the young which the not-so-young might profitably read to them; because our human origins, our complex ancestry, the slow development of the personality and intellectual powers, the domestic implements and circumstances of mankind, are generally unknown to the vast majority even of the grown up, who in the come-and-go of every day have little leisure for the study of a subject which appears at first sight to be only of dusty concern. Yet such an interest opens the mind wonderfully; and no better doorway to it could be found than this little book, which gives life and individuality to prehistoric man and permits us to see the hardships and dangers of human life at and before the dawn of civilisation. From the primitive we spring to the highly artificial. In 'Life in Regency and Early Victorian Times,' Mr Beresford Chancellor presents a varied and comprehensive picture of habits and manners a hundred years ago—high life at Carlton House and low life at Covent Garden; and in moral and some other respects there was little to choose between them! Brummell and D'Orsay, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; artists, actors, and sportsmen; the famous, the notorious cross these interesting and admirably illustrated pages. The 'good old times' make attractive reading for most of us; even although they were not so very old and generally were the reverse of good.

So deeply engraved in the hearts of the British people is loyal love for their Sovereign that it is natural for the human and domestic aspects of Court life to interest them closely. The fierce light that beats upon a throne has revealed the great truth that, at least since the accession of Queen Victoria, the personality of the Monarch has been brightly reflected in the well-being of the people. There is an intimacy between the Royal Family and the humblest of the King's subjects which sets a pattern, and has promoted the actual unity of all parts of the Empire. The '*Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley*' (Gerald Howe) reveal aspects of Queen Victoria's life and character which certainly were overlooked by the many. She had a warmth of heart, a power of sympathy and womanly unselfishness, which were a strength to all who had the honour of association with her; and from that association were spread through the nation. Lady Augusta's relations with the Queen were especially intimate. After the great bereavement, when the death of the Prince Consort seemed to those at Court the end of all things, she alone with the royal children was allowed to share the intimate life of the heavily-stricken widow. This volume is a contribution to the inner history of the Victorian Court; and its revelations are entirely honouring.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of Dr James Kerr's voluminous work on '*The Fundamentals of School Health*' (Allen and Unwin), for it deals with a subject much in the public mind at present, and treats it not only with authority, but also with humour and warm humanity. Obviously, the health of the child must be the first consideration if his brain is to re-act to the teaching given; and yet how little these truths were regarded long after Dotheboys Hall—no solitary enterprise of corrupt pseudo-scholasticism—was dissolved into a bad memory and a mistaken impression of grotesque exaggeration! Laziness, for instance, which not so long ago brought a rap on the knuckles, a poor encouragement to excellent calligraphy, is now seen to be probably a habit having some physical cause, a nervous symptom needing thoughtful consideration and treatment. Dr Kerr is thorough and far-reaching. Nothing concerning the physical and educative well-

being of the school-child is disregarded by him; the light and air of the rooms, the position when writing, the child's vision and playtime; teeth, tonsils, and adenoids; nutrition. Those casual references picked at random, suggest the wide scope of the book. Also, he brings out the fact, which the dominies and school-marms of yesteryear blindly missed, that every child is an individual with his variations, and should be so considered. Some pupils have an apparent dullness which sympathetic teaching can turn to light; others, of course, have limits of intelligence which cannot be advanced; yet there is sometimes genius among children which should not be deadened as pompous stupidity must often have done; though such a record child as Christian Heineken of Lübeck is greatly to be pitied. This prodigy knew the whole of the Bible at fourteen months, and was not weaned until a few weeks before his death at the age of four, 'when he displayed the utmost firmness and resignation.'

Mr Frederic Manning has had a sympathetic task in re-presenting Walter Charleton's version of '**Epicurus's Morals**' (Peter Davies), published originally in 1656; for the school of philosophy inspired by 'the temperate, good and pious Epicurus,' appeals to a disposition that views the good things of life at once with satisfaction and equanimity. We could, indeed, do with a little more of the Epicurean common sense in our present existence. Such sobriety and self-mastery would be helpful discipline; though to practise such simplicity as in Epicurus's time could be managed on a halfpenny a day would be beyond the tastes even of our idle poor. Mr Manning's introduction to an attractive volume is excellent; but is it not high time that, instead of these byways, he gave the reading-world a successor to 'Scenes and Portraits'? Because Agriculture remains our greatest industry and in wartime at all events is essential, as the experiences of ten years ago, now becoming forgotten, proved, it is necessary that we keep in mind closely its conditions, and especially the human conditions. Mr J. W. Robertson-Scott confesses that his title '**The Dying Peasant**' (Williams and Norgate) was devised rather to draw attention to a need than to meet that blessed infirmity, exactitude. In the older meaning of the word

there are few peasants nowadays. The pity of it! The agricultural worker is no longer so evidently born of the soil as was the case in the golden days of agriculture or in the hungry 'forties. It is, however, necessary to keep him on the land, and it is in this endeavour, through studying the facts of the labourer, the farmer, the landlord, and the conditions of the industry generally, that Mr Robertson-Scott has written this honest volume.

A book of science that is legitimately amusing is so rare a bird that it should not be summarily shot. Mr R. N. Bradley with his conjectures and conclusions on the 'Racial Origins of English Character' (Allen and Unwin) has made bright reading; and although we have no doubt that his theories will bring upon him the disdain, if not the wrath, of some of those who know, we can thank him for putting his views clearly and allowing us to see ourselves in sympathetic colours. We who are privileged to be English so often are self-deprecatory, that it is pleasant to find the achievements of our race not to have been illusory or mere accidents, but the results of courage, inspiration, and grit, second to those of no other nation. Mr Bradley's talk about Nordics, Beaker-men, Alpines, Mediterraneans, and the rest of the racial bases of modern peoples is certainly open to ample questioning; and with all our admiration for her we are not disposed to take Miss Gladys Cooper as 'our evolutionary woman,' or the Quakers as being necessarily makers of cocoa because they are descended from isolated lake-dwelling communities. Such hasty comparisons and theories do not help the scientific purpose of the book; but possibly that does not greatly matter; for however much it may be condemned by serious students of racial origins, it is amusing and full of suggestion to plain men. The next volume brings the nice example. Such a record as that told in Commander F. A. Worsley's volume on the British Arctic Expedition of 1925, 'Under Sail in the Frozen North' (Stanley Paul), does the heart good, for it shows the irrepressible, irreducible spirit of our race. A few old salts and a body of amateurs sailed in the ship 'Island' to the uncharted seas between and beyond Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land. Science went with them; but it had to do donkey-work as well. The doctor, the geologist,

and the biologist had to take turns with the sails or the cook's galley, and because every mother's son of them was a sportsman the cruise was a success. It certainly was adventurous. The money to provide the expedition was subscribed, begged, or borrowed by themselves, their only real wealth was in language; and the wonder is that they went through with it and returned without disaster, for they had the narrowest of escapes from the ice-fall of a calving berg, from being entrapped and wrecked in 'Hell's Kitchen,' from fog and floe and the winds that blow. Yet they won their battle against moody Nature; and, doubtless, by this time are renewing plans for another bout with the impossible.

Now that, it seems, the mutual relations of Britain with Ireland are growing more sympathetic, and the old misunderstandings are being relegated, it is hoped, to the darker shelves of history, it is possible, without prejudice, to recall the past and to recognise how cruel often have been the mistakes, and sometimes the good intentions, of the people of the two islands; who, instead of the old hatreds, should have grown together, as the races of northern and southern Britain have grown together. Scotland has had her blood grievances with England; but the union of the two kingdoms now is close and mutually beneficial. Such reflexions as these are inevitable when a volume like '*The Book of the Galtees and the Golden Vein*' (Hodges, Figgis), by Mr Paul J. Flynn, appears. The strip of land between Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork with which this work treats is drenched with cruel history. Back to the wildest days of Ireland, through the troubled years of Elizabeth's intervention, when Raleigh and Spenser were 'undertakers' in those parts, it goes; and shows how one small district may be the theatre of an infinite tragical drama.

The recent issue of a part of a report by the League of Nations on the worst of social vices makes comparatively timely Mr Herbert Stringer's book on the '*Moral Evil in London*' (Chapman and Hall). We say comparatively because his treatment of the subject, in which he describes well-known facts and some of the curative methods used, is uneven. At the end, instead of offering a series of definite practical suggestions, as is

expected of social inquirers nowadays, he goes into a vague denunciation of the Churches for more-or-less leaving the horror alone. The first chapter, in which he describes a house in Hope Alley, with its grime and loathly insects, is vivid, and makes one shudder at the vastness of such an abode of love. That is the way, by detailing the horrid truth, to bring the disgust which will destroy, if anything can, the supreme evil. Vast and ancient as the iniquity is it is not past curing, and the more we know of its dangers and sheer nastiness the more reasonable and effective will be the reform.

Miss Monica Gardner, who for some years has devoted her studies to the literature of Poland, has a sympathetic subject in '**Henryk Sienkiewicz**' (Dent). Unusually well known, for foreign authors, as this novelist is to English readers because of '*Quo Vadis*,' he is far more than merely the writer of that picturesque and somewhat theatrical romance. He is pre-eminently an exponent of the lives and ideals of his native folk; and as among the revived nations of Europe (one of the good results of the War) the future of the Poles is as hopeful as any, it is well that we should know more of this patriot-novelist and his works. To secure that end we suggest that the publishers should re-issue it eventually in simpler and cheaper form, with a corresponding edition of the translations of Sienkiewicz's novels. There should be a public large enough to welcome the venture; especially as Messrs Dent, in their '*Everyman*' series, to which twenty further excellent volumes have just been added, have proved that good works in literature can be issued attractively and cheaply and secure sufficient popular appreciation to realise commercial success.

Sailors are known to be '*handy men*'; but even in the Navy it cannot be easy to find such versatility as is shown by Admiral Mark Kerr who has published his reminiscences under the title of '*Land, Sea and Air*' (Longmans). Whether navigating a large ship in the estuary of a strange river in a dense fog, or riding a steeplechase, or piloting an aeroplane, or playing polo, or discussing world politics with the Ex-Kaiser, or shooting alligators, or giving dances for the family of King Constantine in Athens, or helping the Tsar to bombard a wedding couple with rice and slippers, or writing prose

or verse, or 'spotting' old masters at Italian picture dealers', he seems equally at home and successful. Mr W. B. Yeats's volume of 'Autobiographies' (Macmillan), which is a collection of earlier writings revised, is interesting to those who remember the unattractive 'nineties; but would have been improved with omissions, especially of the occult ramblings which amount to nothing at all. Its author is most agreeably himself when he is least himself, recalling political and literary events and persons of the late Victorian years; and although he is apt to regard as swans the thirsty geese of what he calls the 'tragic generation,' he shows himself a genial and kindly observer of men, and displays sometimes a broad sense of humour which has only been developed in his later period. Many people, pleasant and otherwise, have crossed his path, and he has studied them sometimes with, sometimes without, illusion. Oscar Wilde and Madame Blavatsky, Rossetti, and even Edward Dowden, are painted with a hard sincerity; but that lame giant Henley is realised with sympathy, and the story of his emotion over his little girl, then recently dead, is moving. They were talking of visions and black magic, when of a sudden in a low voice, Henley said, 'I want to know how I am to get to my daughter. I was sitting here the other night when she came into the room and played round the table and went out again. Then I saw that the door was shut, and I knew that I had seen a vision.'

The 'Memories and Opinions' (Putnam) of Dr William Barry, whose graceful and dignified writings have sometimes appeared in the pages of this Review, comprise an autobiography characteristic of its author, who although most of his hours were spent in his church and study, has shared in some interesting passages of history. Born poor and Irish, his early good reading helped him greatly in the schools. While still a boy, he won a reputation for scholarship which led to his being pushed into the priesthood, where his career has been distinguished and, what is better, humane. He was a witness of the 'free state' of the Papacy under Pio Nono; he was present at the Vatican Council which, despite the agitations of Lord Acton and others, finally declared its acceptance of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; he was in Rome when

the Temporal Power was finally smashed. This tribute is due to the learned Doctor and Protonotary Apostolic that while he does not shroud in the least degree his heart-whole devotion to Rome, he has fully the charity which makes the men of the world one kin.

The fiction of realistic fantasy which Miss Stella Benson writes is not for the majority; possibly it is a very small minority that enjoys her fun and sometimes impudent fancy; which merely shows that often it is best to belong to the blessed few. 'Goodbye Stranger' (Macmillan) will delight those few and probably bring mere confusion to the many who venture to undertake it in experiment; for changelings nowadays are not a frequent experience. Clifford Cotton, according to his mother, was a fairy's changeling, or else he had had a touch of sun. Until another touch of sun gives him relief he is most reasonably irresponsible and possessed of a finely eccentric logic, which leads him, amongst other examples, to love frankly away from Daley, his wife, and to cut strange capers in nudity and a forest.

'All his thoughts were bees, humming and dancing, all his thoughts were green stars and crackling air. He was a cloud in the sky, a leaf in the grove; he was a note of music. For a second all the wind was music and all the grasses bowed under the advancing feet of an army of the changeling's kinsmen.'

Clifford was not so happy in his elfin translation as he should have been; and somehow all the people in this, as in the other Stella Benson books, have touches of his rational-irrational, actual, and fantastic tendencies; and that is the reason why this work of comic imagination, though not for everybody, is sure to be sought and enjoyed by those who have found themselves sympathetic to its author's peculiar vein. 'Epigrams: Wit and Wisdom in Brief' (Simpkin), which that kindly, cultured, and experienced good bookman, Mr Walter Jerrold, has brought together, makes a bright and happy ending to this study of generally serious books.

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of
articles are printed in italics.]

A.

Æschylus, his attitude towards
women, 359-360.

Angus, Rev. S., 'The Mystery-Religions and Christianity,' 64 *et seq.*,
242 *et seq.*

Archiv, Red (Russian), vols. 1-17,
225 *et seq.*

Aristophanes, his attitude towards
women, 364.

Arnold, Dr. of Rugby, his method,
341-346.

Aston, Major-General Sir George,
K.C.B., 'The Strength of England,'
47.

Athens, State of, its relation to
democracy, 18.

Aurner, Mrs Nellie Slayton, 'Caxton.
A Study of the Literature of the
First English Press,' 165 *et seq.*

Authors and Publishers, 116-128.

B.

Baldwin, Rt Hon. Stanley, 'Peace
and Goodwill in Industry,' 47 *et
seq.*

Barnes, Harry Elmer, 'The Genesis
of the World War, an Introduction
to the Problem of War Guilt,' 179
et seq.

Barry, Dr William, 'Memories and
Opinions,' 427-428.

Barton, Bruce, 'The Book Nobody
Knows,' 221.

Benecke, E. F. M., 'Antimachus of
Colophon and the Position of
Women in Greek Poetry,' 354.

Benson, Stella, 'Goodbye Stranger,'
428.

Besant, Sir Walter, campaign against
publishers, 119.

Bolshevism, its influence in China,
152 *et seq.*

Books, Some Recent, 215-224, 419-
428.

Bowles, George F. S., 'The Strength
of England,' 47 *et seq.*

Brackett, Oliver, wrote introduction
to 'An Encyclopædia of English
Furniture,' 310, 324.

Bradley, R. N., 'Racial Origins of
English Character,' 424.

Bright, Sir Charles, F.R.S.E., 'Elec-
trification and the Electricity Act,'
82.

**British Electrical and Allied Manu-
facturers' Association**, report on
'The Electrical Industry in Ger-
many,' 87-88, 104, 108-109.

Broke, Lord Willoughby de, on Henry
Chaplin, 9-10.

Burdett, Osbert, 'William Blake'
(*'English Men of Letters'* series),
217.

Burns, Rt Hon. John, on 'out relief,' 202.

Buzzard, *The Haunts of the Raven and*, 278-290.

Buzzards, 'noblest of aeronauts,' 282.

C.

Cahill, J. R., Commercial Counsellor to Department of Overseas Trade, 376.

Canada, its population, 291-297—its economic developments, 297-300—its 'spiritual' life, 300-303—its political progress, 303-305—its immigration problem, 305-307.

Canadian Progress, *Sixty Years of*, 1867-1927..291-309.

Canova, his connexion with Ugo Foscolo, 401.

Carlyle, Thomas, anecdote about Wordsworth, 254-255, 258.

Caxton, William: *Man of Letters*, 165-178.

Cesinsky, Herbert, joint author of 'Early English Furniture and Woodwork,' 310, 323.

Chamber of Deputies, extract from Document No. 3386..383.

Chancellor, Beresford, 'Life in Regency and Early Victorian Times,' 421.

Chaplin, (Lord) Henry, 'A Great Type,' 1-10.

Charleton, Walter, translator of 'Epicurus's Morals,' 423.

Ch'ên Tu-hsiu, leader of Chinese Bolsheviks, 158-159.

Chiarini, Giuseppe, 'La Vita di Ugo Foscolo,' 390.

China, *The National Movement in*, 144-164—effects of the War on, 147 *et seq.*

Citanna, Giuseppe, 'La Poesia di Ugo Foscolo,' 390.

Civilisation, its changes, 266-269—order its keynote, 269-270—commerce and free trade a necessity

to it, 271-274—influences which help to build it, 274-277.

Clarke, Dr C. H., translator of 'The Black Death,' by Johannes Nohl, 220.

Collison-Morley, L., 'Ugo Foscolo,' 390.

Colville, Major K. N., 'William Caxton: Man of Letters,' 165.

Combination Laws of 1799-1800, 326, 328, 337, 338.

Cook, Arthur Bernard, 'Zeus. A Study in Ancient Religion,' vols. I and II, 64 *et seq.*

Cook, Mrs E. Thornton, 'Her Majesty,' 219.

Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexander Romanov, 1914-1916 (Russian), 225 *et seq.*

Cotton-Spinners' Union, the, 326-338.

Courtney, Dr W. L., 'The Bedside Bible,' 221.

Cramb, J. A., author of 'Germany and England,' 126.

D.

Danzig, settlement of, 185.

Dawson, Sir Philip, M.P., on the development of electricity in Germany, 93-94.

Democracy, Modern, and the State, 18-35.

Diary of Nicholas II (Russian), 225 *et seq.*

Dickes, E. W., translator of 'Isvolsky and the World War, based on the Documents recently published by the German Foreign Office' by Friedrich Stieve, 179 *et seq.*

Dickinson, Lowes, 'The International Anarchy, 1904-1914'..188.

Donadoni, E., 'Ugo Foscolo pensatore, critico, poeta,' 390.

Drage, Geoffrey, 'Poor Law Reform,' 195-214.

Drama, conditions and prospects of to-day,' 36-46.

E.

- Eccles, Dr W. H., President of Institution of Electrical Engineers, inaugural address of, 85, 90-92.
- Edgerton, Prof. Franklin, foreword and appendix to vol. v of 'Ocean of Story,' 142.
- Education, Thoughts on the Nation's, 339-353.
- Edwards, Ralph, joint author of 'The Dictionary of English Furniture,' 310, 322.
- Electrification and the Electricity Act, 82-92.
- England, The Strength of, 47-63.
- Euripides, his attitude towards women, 363-366.
- Evans, Sir Arthur, 'The Palace of Minos,' 74, 77.

F.

- Falkner, Edward, 'The Play's the Thing,' 36.
- Farnell, Lewis R., 'Greek Hero-Cults and Ideas of Immortality,' 64 *et seq.*
- Feminism in Greek Literature, 354-373.
- Finck, Henry T., 'Primitive Love and Love Stories,' 354.
- Fletcher, Phineas, 'Venus and Anchises and other Poems,' 219.
- Flynn, Paul J., 'The Book of the Galtees and the Golden Vein,' 425.
- Foscolo, Ugo, 390-402.
- 'Foscolo, Ugo, Opere Di,' 390.
- France, The Industrial Outlook of, 374-389.
- Frazer, Sir James G., O.M., 'The Worship of Nature,' vol. I, 64 *et seq.*
- 'French Debt Problem, The,' quotation from, 375.
- Fuller, Thomas, author of 'Church History,' 196.
- Furniture, Old English, 310-325.

G.

- Gardner, Monica, 'Henryk Sienkiewicz,' 426.
- Gardner, Prof., 247, 248.
- Gaster, Dr, foreword to vol. III of 'Ocean of Story,' 142.
- Gentleman's Magazine, The, for 1842, quotation from article on old furniture, 316—on Gothic architecture, 317.
- Germany, Electrical Industry in, 87 *et seq.*, 103-405.
- Germany, What (it) is Doing, 98-115.
- Glasgow Outrages, The, 1820-25, 326-338.
- Gold Coast, letters from, 128.
- Gordon, Douglas, 'The Haunts of the Raven and Buzzard,' 278.
- Greek Literature, Feminism in, 354-373.
- Greek Religion, 64-81.
- Gribble, Ernest R., joint author of 'Early English Furniture and Woodwork,' 310, 323.
- Grierson, Sir George, foreword to vol. II of 'Ocean of Story,' 142.
- Guadet, J., 'Les Girondins,' 259.
- Guedalla, Philip, 'Palmerston,' 215-216.
- Guillotine, Did Wordsworth defy the? 254-264.

H.

- Hamel, Ernest, 'Precis de l'histoire de la Revolution française,' 261.
- Hanbury-Williams, Major-Gen. Sir J., 'The Emperor Nicholas II as I knew him,' 235.
- Harper, George McLean, 'Did Wordsworth defy the Guillotine?' 254.
- Harrison, Miss Ada, 'Examples of San Bernardino of Siena,' 222.
- Hart, Captain B. H. Liddell, 'A Greater than Napoleon,' 216-271.

Hart, Sir Robert, 'These from the Land of Sinim,' 160-163.

Haunts of the Raven and Buz-zard, The, 278-290.

Health, Ministry of, extract from seventh Report of, 209-210.

Henderson, Rt Hon. Arthur, 417.

Hesdin, Raoul, the Diary of, 259.

Home Office Records, allusions to, 328-329, 335.

Homer, his attitude towards women, 355-357.

Hoover, Herbert, on American In-dustry, 93.

Houldsworth, Henry, Master Cotton-Spinner, 328, 335, 336.

Hutchinson, Horace G., 'A Great Type and a Great Time,' 1.

I.

Ideals, Some, of Reconstruction, 265-277.

Industrial Outlook of France, The, 374-369.

J.

J. W., author of 'From a Pillow,' 221-222.

James, Captain W. M., C.B., R.N., 'The British Navy in Adversity,' 47 *et seq.*

Jerrold, Walter, 'Epigrams: Wit and Wisdom in Brief,' 428.

Johnson, Brimley, 'Fanny Burney and the Burneys,' 218-219.

Johnson, Dr, quotations from essay 'The Idler,' 312-313.

Johnston, R. F., C.B.E., 'The National Movement in China,' 144.

K.

Kennedy, Dr H. A. A., 'St Paul and the Mystery Religions,' 242 *et seq.*

Kennedy, W. P. M., 'Sixty Years of Canadian Progress, 1867-1927,' 291-309.

Kerr, Admiral Mark, 'Land, Sea and Air,' 426-427.

Kerr, Dr James, 'The Fundamentals of School Health,' 422-423.

Kouropatkine, General, extract from diary of, 238.

L.

Labour Party, The, 403-418.

Layton, Edwin J., joint author of 'A Glossary of Old English Furni-ture of the Historic Periods,' 310, 320.

League of Nations, the, 269-271.

'Legacy of the Middle Ages, The,' 420-421.

Legouis, Monsieur, 'Spenser,' 218.

'Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley,' 422.

Literature, Greek, Feminism in, 354-373.

Lloyd, Thomas, 'An Inquiry into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Civilisation,' 265 *et seq.*

Londonderry, Marchioness of, 'Henry Chaplin, A Memoir,' 1-10.

Lynch, Bohun, 'Old English Furni-ture,' 310.

M.

MacDonald, Rt Hon. Ramsay, 407, 414-415.

Machin, Alfred, 'The Ascent of Man by Means of Natural Selection,' 420.

Macquoid, Percy joint author of 'The Dictionary of English Furni-ture,' 310, 322.

Manacorda, Giuseppe, 'Studi Fosco-liani,' 390.

Mannin, Frederic, wrote introduc-tion to Walter Charleton's version of 'Epicurus's Morals,' 423.

Margueritte, Victor, 'Les Criminels,' 179 *et seq.*

Marmion, Shakerley, 'The Anti-quary,' quotation from, 311.

Marsden, R. G., 'Law and Custom of the Sea,' edited by, 47 *et seq.*

Marsh, Edward, translator of La Fontaine's Fables, 137.

McGiffert, on Christianity, 252.

Menander, his attitude towards women, 369-373.

Mendl, R. W. S., 'From a Music Lover's Armchair,' 223.

'Middle Ages, The Legacy of the,' 420-421.

Milne, James, 'Pages in Waiting,' 222.

Minoan Scripts, decipherment of, 75 *et seq.*

Montgelas, Count Max, 'The Case for the Central Powers, an Impachment of the Versailles Verdict,' 179 *et seq.*

Morley, J. Headlam, C.B.E., 'The Origins of the War,' 179.

Murray, John, extracts from letters of Ugo Foscolo to, 395-397.

Murray, Sir John, K.C.V.O., 'Authors and Publishers,' 116.

Mystery Religions, The, 242-253.

N.

National Movement in China, The, 144-164.

Nicholas II of Russia, 225-241—Diary of (Russian), 225 *et seq.*

Nicholas, Grand Duke, 227, 232, 238.

Nilsson, Martin P., 'A History of Greek Religion,' 64 *et seq.*

No. 230, author of 'Shakespeare's "Tempest" corrected,' 220.

Nohl, Johannes, 'The Black Death,' 220.

Norwood, Dr Cyril, 'Thoughts on the Nation's Education,' 339.

O.

'Ocean of Story,' The, 129-143.

O'Duffy, Eimar, 'King Goshawk and the Birds,' 223.

Old English Furniture, 310-325.

'Opere di Ugo Foscolo,' 390.

Origins of the War, The, 179-194.

Orphism, 72-73, 248.

Orr, John, Master Cotton-Spinner, 330-332.

Outrages, The Glasgow, 1820-25, 326-338.

Overseas Trade. Department of, extract from Report on Germany, 107-108.

P.

Peel, George, 'The Industrial Outlook of France,' 374—'The Financial Crisis of France,' 379.

Peel, Mr (afterwards Sir Robert), Home Secretary, 1825..338.

Peel, Mrs C. S., 'A Hundred Wonderful Years,' 10-17.

Penderel-Brodhurst, J., joint author of 'Glossary of English Furniture of the Historic Periods,' 310, 320.

Penzer, N. M., Editor of Somadeva's 'Kathā Sarit Sāgara' (or 'Ocean of Streams of Story'), 129 *et seq.*

Percival, Bishop, quotation from his sermon at Clifton College Jubilee, 341-342.

Plato, his attitude towards women, 366-368.

Play's the Thing, The, 36-46.

Plumer, H. R., 'William Caxton,' 165 *et seq.*

Poincaré, Monsieur, 'France at the Cross Roads,' quotation from, in 'Morning Post,' 375—his financial policy, 384.

'Poison Damsel,' extract from London papers referring to, 141.

Poor Law Reform, 195-214.

Post, L. A., 'Feminism in Greek Literature,' 354.

Publishers and Authors, 116-128.

Q.

'Quarterly Review,' extract from article on 'The British Spirit,' July 1926. .55.

Quennell, Mr and Mrs, 'Early Life in the Old Stone Age,' 421.

Quigley, Hugh, 'Electrical Power and National Progress,' 85, 90.

R.

Radcliffe, William, 'Fishing from the Earliest Times,' 220.

Ramsay, A. A. W., 'The Glasgow Outrages, 1820-25'..326.

Rasputin, 237.

Raven and Buzzard, The Haunts of the, 278-290.

Ravens, longevity of, 278-279—
anecdotes about, 280-281, 283, 286.

Reconstruction, Some Ideals of, 265, 277.

Red Archiv (Russian), vols. 1-17..225
et seq.

Reform (of the) Poor Law, 195-214.

Religion, Greek, 64-81.

Religion, its effect on Civilisation, 275-276.

Religion, its value in education, 349-350.

Religions, The Mystery, 242-253.

Ridgeway, Sir William, on Greek Religion, 69.

Robertson-Scott, J. W., 'The Dying Peasant,' 423-424.

Roe, Fred, 'Old Oak Furniture,' 310, 323.

Romanov, Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexandra, 1914-1916 (Russian), 225 *et seq.*

Ross, Sir E. Denison, C.I.E., 'The Ocean of Story,' 129.

Rostovtzeff, Prof., 'Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire,' 52.

Russell, Bertrand, 'On Education,' 339, 344-346.

Russia, Nicholas II of, 225-241.

Russia, Tzaritza of, her influence on the Tzar, 228, 236-237.

S.

Sappho, her feminism, 358.

Schools, Public, their traditions, 346-349.

Sea-power, its essentialness to the welfare of England, 50-63.

Shelley, T., head of the Ancient Order of Foresters, extract from address by, 201.

Sixty Years of Canadian Progress, 1866-1927..291-309.

Skelton, Noel, 'The Labour Party,' 403.

Smith, H. Bompas, 'The Nation's Schools. Their task and their importance,' 339.

Smuts, General, 339.

Snell, Sir John, Chairman of the Electricity Commission, extract from Presidential address of, 82.

Snowden, Rt Hon. Philip, 415-417.

Somadeva, story as told by, 135.

Some Recent Books, 215-224, 419-428.

Sophocles, his attitude towards women, 360-363.

Stanley, Dr Edward, F.G.S., 'Familiar History of Birds,' 286, 288.

'Stanley, Lady Augusta, Letters of,' 422.

State and Modern Democracy, The, 18-35.

Stawell, F. Melian, 'Greek Religion,' 64.

Stieve, Friedrich, 'Isvolsky and the World War, based on the Documents recently published by the German Foreign Office,' 179 *et seq.*

Stolypine, adviser to the Tzar, 234-235.

Story, The Ocean of, 129-143.

Streeter, Canon, 'Reality,' 419-420.

Strength of England, The, 47-63.

Stringer, Herbert, 'Moral Evil in London,' 425-426.

Sun Ch'nan-fang, Marshal, representative of Nationalist movement in China, 153-158.

Symonds, R. W., 'The Present State of Old English Furniture,' 310, 319, 323.

T.

Tawney, C. H., translator of Somadeva's 'Kathā Sarit Sāgara' (or 'Ocean of Streams of Story'), edited by N. M. Penzer, 129 *et seq.*

Temple, Sir Richard, extract from his foreword to vol. I of 'Ocean of Story,' 131-132, 141.

Thomas, Dr F. W., foreword to vol. IV of 'Ocean of Story,' 142.

Thomas, Rt Hon. J. H., 415-417.

Thompson, Edward, 'Rabindranath Tagore,' 222.

Thomson, G. W., 'The State and Modern Democracy,' 18.

Thoughts on the Nation's Education, 339-353.

Time, A Great, and a Great Type, 1-17.

'Times,' the, extract from, 93-94.

Ting, Dr V. K., chief adviser to Marshal Sun Ch'nan-fang,' 157.

Tradescent, John, publisher of 'Museum Tradescantium,' 314.

Trevelyan, G. M., 'History of England,' 47 *et seq.*

Type, A Great, and a Great Time, 1-17.

U.

Ugo Foscolo, 390-402.

'Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis' (Ugo Foscolo), extracts from, 398-399.

United States, use of Electricity in, 83-87, 89-95.

Unwin, Stanley, 'The Truth about Publishing,' 116 *et seq.*

V.

Vesey, Constance, translator of 'The Case for the Central Powers, an Impeachment of the Versailles Verdict,' by Count Max Montgelas, 179 *et seq.*

Vladimir, Grand Duke, extract from letter from the Tzar to, 231.

Vladimirovich, Grand Duke Andrei, extract from diary of, 227-228.

W.

Wall, James, 'The Mystery Religions,' 242.

War, The Origins of the, 179-194.

Waters, Brigadier-Gen. W. H. H., 'Secret and Confidential,' 225.

Watts, Alaric, anecdote about Wordsworth, 248, 264.

Welsh, Martin G., 'Some Ideals of Reconstruction,' 265.

Wilhelm Kronprinz, 'Ich Suche die Wahrheit! Ein Buch zur Kriegsschuldfrage,' 179 *et seq.*

William of Wykeham, his method and ideal, 340.

Williams, Herbert G., 'Politics and Economics,' 47 *et seq.*

Wilson, President, 269-270.

Witte, Count, 232, 233.

Wordsworth, Did (he) defy the Guillotine? 254-264.

Wordsworth, extracts from 'The Prelude,' 256, 262-263.

Worsley, Commander F. A., 'Under Sail in the Frozen North,' 424-425.

Wright, A. R., foreword to vol. vi of 'Ocean of Story,' 143.

Wright, C. Hagberg, 'Nicholas II of Russia,' 225.

Wright, F. A., 'Feminism in Greek Literature from Homer to Aristotle,' 354.

X.

Xenophon, his attitude towards women, 368-369.

Y.

Yeats, W. B., 'Autobiographies,' 427.

Young, 'The Love of Fame,' quotation from, 312.

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